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TRAVELS

IN

EUROPE AND THE EAST:

A YEAR IN

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES, FRANCE, BELGIUM,
HOLLAND, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, ITALY, GREECE,
TURKEY, SYRIA, PALESTINE, AND EGYPT.

BY SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

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EUROPE AND THE EAST.

CHAPTER I.

THE ALPS: TURIN: THE WALDENSES.

Priest and holy Women—Savoy—Beggars—The Cross—Vale of Aix—Chamberry—Night Ride—Breakfast—Woman and Dog—Peasants—Houses of Refuge—Dragging the Coach—Down Hill—Turin—Processions—General Beckwith—Visit to the Waldenses—Hon. William B. Kinney—The Vaudois—College—School—People—Reception—Interview—The Martyrs.

For many days ahead the seats in the *Malle Poste* and the diligence had been engaged, and to get away from Geneva, over the Alps, into Italy, was not an easy matter. We finally secured places, and at seven in the morning set off for Turin, by way of Mont Cenis. Among our passengers was a Romish priest, who brought his prayer-book with him, and read it attentively; and a couple of "holy women" of some sort, who were accompanied to the place of starting by several of their sisterhood. Their leave-taking was very tender, and many tears were shed. I was curious to know, and my neighbor, the priest, could have told me who they were and where they were bound, but I did not choose to make inquiries. They were quiet passengers, and left us at Chamberry. The

scenery was charming, the day fine, and the ride exceedingly agreeable, bringing us at noon to the frontiers of Savoy, and the inevitable nuisance of a custom-house. Every thing was taken down from the top of the diligence, and trunks, bags, and boxes turned inside out without ceremony or mercy. It was the most unsparing overhauling we had experienced, and duties were exacted from some of the passengers on articles that had passed through various kingdoms unchallenged. This is one of the *customs* I hope to see abolished, even in advance of the millennium.

We are now in Savoy. And the first indication of the change of country, after crossing the line, was the attack upon us by a swarm of beggars; the lame, the blind, the diseased and deformed, young and old, gathering about us when we stopped, and especially hovering at the foot of hills up which the carriage must go at a slow pace, and all this time they could press their claims in the ears and eyes of the travellers: one man would thrust the stump of an arm into the window, and implore pity for the love of God; a woman would point to a sickening sore in her bosom, and plead as only a poor woman can plead, till it was impossible to resist the appeal. Often we came by the CROSS reared on the wayside, and sometimes votive offerings were at the foot. The Romish priest who sat next to me, called my attention to them, and asked "If we had them in my country." I told him that we loved the cross, but were not in the habit of setting it up in the street or in corn-fields. We be-

lieved in Him who died on the cross, and loved the symbol too much to make so common a use of it as they do in Italy.

A diligence ride in a foreign land is dull enough, if the parties wedged together are not congenial, but we managed to wear away a pleasant day; stopping for twenty minutes at Annecy to dine; passing Alby and its noble bridge of a single arch; getting a fine view of the old ruined castle of the Countess of Geneva. Toiling over a tedious hill, and coming down into a wide and lovely valley, I seemed to have found my ideal of Italian scenery; but this was soon forgotten when we entered the *Vale of Aix*, a region famed for its baths, and a resort for the rich and the invalids, all the way down from the old Romans to the present hour. A valley that has been improved as a watering-place for two thousand years, should by this time have become a fairy-like spot, and so this seemed to be, with its streams and fountains, walks amidst groves and lakes, and the vines trained on trees planted for the purpose, making the hillsides and the plains to rejoice in the gayest attire. The ancient city of Chamberry lies in another of these charming vales, surrounded by vine-clad hills, on which are fine chateaus and Oriental villas, smiling all over the country side, and cheering the traveller, who feels that he is now entering a new land, of which he has read from childhood and has longed to see. The Alps are yet between us and Italy, but we have already begun to see what it is, the earnest of beauty yet to come. Chamberry, with its numerous convents and its venerable

cathedral, received us, and detained us some hours while we wandered over its streets; read the inscription on the most singular monument I have ever seen, four elephants of stone sustaining a marble fountain, erected to the memory of some one who had distinguished himself in the East where elephants are common. At the coach-office I fell in with another Romish priest, who addressed me in Latin, and we had a pleasant chat in that language supposed to be dead, though we now and then find it alive, as in this case. He was on his way to London to reside, and was full of his mission, delighted with the prospect before him, and wishing to push on still further and go to America.

At nine in the evening we set out for a ride all night! A ride never to be attempted by travellers when there is any door of escape. There was none for us, as we were but two, and could not afford a private carriage. Oh the weary hours of that long night! and oh, "how welcome was the morning light!" A wretched tavern furnished us a wretched breakfast, which was devoured almost without thankfulness, I fear, by a worn and wretched party, disposed to grumble at each other and every thing else. And our temper was to be tried still further when we mounted again, and an ugly French woman presented herself at the door of the coach, and was to get into the seat of a passenger who left us here. We had no objection to herself personally, but she carried in her arms a dog, about four times as large as a lady should carry, which she proposed to introduce as one of our inside party. At this we remonstrated in half a dozen lan-

guages, and with more gestures lest the tongues should fail. But she carried her point—the ladies always do—and with her pet, and in a pet besides, she entered the door, when the dog instantly set up a cry of distress as he was carried over the knees of my companion. I confess I thought Rankin, in mischief, had pinched him terribly, but the cry continued so long, and increased after the woman was seated, that we began to fear he was mad. Presently Rankin missed the hook which he carried to hang his hat by, and a general search was made in the bottom of the coach; the woman with the dog found blood on her dress, and soon the hook was discovered in the flesh of the animal, and the mystery of his yell as he crossed the lap of my friend was solved. I pulled out the hook, and pitied the brute, whose suffering somewhat reconciled us to his company. In fact he was more of a favorite than his mistress the rest of the day. The poverty and general wretchedness of the inhabitants in the midst of a beautiful country were painfully obvious. The peasants we met frequently, with donkeys laden with faggots, and often with reeking bags of manure. The plowing was of the rudest kind; a. wooden plow was drawn by cows, and a girl followed with a rake to serve as a harrow. What could be expected from such husbandry as this? At St. Michel we were beset by an army of the sturdiest and most importunate beggars, and having escaped them, we came upon the fort and castle of *Leseillon*, defending this great pass of the Alps. Battery rises above battery on the verge of an

awful precipice overlooking the road, and plainly bidding defiance to all hostile comers. The gorge is so deep through which the road passes, that while a foaming river appears to be going up, we are all the time going down. Underneath the ground are winding ways to lead out and into this fortification, and to an unprofessional eye it looks as though an enemy would in vain attempt to make a passage at this point. The mastery of Napoleon's genius now strikes the mind. We are coming to the ascent, to Mont Cenis, and are now on the great military road which was constructed by his order, at an expense of a million and a half of dollars. At Lanselbourg we put on seven extra horses, making a team of eleven to draw the coach up the road. At every few miles of the zigzag ascent, a "House of Refuge" has been erected, and these are kept by persons appointed for the purpose to receive and succor benighted or exhausted travellers; and whenever we reached them, the people came out and proffered their help, which was sometimes needed, for the strain upon the harness was so great that we were often compelled to stop and repair damages. The road is smooth, though very steep, and now it was heavy with recent rains, which had here and there broken it up and rendered it almost impassable. At times we were compelled to leave the carriage till it was dragged over a bad spot, which it was safer for us to cross on foot. It was late in the night when we reached the summit, and if the glory of the prospect was to be any compensation for the toil of travel up, we were not to have it. No wide-

spread scene of hills and vales and lakes below; no signs in the sky even; for a miserable sleet of snow and rain was falling; the coach lamps barely giving light enough to let us know that we were crossing the Alps in one of the darkest, dismalest times that it ever happened to the fate of pleasure travellers to stumble on. So in patience possessing my soul and my body in a blanket, I went to sleep while the coach went thundering down the hills; not with the Jehulike drive of old on the Alleghanies, where the stage sometimes went over the horses, but with a steady roll, the wheels being locked, and one man holding hard on the brake, while another steered the steeds; and so we went down, down to Susa, an ancient town about which an extraordinary chapter might be written, had we time to study it. But the daylight has come, and we are now on the plains of Sardinia. We looked back to see the morning breaking on the snowy peaks of the Alps we had left. We were in another clime. The soft air of spring seemed to breathe gently on us. It was a joy to inhale it—to look out on the vineyards and meadows we were passing through, and gardens with oranges hanging over the fence, luscious and tempting. And now we are entering an avenue of trees, noble shade-trees, and far ahead for miles their branches extend over the road. A fresh team of horses has been pressed into the service; we have always the best team at the beginning and end of a journey; and at a fine rattling pace we rush over the ground, and at early breakfast-time are in the city of Turin.

To say that Turin is the best built city in Europe will sound extravagant, but I have not seen a better. The government appoints an officer whose business, like that of the Roman Ædile, is to superintend the erection of all buildings, and no house can be put up without his approbation of its dimensions and style. Consequently there is not a mean-looking house in the city, while there are streets in which the poor reside that look like rows of palaces.

Our hotel, the *Europa*, is on the Place Castello, the great square of the city. Of a Sunday it was filled with the people in pursuit of their pleasures. Directly under the balcony on which my windows opened, a party of jugglers and mountebanks were performing in the midst of an admiring ring of spectators. Their feats of skill with knives, balls, and hoops, their agility and strength, would have drawn down the applause of a theatre in our country, but they expected nothing for their exhibition save the few coppers that might be given to them in the crowd. A procession of nuns traversed the square on their way to church, the one in front bearing a long wooden cross. Priests were so frequently passing that they seemed to form a considerable part of the population. We left our hotel early to look in upon some of the Catholic churches. At the first we visited, a woman was climbing up the steps on her knees. The house was thronged with people, who seemed chiefly to be of the lower orders, but in all Catholic churches the rich and poor meet together on common ground. In the cathedral, where the royal

family were worshipping, we found several statues and groups of statuary of great beauty, and the pictorial and sculptured embellishments that met us in all the houses of worship, reminded us that we are now in Italy. In the chapel of Santa Sudario is a piece of cloth which Romish imposture pretends is part of the shroud in which the body of Jesus was entombed. I was not impressed with the truth of the tradition, though the faithful see the impression of the Saviour's limbs on the rag.

Tired of these churches, in which there is so much to offend our Protestant tastes, and so little to excite the spirit of devotion, we sought the *Church of the Vaudois*, the Waldensian congregation. In a court, retired from the public street, and in a building that could hardly aspire to the name of a church, we had the happiness of finding these people assembled for public worship. The Waldenses dwell in the mountains, a day's journey from Turin, but in this city are several hundred of the people, pious primitive Christians, who enjoy, under the constitutional government of Sardinia, full protection in their rights of worship, The pastor, M. De Sanctis, preached in Italian, to a solemn, attentive, and affected audience thronging the house. Many of these hearers are Roman Catholics, and I saw and heard them, when the Bible was read and hymns sung and prayers offered, entering as heartily into the service as any who were there. This church is doing a good work, and has so far been prospered and encouraged that they have just completed a large and handsome edifice in one of the

General Beckwith. His zeal

most desirable spots in the city. There was some diversity of sentiment as to the propriety of spending thirty or forty thousand dollars on a single house, but it was important to set up a standard here that should be distinctly seen, and to produce a moral impression that Protestantism is something more than a name.

General Beckwith, a British officer who lost a leg at Waterloo, has for the last thirty years been the friend and patron of the Waldenses. I brought letters to him, but supposed that he was out at one of the villages of the Vaudois, where he has long had his residence. At the close of the interesting service in this chapel, I asked a venerable gentleman next to me for the name of the preacher, and as I took out some letters of introduction, he saw his own name upon one of them, and instantly made himself known as General Beckwith. He insisted on my going home with him, and he soon assembled in his hospitable mansion several Christian friends, with whom we enjoyed delightful intercourse. In the year 1827 this excellent and distinguished officer, travelling on the Continent, visited the Waldenses, and having been previously deeply interested in their history, became now no less concerned in their present situation and prospects. With heroism quite equal to his own on the field of battle, he devoted his life and his fortune to their service; actually settling down in the midst of them, promoting the establishment of schools, building their churches, cheering them in their poverty and labors; when his own means were inadequate, he

has called upon his friends in England to aid him, and has again and again visited his native country to obtain friends to advance the noble work in which he has here been so usefully engaged. Dr. Gilly is well known also to the religious world for his philanthropic exertions in this same field. One of the pupils of the female seminary, who was but a mere child when he established the school, now a lovely and accomplished lady, has lately become his wife: a charming woman she is, and the old General's disinterestedness may well be called in question, when he carries out of the valley such a prize as this, in return for his twenty-three years of solitary service. In 1848, after the revolutionary struggles in Europe had resulted in securing a constitution for Sardinia, granting religious liberty to the people, General Beckwith determined to attempt the experiment of a Protestant church in the city of Turin. He sent four of the Vaudois young men to Florence to learn the Italian, and trained them for preaching. He opened a room here for divine service, and when the place was too small, he fitted up the chapel which I found them in; and this proving to be inadequate, he obtained a royal edict, and getting funds from English friends, he and his associates have gone forward with the handsome stone edifice which in a few days (October 20th) they purpose to dedicate to Almighty God—the first Protestant church erected in Italy since the Reformation.

General Beckwith spoke in high terms of the late American Minister, the Hon. William B. Kinney,

who was an honor to his country, by his great abilities, his integrity, and eminent personal worth, securing universal respect. Mr. Kinney's enlarged views and extensive knowledge of political institutions, gave him great weight in the diplomatic circles; and I was glad to learn from General Beckwith and others, that the commanding influence which Mr. Kinney exerted was always on the side of virtue and good order. The Waldenses found in him a firm and efficient friend. The experiment of a Constitution works admirably in Sardinia, in spite of the embarrassments which are constantly produced by the aristocracy, who are desirous of abrogating the instrument, and reinstating the old order of things. Now the people have as much liberty as they know how to use, and will have more, when they know more. And that they are getting ahead in knowledge, is sufficiently obvious from the fact that where fifteen hundred copies of newspapers circulated before the Constitution, now five millions are spread among the people. The principles of free governments are becoming more generally intelligible, though it is lamentable to perceive that even the ministers of State and the ablest European diplomatists are ignorant of the first elements of those theories on which such a government as our own has its basis. Here, in Europe, the people exist only for the government: at home we have a government for the people. That the people are the source of power, or have rights to be protected, is a thought that has never yet been embraced by any great mind among the master spirits

of the Continent. I was glad to learn that Mr. Kinney had produced a powerful impression here in favor of liberal institutions, and the confidence he enjoyed of the representatives of several of the Continental Courts, had given him facilities for unfolding and defending these views with the most salutary effect. His departure from Turin was the occasion of general regret.

The next day we looked at the palace, the galleries, the Egyptian Museum, where Champollion studied to their discovery the hieroglyphics which had been hitherto sealed in impenetrable mystery, a collection of antiquities said to be the most interesting in the world. We climbed the hill to the Capuchin Convent, across the Po, and rode about the town, which for beauty of situation can hardly be surpassed. The Alps are always in sight, and from the long streets, crossing one another at right angles, you can look out on their snow-clad summits.

We were within six hours' ride of the Waldenses, and resolved to visit the scenes of their sufferings for conscience' sake—the valleys where the martyrs of many generations had been chased up to heaven, the "Holy Land" of Europe.

One of the loveliest days in autumn was the day that we devoted to this excursion. A coach runs out daily from Turin, and we availed ourselves of it, our first experience of Italian stage riding: a clumsy wagon with a cover, harness that would scarcely hold together, rope lines, and vicious horses, kicking the postillions, and getting curses in return, completed

our equipage. But with glory did Monte Viso lift up its head to the sky, clothed in white raiment to its very summit, and now shining with the reflected light of a blazing sun! The contrast between the country and the people was painful. Here "only man was vile." The fields along the road were covered with vines, growing on poles or on trees: twenty women were in a field spreading hay, and gayly working as if they enjoyed the labor. We passed through three villages, in each of which was a convent and a church: over the door of one, was the inscription in Latin—"This is the house of God, the entrance is Holy—the seal of the Covenant."

We stopped to dine at Pignerol, an old and decaying town, with the second story of the houses projecting over the first, so as to make a covered way; a curious way, by-the-way, which is seen in several other cities on the Continent. The chief hotel might have been a palace once—it is not much of a tavern now; and after we *drove through it* into the court in the rear, we were ten minutes finding our way into the house. We ordered dinner for a definite sum, I forget now to what amount we limited them. But as one course after another came on, and was dispatched, we began to count the dishes, which amounted to *twenty-five*. Dinner over, we learned that the coach did not go on till evening, and we ordered a carriage for La Tour. Away we went, dashing on with all speed over a beautiful country, rising gradually from the plain, and bringing us into the neighborhood of the mountains. La Tour lies just in the

opening of the Valleys of Piedmont, yet in the very spot, perhaps as sacred as any in the history of persecution, which has made these regions hallowed ground in the eyes of every Protestant traveller. As I entered the valley, and saw all along up the mountain sides the scattered cottages of the Vaudois, and knew that in them all are men, and the sons of men, who have kept the faith when all the world had forsaken it, I felt that this narrow pass is the Thermopylæ of the Church, and here the noble army of martyrs has perished for the truth.

A row of five neat white cottages on the main street of the village is the residence of the professors; and the College is on the opposite side, where one hundred young men are now in the course of instruction. Professor Revel received me cordially, and led me at once to the *Hospice*, a building where the sick of the valleys are tended by Deaconesses, and carefully provided for. In this house, the General Board of Directors for the management of the business of the whole population was now in session; and to this I was immediately conducted and introduced. Moderator Revel, who had recently returned from a visit to the American churches, welcomed me with open arms, and each of the clerical and lay members gave me a cordial greeting. The whole population of the valleys is about 26,000, of whom 4000 are Romanists. They are scattered through three valleys, along the sides of the mountains, which they have terraced almost to the summits. They have sixteen churches, united in a Presbyterian form of government, in one Synod.

The brethren. Library. Village.

Their secular business is in the hands of the Board, now in session. They laid it aside, and made inquiries of me respecting the Church in America. The Moderator told me of the delightful visit he had made to my country, and the great encouragement he had received to expect substantial aid. They wish to endow a theological department in connection with their College, that they may not be obliged, as they now are, to send their young men abroad to Geneva for instruction. I was tenderly affected with the humble and holy spirit of these good men, and found it hard to tear myself away from their company. They begged me to stay; I believe they would have carried me in their arms from valley to valley, if I would have made the tour of their churches, as they urged me earnestly to do. And when I said a few words in parting, reminding them of the ties in common, binding them to us of the like precious faith, our tears mingled; we pressed each others' hands; they prayed for me and committed me to the care of the Father and Saviour of us all.

Professor Revel then led us to the college and into the library of 25,000 volumes; and here I saw the portraits of General Beckwith and Dr. Gilly, old Waldensian Bibles, relics of fiery trials, and some books presented by friends in America.

No village in New England presents a more orderly and wholesome appearance than this. *No one asked alms.* I determined to give something to the first needy person I met, but all seemed to have the thrift of industry and virtue, and charity was not required.

The children touched their hats, or took them off respectfully, when they met a stranger; a pleasing contrast with the manner of children generally.

Overhanging the village is the famous Castelluzzo, a mighty rock, which has a tale of fearful cruelties forever associated with it. Mothers and their tender offspring were hurled from its summit and dashed in pieces on the stones below. These horrid persecutions by the Papists were at last arrested by the brave old Puritan, Cromwell, who had no scruples on the subject of *intervention* when humanity cried to him for aid. Milton was the Latin Secretary of Cromwell, and wrote the noble remonstrances of the Protectorate, addressed to the Duke of Savoy. In his glorious sonnet, Milton has also left an immortal testimony against the murderous cruelty of the persecuting Church of Rome.

Returning from La Tour, we passed through the village of St. Giovanni, where the Vaudois built a church while Piedmont was under the government of Napoleon. When the Sardinian monarchy was restored, the Roman Catholics complained that they were disturbed in their church across the way by the singing of their neighbors, and the Vaudois were compelled to erect a wooden wall in front of their door. The wall has fallen to pieces, and the government of the country has become tolerant, so that the sufferings of this noble race of men are over. Let us hope that the example of Sardinia may work a gradual change in the policy of all the governments of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

GENOA AND ITS PALACES.

Railways in Italy—A Lady smoking in the Cars—The Country—Fête Day—Crossing the Apennines—First Sight of the Sea—Genoa—The Palaces—Churches—Strada Nuova—Brignole Rosso—Costume of the young Women—Galley Slaves—Di Negro Palace and Grounds—Balbi—Sunset.

Railroads are rare in Italy. One had been opened from Turin to Genoa, but was not completed. More confusion than was convenient occurred when we sought our tickets and places, but finally we got matters satisfactorily arranged. The cars were very spacious, airy, and comfortable. The passengers, chiefly Italian, began to show us new phases of costume and character. Into our apartment, as we had but two seats, a party of two ladies and two gentlemen entered at one of the stations shortly after leaving Turin. One of the ladies was a splendid beauty, I think the handsomest *native* I saw in Italy: her dress and bearing were those of an elegant lady. The gentlemen lighted their cigars, and she took one and smoked with the most perfect *nonchalance*, pushing aside the green silk curtain with her jeweled fingers to spit out of the window (!)—a lady, a beautiful lady, with soft, languishing, loving eyes, sitting two feet in front of me, smoking and spitting. And this in Italy!

And the wide plains through which we are riding are clothed with vines, and the peasantry are lively in their light work in the fields. We passed through a tunnel a thousand feet long, and emerged into a romantic land, where the road winds around hills and follows its way along the margin of a mountain stream, now and then a charming vista opening before us, and nature showing us some of her loveliest views. We are coming to the Apennine mountains, and these are the glimpses we get of the rising and lovely prospects in this romantic region. At *Busala*, the present terminus of the railway, a great *fête* day had assembled thousands of people from the surrounding country, even from a great distance among the mountains, many of whom had never seen a railway before. On all the fences, houses, and heights of every kind, the natives stood with mouths and eyes wide open, gaping and gazing at the locomotive and train as they came thundering in. The Indians could not have been more surprised at the first steamer on the Mississippi. We had to be transferred from the cars to coaches, and we chose to ride in the *banquette*, a covered seat above and behind the driver on the top of the carriage, the finest place altogether for observation. The ascent of the mountains commenced very soon after leaving Busala, but the road was smooth and very serpentine, the scenery picturesque and sometimes grand. Long trains of loaded wagons drawn by tandem horses, were slowly transporting freight over the mountains, and the numbers of these loads showed the great demand for a railroad to con-

nect the sea-port Genoa with Turin, the capital of Sardinia. No other Italian government has encouraged the construction of railroads—they are too fast for the rulers of this people; making men's ideas to move rapidly, and suggestive of improvement and progress, such ideas being dangerous to all despotisms, and especially to such weak governments as the most of them are in Italy. The constitutional monarchy of Sardinia, the most hopeful, and therefore the most hated of all the governments, has fostered this great work, and is pushing on with energy the development of all the resources of the kingdom.

The mountain-pass accomplished, we began to descend into a charming country, and the features of Italian scenery more decidedly marked were constantly revealed. The fig-tree in great abundance and loaded with its delicious fruit, the chestnut trees in groves which furnish a staple article of food for the inhabitants, the cane and the vine were spread on either side of us. Dirty people, beggars many, and many priests we met: and at length the forts on the heights announced our approach to the city of Genoa. The streets were so narrow that we were often compelled to stop for carts to get by us; and passing through a deep excavation where men were dangling by ropes, and cutting away the rocks on the sides of the precipice, the bay of Genoa burst upon our sight.

"The sea! the sea!" we cried, as the Mediterranean, smooth as a lake of glass and shining in the rays of the declining sun, lay wide before us: the first time

it had ever met our eyes. The sun had been so bright during the afternoon as to be painful, but now its last rays were tinging the horizon with a beautiful pink color, which we often see in landscapes; and the soft, languid beauty of the sunset and the sea, was new and pleasing. Genoa, like a crescent, stretched far along the shore, and receding up the hills was lost to view among the villas and vineyards in the country behind it. On the very verge of the bay is a row of ancient palaces, now turned into taverns, spacious hotels, and we were soon handsomely at home in the *Italia*. From this house we had a fine view of the harbor, the gulf, and the shipping. Its marble floors, frescoed walls, and gilded ceilings are remains of the splendor which marked it when the Fieschi and Grimaldi families made it gay with their revelry.

From this old palace we made excursions through the city, to visit the splendid palaces still kept up in the style of ancient times, and rich in superb paintings by the old masters. The church of the *Annunciation* was more splendid than any we had yet seen but the Madeleine; its frescoes by Carloni, and the Last Supper by Procacciani, not so good as one we had seen at Turin, were yet so striking to our uncultivated eyes, that we studied them with wonder and delight. The magnificence of Catholic churches began to appear, as we stood in front of this gorgeous altar, and looked up at its pictures in golden panels, and the precious stones with which the frames are adorned. Antonio crossed himself when we passed the altars,

and gave me good proof of being a devout believer. But when in the cathedral, he called my attention to a statue of God Almighty holding the world in his hands, and laughed at the idea of making an image of such a scene, he was not so serious as a good Catholic ought to be.

In Genoa there is nothing so interesting to be seen as the old palaces which stand chiefly on the "Strada Nuova," well called the street of palaces. They are all accessible to strangers, and we wandered over several of them. The Brignole Rosso was said to be among the most attractive, and we sought it early. The crimson tints in the walls give it a strange but beautiful appearance; its vast doors were opened at our call, and we entered a marble-paved court where a fountain was playing: ascending a flight of steps, we came to another court where a hanging garden was filled with fruits and flowers, breaking suddenly upon the eye. An aged porter here met us, and led us through numerous and spacious apartments, furnished with luxurious splendor, and hung with paintings by the old masters; a catalogue of each room lying open for our use. Here was the "Rape of the Sabines," by Valerio Castello, and several of the best of Vandyke's, and one or two by Guercino, full of the rich coloring and warmth of feeling for which that master is so distinguished. His "Cleopatra and Asp" is in this palace; she lies on the couch with a countenance of exceeding beauty, now filled with despair, while the blood oozes from the wound in her breast, where the fang is fastened—a picture of terrible beau-

ty, if such can be. The Christ, in Vandyke's picture of the Tribute Money, has a smile of wonderful effect, telling the whole story of the Saviour's rejecting the proposal of the Pharisees to catch him in their talk.

We walked out on the balcony, and were charmed with the gardens and groves of orange trees in the grounds of other palaces; and giving the old man a trifle for his attention, pursued our tour of the sights. These are the residences of old Italian families, in whose hands immense wealth is still retained. Their owners spend all their time in Paris, or travelling; while their houses are shut up, or only opened to the curious traveller.

The costume of the young women is very picturesque—a long white vail fastened to the top of the head, and falling gracefully over the back; the hair arranged in large plaits, and fastened with a silver arrow, and ornamented with the filligree work, which is made in greater quantities here than in any other place. The women were only fair, and not very, at that. In sad contrast with the lively looks of these maids of Genoa, were the galley-slaves whom we met working in chains, and dragging loads through the streets. They are convicted criminals, made useful to the State by their labor, and suffering, probably, no more than they deserve.

The Di Negro family—but, by-the-way, the family now is only Signor Charles di Negro—have a palace in the upper part of the town, which I visited after having seen many that are not to be spoken of in connection with this. Entering a long, grand, stone path-

way, covered with vines, and lined with orange and olive trees loaded with fruit, we ascended a stone stairway to a terrace paved with curiously tesselated stones, with various colors inwrought. Marble statues of illustrious Genoese and foreigners were placed in niches. We ascended to still another terrace, and wound our way up to the top of the hill that looked out on the blue Mediterranean in all its glory, while the city of towers and palaces, spires and domes was lying at our feet. We had reached a platte from which avenues led off in various directions to grottoes sacred to some great man, whose statue stood there as the genius of the place. And here, on this height, where we could well believe the great navigator had often stood and strained his eyes away into the deep of the western sky, we stood by the side of a statue of Columbus, looking longingly westward. And not far off from him, was a little temple of Liberty, with a statue in it, bearing the inscription—"Alla memoria di Washington." We took off our hats in a moment, and cheered the memory of our country's father. Glorious name it is; and the farther from home we are, the stronger the beating of the heart when we are reminded of our own immortal Washington. Around this summit, are gardens with all manner of loaded vines, tropical trees and shrubs; and looking off to the landward, we have a view of the twenty-two forts and battlements, the castles and walls by which the city is defended; and thousands of white cottages are dotting the mountain sides, up which the town extends. I do not wonder that emperors, princes, and

popes have visited this garden and palace, and have left the records of their pleasure, in reveling, as they have done, among its wonderful charms.

The Balbi Palace opened its doors, and we met the Marchioness, as remarkable for her own personal beauty as for the magnificence of the palace, of which she is the greatest ornament. At sunset we had a walk on the promenade that has been made over the warehouses upon the wharf. Here, on the water's edge, with all the shipping of the harbor before you, and the great sea heaving unceasingly, it was refreshing to enjoy the evening breeze, and to see the sun going down into his golden bed.

CHAPTER III.

MILAN AND LAKE COMO.

A Russian General, Wife, and Daughter—Milan Cathedral—Da Vinci's Last Supper—Amphitheatre—Arch of Peace—Dr. Capelli—The Hospital—Police—An Inquisitive Englishman—Monza and the Iron Crown—Como, the loveliest Lake—Villas on Shore—Bellajio—A Maid on the Wall—Selbelloni Palace and Gardens—The Russian offers me his Daughter—Melzi Villa—Summa Riva.

As I was stepping into the *Malle Poste* at Genoa, I saw a man in the seat behind mine, busily employed in kicking out my travelling bags from under my seat, and I put them back. He pushed them out again, and I put them back again. In broken English he began to swear at me with a looseness of language remarkable in a foreigner. When he paused to take breath, I asked if I might speak. He broke out again with some very big oaths, said he was fixing a place for the feet of his wife who would soon get in, and he would be —— if he wouldn't have those bags out. When I could put in a word, I said to him:

"If your wife is coming in here she shall have any seat she wishes, and her feet where she likes; but if you put your foot on my bag again, or swear at me once more, one or the other of us will be out on that ground in about a minute."

"Oh, ah, I be one very sorry. I beg all your pardon—you one Englishman—"

"No, no, I am not; I am an American."

"Oh, ah, si, oui, yis, I am one Russian General. I am sorry, very; I will you please, my wife and daughter introduce. We be very good friends. Oh, what fool I am!"

Having patched up a peace, the Russian General produced and introduced his wife and daughter. The young lady proved to have been well educated, speaking all the usual languages of travel (of which Russ is not one) with great fluency. A French Count was with them, and they made quite a sudden and pleasant addition to our party. But they were so much afraid that the old General's attack upon me would be remembered, that they fairly overrun me with love and kindness, till in the course of a few days it became a nuisance. Too much of a good thing spoils the whole. We rode on together to MILAN, without making a pause on the way, even at Pavia, the seat of an ancient medical college of renown, and celebrated now for its splendid cathedral, and even more for the bones of St. Augustine brought here from Egypt. Our party, the Russian General and his family, and the Count, took quarters at the *Hotel de Ville*, an admirable establishment, and greatly frequented. Under Austrian rule, with its soldiers patrolling the streets by day and night, yet themselves afraid of the people, the city is in perfect order, but never without fear. At the last outbreak the people rushed upon the sentries, and killed several of them. The soldiers when on duty now very discreetly keep themselves behind an iron fence, to be protected from

the people whom they are expected to keep in subjection. I was told that at the next outbreak, and it will come suddenly, the soldiers will be the first victims and the priests the next.

At the door of the *Hotel de Ville* I had the pleasure of meeting my friends Messrs. Righter and Hill, who from this time onward till my return to America, were the faithful and devoted companions of my travel. With no more delay than was necessary to secure our rooms, we walked out to the Cathedral of Milan, the pride of Italy! It is beautiful, too beautiful. It is fine, we might say finical; and so many thousand pinnacles start up into the air, so elaborately elegant is its ornament, and so profuse withal, that it fails to excite those emotions of the sublime and solemn that we feel in temples neither so vast nor so costly. But it is a creation of art beyond all description to convey the impression it makes on the mind. The interior is more, far more imposing. Those huge columns, so many and so strong, holding up that immense dome and cupola, produce a powerful effect, which would be still greater were it not for the trifling ornaments with which even the interior abounds. A procession of priests, some of them in red cloaks and under a canopy borne by boys, was marching across the vast area as I entered; services were in progress in two or three chapels, but there was room for a standing army besides. Behind the high altar, on tablets, were long lists of the precious relics belonging to this cathedral; among them, I remember the towel with which Christ washed the

feet of the disciples, part of the purple robe with which he was clad, four of the thorns of his crown, one of the crucifying nails, and part of the spear; a stone from the holy sepulchre, teeth from the heads of Abraham, Daniel, John, and Elisha; the rod of Moses, and bones of nearly all the Apostles and a host of martyrs.

Seven thousand statues already completed, adorn this house, and three thousand more are yet to be added. An old man, at a little door, for a shilling, gives you the privilege of climbing to the roof, where a complete garden regales the eye, and one of the widest and loveliest prospects in Italy appears. My young friends returned to see, from this height, the sunrise in the morning, and they were in ecstasies at the sight. It is a world of beauty; but in the midst of the starry pinnacles of this roof, the world with its Alps, and its plains, and its rising sun, was more transportingly beautiful than they had ever dreamed of.

In the refectory of an old monastery, on the wall, is a painting by Leonardo da Vinci, the most celebrated of any painting in the world, and now passing away forever. The monks themselves commenced the work of its destruction, by cutting a door through the wall on which it is done. When Napoleon had possession of Milan, this monastery was used for barracks, and this room for a stable. Time, damp, smoke, steam, violence, have all done their worst upon "THE LAST SUPPER;" but there it is; and more than any other painting in Europe, I had de-

sired to see this before I came from home. It has been copied and engraved until every one knows the picture. The head of the Christ is the only head that ever came up to my conception of my Saviour's. Rubens and Raphael never satisfied. But here was majesty mingled with sorrow; love and pity, God and Man so blended, that, dimmed and fading as it is, I could cry out before it, *My Lord and my God!* We all sat down before it, and in silence and tears gazed on the scene. The loving John, the impulsive Peter, the infernal Traitor; they are true to nature, and drawn with the hand of consummate skill. Da Vinci was a painter; yet this was far from being his chief glory. He was a statesman and a practical man, contriving and carrying out great plans for the benefit of his country; and to this it must be owing that he who could paint perhaps as well as any man who ever lived, has left so few works by which his fame is to be preserved. "The Last Supper" is now nearly gone, and the next generation will know it only in history.

Leaving this old monastery, we sought the amphitheatre, where, in the days of the old Romans, thirty thousand persons could sit down and look at the gladiators in the arena below. It is in admirable preservation; and within a few years, when princes have been the guests of the city, the vast area has been flooded, and naval spectacles exhibited.

The Arch of Peace is one of the handsomest gates in Europe; but its allegories are too recondite to tell their story to the dull, and we had not time to study

them out with a book. Full of old convents, the funds of some of them having been sequestrated, and the establishments broken up, Milan is an interesting city to explore. I visited one of the hospitals where 2800 persons were in as many beds, well cared for, as if there were but a hundred only; and this immense establishment is supported by private charity—one of the most complete and benevolent institutions in the world. The system was quite as perfect as that in Paris. Over the head of each patient was his name and disease, and the directions of the physician carefully recorded. Sisters of Charity were in attendance, ministering at all times with unflagging zeal. The wards were clean, and so well ventilated that no offensive smell was observed. Contentment and gratitude were marked on the faces of many of these sufferers. In the department for women a fair girl was lying, fit to be a model of the Virgin Mary; or, better still, for the Magdalen. The good Dr. Capelli, who was with me, addressed a few words of comfort to her, and a smile of thanks played for a moment on her snowy face, and I thought as I turned away, that she perhaps would never smile again. Dr. Capelli is a capital physician, and a man of learning and talents, into whose hands it is a great blessedness for a sick traveller to fall. In consequence of my imprudence in the use of grapes, which prove to be very bad this season, I had occasion to send for him; and with my gratitude for his kindness and skill, I delight to record his name, that if any are following my footsteps in this pilgrimage, they may know on whom to

call, if, like me, they stand in need of a medical man. He can be readily reached from any of the hotels.

I had spent four or five days in Milan, and had to depart in the morning at six o'clock. It was now nearly ten o'clock at night, and Antonio came rushing to my room, to tell me that I was wanted at the office of the police, and could not have my passport without appearing in person. I told him to get me a carriage in all haste, and we would go. But the carriages were off the stands, and we had to set off on foot, to walk or run a mile, to get there before the door was shut. The Austrian soldiers were patrolling the silent and deserted streets as we hastened on, and just as the last official was leaving the post, we reached the office. He was in a great rage at being called back, and swore terribly; but I handed Antonio half a dollar, which he slipped into the angry man's hands, and it had the natural effect of quieting his nerves, and helping him to find my passport, and hand it over to me all right. So, with increased contempt for Austrian officialism, I was prepared to get out of Milan.

"Is that gentleman an Italian?" asked a young English traveller of my companion, as we were sitting in the rail-carriage about to start for Monza and Lake Como. He referred to me, and presuming that I did not understand English, inquired if I was an Italian. Rankin told him "No," and so decidedly, that I thought his inquisitiveness would not tempt him to ask again.

"Is he a Frenchman?" he demanded. "No, he is not a Frenchman," said my friend.

"You will please to tell me of what country he is;" but Rankin and I exchanged looks, and the anxious inquirer was not gratified.

He became a very troublesome companion, and we found it hard to shake him off. Passing rapidly through the town of Monza, where Napoleon received the Iron Crown, we reached Como before night, and had time to visit its ancient and imposing Cathedral, a noble specimen of the Lombard architecture of the Middle Ages. The sculptures in bas-relief on the outside of the towers that rise up in majestic proportions from the street, are of exquisite workmanship; the Flight into Egypt, the Adoration of the Magi, and various flowers are wrought in stone with surprising skill and effect. The village is noted as the birthplace of Pliny the younger; and both the Plinys wrote from the shores of this charming lake. A noble statue stands in a public square, of Volta, who was born here. We had been riding through a rich country, with vines and olives abounding, and maize, peaches, and fruits of various kinds; in the midst of these gardens and vineyards were beautiful villas, and off at the left the Alps stood with their sharp, clear-cut edges against the sky, like ebony on ivory. And now we were in the midst of hills that seemed to be holding in their bosom a placid lake, surrounded with old castles and picturesque ruins. The atmosphere was so clear, the climate so genial, that existence was a luxury. We lingered about the cathedral till sunset, and then walked on the shores of the lake, rejoicing in the loveliness of nature, and wishing those

we loved were with us to share the enjoyment of such an evening in Italy.

Our inquisitive Englishman fortunately found quarters at another hotel, so that we hoped to be free from his questions; but after supper he came over to our house, and fastened himself upon us like a leech.

"It was very remark*aw*ble," he said, "that no less than eight differ-rent lang*ua*ges were spoken at our table to-night, but I was fortunately able to converse in them all; one lady addressed me in Hindoostanee, and as I spent a year in India, I replied to her at once —it was very lucky, was it not?" This speech was set off with two or three oaths to make it more racy, and we left him as soon as we could.

The next morning we embarked on a little steamer, to make an excursion on the loveliest of lakes. Fifty gondolas, with their sharp noses resting on the sand, invited us to their crimson cushions around a little table under a canopy, where parties of pleasure might amuse themselves with cards, or refresh themselves with ices, as they were rowed swiftly over the yielding waves; but we were going too far for them, and preferred the steamboat. Quite a number of priests were among the passengers, and some of them with short breeches, long coats, and shoe-buckles, made a grotesque appearance, but in the style of our own olden times. My Russian General and his party met me with great demonstrations of pleasure, and hoped we should travel together all the season. In the course of the day they learned my intentions to go down into Egypt, and expressed their great re-

grets that they could not all go with me to the ends of the earth. Truly, thought I, this son of the North is as warm as if he had been born in France or Italy.

The beauties of Lake Como began to open upon the sight as soon as we put off from the shore. In all the dreams I have ever had of the lovely in natural scenery, I never saw, even in fancy, any thing that excelled the charming views I caught, as we passed along the bosom of this placid sheet of water. Not princes and men of wealth only, but artists, and those artists whose talents on the stage and whose gifts of song have made them famous all over the world, have chosen the borders of Lake Como for their summer residence, and their beautiful villas and seats, rejoicing in the name of palaces, are planted on the rising hills, surrounded with every embellishment, and looking to be the abode of elegant ease and refined enjoyment. How well they answer their outward appearance, it is not for us to know. From these villas a gondola would shoot out into the Lake, and our steamer would pause and deliver a party of friends to be conveyed to the shore, and welcomed by those in waiting for them. A narrow pass admitted us into the main body of the waters, and now the mountains rise suddenly from the shore, terraces covered with rich foliage and fruit hang above us, and at times I could believe this was the long-talked-of fairy land.

A monastery on the rocky shore, to which steps lead up by a path lined with shrubs and flowers, seemed fitted to be the abode of religious seclusion. On the walls and among the rocks around it were

statues of monks, and popes, and ever so many saints, which the boatman contemplated with veneration. Through a constant succession of these scenes, in which art and nature vied with each other in lavishing beauties, we rushed on for a couple of hours till we came to *Cadanabbia*. Here we landed, and were at once received into one of the many gondolas waiting for us, and were rowed over to *Bellajio*, on the opposite shore. Near the shore was a garden with a high wall surrounding it, and lemon trees hanging over it laden with fruit. A maid with a wide-rimmed hat stood on the wall arranging the vines; she seemed herself to be adorning the parapet, as a beautiful statue could not have done. In France and Italy they adopt this plan on some great occasions, when triumphal arches have been extemporaneously erected, and handsome women, alive but still, have stood in the niches instead of marble.

We had come over here to visit the *Selbelloni* palace and grounds. Ascending a long, paved carriage-way some ten minutes, we came to the gate, which was opened by the same girl I had seen on the wall below. She was to be our guide over the place. The conception and the execution of this garden were remarkable. A conical hill had been terraced completely around, and spiral walks led us along upward to the successive levels. The flowers and fruits of the various zones were arranged in the ascending order, bringing us into new and sudden varieties, as if we had stepped from one latitude of the earth into another. Lake Como is on one side of this hill, and

Lecco on the other, and before we reach the summit, we come to a tunnel 500 feet long, and in the shape of a rainbow, piercing through the hill, so that we walk on in the twilight till we come to the centre, from which, as through a tube 250 feet long, we look out each way. To the east of us is Lake Lecco, a beautiful sheet of water. On the other side is Lake Como, and the tunnel has been made so as just to take into its scope a palace away across on the western shore. This was like the work of magic, surely. We emerged on the eastern side, and came around to a summer-house on the brow of an awful precipice overhanging the lake, whence we could see the distant mountains capped with snow, and the great pass of the Splugen leading us back to the Switzerland we had left. Descending by a winding pathway on the Lecco side, we came through the tropical groves, the tall palms, and the prickly cactus; we rested ourselves in grottoes with flowery bowers in front of them, and cool waters trickling down the rocks under which we sat.

It was in one of these that my Russian General astounded me with a proposition. If he had asked me to join his regiment, or to recommend him to the Commander of the United States Army, I should not have been surprised. But he was on quite a different track.

"My daughter shall go with you to Egypt," he said, very insinuatingly.

"Ah," said I, "then you are thinking of going there?"

"No, no; my wife and I not go; my daughter shall go with you."

"But I must consult my wife first, before I go to Egypt with another man's daughter," I replied, very good-naturedly.

"Oh, you have a wife in America!" he cried out, "then she shall go with you, and you shall take her to America, and she shall get husband there and live there. So I will have her, and you will take care of her."

I found the old General had a serious intention of confiding his daughter to my tender mercies, and I had to resort to some generalship to get rid of her. Sorry I am to say it, but my skill was displayed in beating a quiet retreat as soon as possible, and getting out of reach of the old man's importunity and the fascinations of the young lady, who would have gone with me in a moment had I encouraged the proposal.

A mile below, on the same side of the lake, is the *Melzi* villa, and all along the shore, as we swept down in our gondola, are shady groves and marble statues standing in the green: a splendid monument to Dante is near the villa. Within were the richest stores of art that I had ever seen gathered in private halls. Gems by the old masters, and the masterpieces of modern genius: a holy family by Correggio, and a Bacchante by Thorwalsden, mosaic tables from Florence, and ancient statuary from Rome and Athens; and these in successive chambers arrayed with such exquisite taste, that it seemed intruding to be walking in the midst of them with the freedom of home.

On the opposite shore the Princess Carlotta has a palace at Summa-Riva, and we shot across in a boat, and were cheerfully admitted to its treasures. A noble fountain in the midst of the grounds in front, was throwing up its waters into the sunlight, and they were falling like great diamonds around us. We found the collections of statues and paintings more extensive but not so select as at the Melzi villa. The dying Attila receiving the sacrament from a Capuchin monk by moonlight, and the wafer illuminating the picture, I admired greatly; and the Thorwalsden marbles in bas-relief are said to be his noblest works. As I came out from this palace into the beautiful grounds, adorned with all manner of trees and plants and parterres of flowers to delight the eyes—figs and apricots, and luscious grapes hanging by, and statues of breathing marble standing in the midst of them like our first parents in Eden—it was verily like being in an Oriental paradise. We dined at a hotel near the palace, and my English exquisite and inquisitive distinguished himself at table by his impertinent questions. As we were returning in the boat to Como, two English gentlemen sitting near me were conversing, when one remarked,

"What an interrogative turn of mind that young man appears to have."

"Yes," said the other, "so much so that I thought he must be an American!"

Some other people besides Yankees are given to asking questions.

CHAPTER IV.

VERONA—MANTUA—VENICE.

Posting it—Breschia—Roman Antiquities—Lake di Garda—The Peasantry—Verona—Lords and Tombs—Frescoes—The Amphitheatre—Mantua—The Scenes of the Georgics—Ducal Palace—No Virgil—An Italian Sunset—The Queen of the Adriatic—Causeway—Custom-house—Gondolas—Canals—San Marc—Piazza—Church—Piazzetta—Sleep and Dreams.

We left Milan early in the morning, and came by the way of Breschia and Mantua, Verona and Padua. Although I had run away from the Russian General and his daughter, my party now consisted of four, and we posted it through the country. At Breschia we had our first sight of Roman Antiquities, and in mute wonder we stood and gazed upon the disinterred temple, whose columns projecting from the ground had long suggested the probability that they belong to a buried structure. The perseverance of an old antiquary finally succeeded in bringing the temple to the light of day, with numerous relics, which he has arranged in the Museum now preserved on the spot. The tombstones and epitaphs, the altars and capitals, were all the more interesting to us, as we were but just entering upon these wonders of the dead past.

That night we lodged in a village called Denzenzano, on the shores of Lake di Garda, along which we rode at sunrise the next morning, and looked

across upon the blue mountains and the promontory of Sermione, where we can see the ruins of the villa of Catullus. The whole country is a garden of beauty through which we are passing; and in the soft balmy air of the morning we are rejoicing, as we talk of the men who were here two thousand years ago, and were a nobler race by far than those we see at their daily toil. The teamsters we meet are lying on a board swung underneath their carts, and there, the image of laziness, they ride, leaving their horses to guide themselves. Frequently we pass small villages, not worth the name; lazy men and dirty women hanging around the doors of the café, and now and then a company of soldiers seem to be striving to kill time hanging heavily on their hands.

Verona has been a city of strength and renown in its day, and now is not without its interest. The tombs of the old Lords of Verona are a curious memorial of ancient sculpture and ancient crimes. In the neighborhood of this city, Marius fought his famous battle against the Cimbri, and here Theodoric the Great won his great victory over Odoacer. Here too we searched among the traditionary ruins till we found the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, and summoned all needful credulity to believe the story of the books. But there was no doubt about the Amphitheatre, the most perfectly preserved of all the remains of Roman magnificence. In the form of an ellipse, and with forty successive tiers of granite seats, for twenty-five thousand persons, it presents an imposing sight even now that the whole race who once thronged it

are buried. A cluster of miserable houses is built against the foundations, which we passed through, beneath massive mason-work of immense blocks of stone, forming the dungeons in which the wild beasts were confined before they were let loose upon each other or the human victims; and if we had not known the purposes for which they were constructed, we might believe that we were in some infernal region from which escape is impossible. The ground in the centre of this arena has doubtless drunk the blood of martyrs. Now, a company of strolling players are rehearsing a farce for the evening entertainment of a few hundred people who will hover in one corner of this mighty hall, open always to the heavens, and in this delicious climate all the more pleasant because thus exposed.

The churches of Verona are distinguished even in Italy for their magnificence, and in St. George I saw a picture by Paul Veronese, which is kept vailed, but the sacristan, for a trifle, drew the curtain and displayed a painting of extraordinary power. The frescoes on some of the outer walls of the old buildings show that here has been the luxury of art in departed days, and one can not but mourn as he sees them fading, the last remnants of expiring beauty, and when gone, impossible to be restored. With the same sort of feelings I looked upon the old carvings on the ancient gateways, which were here when the men of Rome were marching in arms to subdue the provinces of the North, and which seem to be good for as many years to come.

There is a railway from Vienna to Mantua, and we could not resist the temptation to pay a visit, a pilgrimage indeed, to the birth-place of Virgil—his own Mantua. It was a charming excursion, over a plain that was loaded with rich abundance, and watered by artificial canals. We could not but think of the Georgics and Bucolics having been composed with these very fields in view, and here the various experiments in agriculture so poetically commended had been tested. The old town has all the signs of decay. The cathedral has statues of prophets and sibyls, Christian and pagan, before the same altar. The Ducal Palace, once the seat of almost fabulous grandeur, is now a deserted mansion, into which a surly porter admitted us, and reluctantly led us through as many of the five hundred rooms as we had time and patience to visit. Yet on every wall and in every hall were the works of masters; frescoes of wondrous strength and effect. One of these was the Parnassus, in which the poets were painted as the Muses, and Apollo and Venus, and all the gods and goddesses appear. Another hall was embellished with scenes from the siege of Troy, the Æneid of Virgil done on the wall, as in Carthage when the hero of the Æneid arrived. I inquired at all the book-stores for a copy of VIRGIL printed in the city that boasts his birth, but my inquiries were all in vain. I believe that an attempt has been made to get up a Mantuan edition, and if it were published it would be a literary curiosity. It is a half hour's ride by carriage from the city to the railway station. The sun was declining as we rode: and we

had an Italian sunset of which we have read so much; and now I am ready from actual observation to speak of it as compared with sunsets at home. The whole western firmament was an ocean of gold. Some clouds of blue in the upper sky, with silver edging, lay on this yellow ground, and there was such softness and deliciousness in the atmosphere, that we gazed with rapture. We turned and looked eastward. The sky was tinged with pink. In the midst of the scene was the dome of St. Andrews, the tower of della Gabia, and the forked battlements of Mantua standing out with the last rays of the sun lingering on them. And the associations were so rich, pastoral, poetic, historical, that we stood, four of us, upright in the carriage and rejoiced together in the gorgeous spectacle.

The next day we left Verona by rail, and passing through Padua without stopping, we swept on over a level and uninteresting country, till the domes of Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, rose, as from the midst of the sea. Until the long causeway was made for the railroad, the approach was only by boats, but now we were borne along for two miles and a half over a narrow but noble pathway of massive masonry, and reached the terminus of the rail. All former overhaulings of luggage were forgotten in comparison with that to which we were subjected here. My note-book puzzled the official for a long time, but he finally gave it back to me, and we were set at liberty.

No cabs and carriages stood about the doors. A rude mob of watermen, however, as clamorous as

Albany cabmen (none worse infest this earth), seized us and our luggage very much as the lions did the enemies of Daniel, "or ever they came to the bottom of the den."

The gondolas of Venice! Fifty of them were in waiting, from the *omnibus*, actually so marked upon its side, to the tiniest craft. They were not the gay pleasuring barges that I had fancied: all of them black, with a close canopy over the centre. We step into this and find luxurious cushions on which to recline, and you may draw the curtains close or have them open, as you like. Instantly we were gliding along so silently that we seemed to be moved by an unseen hand, the gondolier standing on the stern of the boat, and never speaking but to give warning as he is about to sweep around the corner of the watery street, to prevent collision. In some of these narrow ways we were crowded as closely as the carriages in Broadway, and again we glide along for some minutes in a cross way, with not a single boat in company. Above us, in the windows of the houses that rise from the borders of the canals, women are sitting amusing themselves or at work; and it was hard to believe that we are in the midst of a great city, that is swimming here, and unlike any thing else in the way of a city that was ever seen before. Soon we entered a broader canal—magnificent palaces, with strange and beautiful architecture, and we knew that we were on the Grand Canal. Winding its way around the city, it brought us out at last on the Lagoon, and to the marble steps of the ancient palace of the Giustinani,

now the Hotel Europa. We do not leave the gondola till we learn that we can have rooms to look out on the waters, the islands lying off in front, and crowned with palaces and the domes of temples.

And now we are in Venice. We hasten from the hotel to St. Mark's Place, the grandest square in the world. I can scarcely say to what this effect is due, but one feels in the midst of it as if in a blaze of architectural glory. As we entered from the eastern side, the church of St. Mark was full in front of us on the west, with its several domes, impressing us at once with its Oriental type: the long range of palatial residences for the former chiefs of the State on the right hand, and brilliant shops and stately buildings on the left; the Campanile tower rising from the pavement of monumental marble, surmounting the city, and looking away off to sea. At right angles to the square is the Piazzetta, a place of less extent, with the Doge's palace on one side, and open to the sea, on the borders of which are the famous columns bearing the winged lion, and the statue of St. Theodore, which have been carried off to Paris and since restored to their places. It was now in the edge of evening, and throngs of gay people were enjoying the sea breeze as it came in upon the open square. Innumerable lamps gave even more brilliancy and beauty than the daylight to the scene. All the recollections of Venice, the city of the Doges, came thronging upon me as I stood before the palace, and thought of the tales that those walls could tell, had they but tongues. To-morrow we will enter and explore it—for its mys-

teries are now open to the world. But we have seen enough for one day, and are actually wearied with the excitement of seeing but the vestibule of Venice.

That night I dreamed. I was sad when I went to my couch—sad in the midst of this glorious but departing city, for its grandeur seemed to be in decay. I was sad, and thoughts of home were painfully pressing on me when I sunk to sleep. One of my boys was sick. I was at home by his side. He was ghastly, thin, and dying. I kissed him, and my tears dropped on his cheeks. No word was said. My heart was breaking. I kissed him again as he lay on his pillow, and awoke—my pillow was wet with tears. It was only a dream. Sorrows are dreams as joys are.

CHAPTER V.

VENICE.

Stones of Venice—Aristocracy—Doge's Palace—Giant's Stairway—Lion's Mouth—Council of Ten—Council Chamber—Titian's "Faith"—His "Assumption"—Dungeons—State Prison—Bridge of Sighs—Gondola—Manfrini Palace—Foscari—Byron—Paintings—Rialto—San Marc—Churches—A Life Picture.

"WHERE on the whole earth are stones so eloquent as in Venice? Where is the creation of human hand that can be compared with this wondrous marble flower, floating upon the surface of the sea?"

For more than a thousand years, a proud and wealthy aristocracy reigned in this strange city, lavishing their gold in rearing these costly residences, embellished with a profusion of ornament to be seen in no other city of the world. It was built upon these islands to render it safer from the assaults of enemies, and it is said that when the last of the Doges, weeping like a woman, sent the keys to Napoleon, that haughty conqueror was on the point of abandoning the siege in despair.

Novel and strange emotions seized me on stepping into the Doge's palace. It was not a prison, for the gorgeous style of ornament dispels all thought of gloom, but it was so inwrought in all my memories with crime, and mysterious trials, and sudden, terri-

ble, undiscovered judgments, that a slight tremor passed over me as I went up the Scala del Giganti, beautiful with the whitest marble, and then to the Golden Stairway, where the lion's mouth once opened to receive the accusations of unknown enemies, the precursors of swift and remediless ruin. The audience chamber is adorned with some of the best productions of Paul Veronese—a spacious apartment, where the Doges received in state the princes or their representatives from foreign lands. In the Senate Chamber the very same furniture, even the candlesticks and the tribune for the speakers, stand as they did in the days of the republic. The "Council of Ten" sat in a small apartment richly adorned with paintings. It was once hung in black, as well it might be; a room where the fate of thousands was sealed in darkness and death. The very chairs on which these inquisitors sat, when hearing the accusations and pronouncing sentence, we sat upon, and were thankful that we were not born to be judges in Venice. Rather would I be a victim than a judge in such a court as once held its mysterious sessions here. Out of it we step into a smaller apartment where sat the Council of Three. A secret passage communicated with the "Lion's Mouth" outside, and through it they drew up the papers that were dropped in, containing those charges the authorship of which no man knew, and which often issued in the arrest and sudden destruction of the accused. We were told that the Council Chamber is the largest room in the world not supported by pillars. I am confident that

it is not so, but it is 154 feet long and 74 feet wide; the whole of this width is occupied with a single painting by Tintoretto, with which I failed to be impressed. There was too much of it for its merit. In the palace (I have not the chamber noted in which I saw it) was Titian's "Faith," a picture never to be forgotten: her expression, as she clings to the cross, is indescribable, as it has thus far proved inimitable. Afterward, in the *Belle Arte*, I saw his "Assumption of the Virgin," by many placed at the head of all works of the pencil now extant. If it were not presumption, I should say that it wants lightness, ease of motion—that we feel the difficulty of the ascent as the Virgin in her divine beauty and purity is rising on the clouds. But there is more to admire in the picture than in any other in Venice. It has been copied so often and engraved, that the world is familiar with it.

But I wanted to go down into the dungeons of this palace, and the keeper lighted several tallow candles, and led the way through long passages till we came, below the level of the canals, to dark vaults, which had been lined with boards to make them less damp; and there were boards for the prisoner to sleep on, suggestive at first view of mercy, but probably intended to prolong the life and sufferings of the captive. The rings and hooks in the walls of some of these dungeons were mute witnesses of torture; and the old custodian showed us where the wretched victims were strangled with a cord.

On the opposite side of the canal is the State Pris-

on, connected with the palace by a covered stone bridge: as we approach it in a gondola, it looks like a great sarcophagus. It is the "Bridge of Sighs," so called, as the spot where the prisoners are sometimes allowed to take the air, and breathe their longings after liberty. They are brought over it also to their trial in the palace; and the keeper said, "They are not very merry when they come out for such a purpose, and they are less merry when they go back again."

Tired as we were with walking for some hours through this palace, it was refreshing to throw one's self into a gondola, to enjoy the poetry of motion on water, and the dreamy pleasure of threading these liquid ways. Every house in Venice can be reached both by water and by land, as the canal touches each row on one side and the street on the other. But the boats are the coaches of Venice. Not a footstep of a horse, not the sound of a carriage wheel is heard. It is so still that sometimes it is painful. You wish to hear the roll and roar of business. The country is the place for quiet; and you feel disturbed by the peace of the town.

"Where will you go?" the gondolier inquired. "Any where; and tell us what we are seeing. Do you know the Manfrini Palace? Well, put us there."

Instantly he shot away from the Mole, wheeled—no, turned into the Grand Canal, and we sank down upon the cushions, with the curtains drawn back that we might see all that was to be seen.

The first gondola we met had a priest and a coffin

in it: the black drapery of the boat was fitting to the service it was performing. Then we met another, in which a lady, elegantly dressed, and very beautiful, was sitting alone; going, doubtless, to call upon her friends, as she would in her carriage, if in Paris. Parties of pleasure were out in larger gondolas, laughing and singing. A merry, light-hearted people the Italians are, when they have enough to eat.

"This is the *Foscari* palace: this is the *Hotel de la Ville.* Here is the *Pisani* palace: will you stop and look at it?" We had heard of its paintings, and were willing to see them. The gondolier brought us close to the steps that lead down into the water, and stepping off, he pulled the bell. A woman answered it, and cheerfully gave us admission. The marble floors and frescoed walls and gilded ceilings spoke of the splendor of the house; but it seemed to be splendor on the wane. Up-stairs she led us into the grand saloon, and uncovered a picture of the Family of Darius—a splendid painting. Ornaments of costly workmanship were standing there, and old furniture that might have been handed down from successive generations. We left the palace, and at the door encountered the family, just returning from travel. Our call was considered no intrusion, but rather they were pleased that strangers should find any thing in their ancestral halls to lead them there. But few of these palaces are now in possession of the families that reared them. New men have bought them: foreign adventurers, men or women of pleasure, who have cast off the restraints of virtue and of home,

and are leading lives of unbridled libertinism abroad. These are some of the present owners of the mansions of the ancient aristocracy of this haughty city.

"Lord Byron lived in that palace," said the gondolier; but that was all he knew of Byron, who in Venice abandoned himself to the wildest licentiousness, and expressed his desire to be buried here, and not among his relatives at home.

The Manfrini palace is now a museum of art, and one of the rarest and richest of private collections in the world. Byron goes into raptures over one or two of the pictures. Some of them I admired exceedingly. The gem of the palace is a "Descent from the Cross," by Raphael—a very small picture, not more than two feet high, yet all radiant with the feeling of that scene. "St. Cecilia," by Carlo Dolce, is very fine; he has become a great favorite with me. Without the strength of Rubens or Titian, he has more poetry and softness, with a rich coloring that is not surpassed by any of the painters. There are several Titians here of great fame and value. His Ariosto and Queen of Cyprus, far from being among his greatest works, like his Assumption or Venus at Florence, would be reckoned among the greatest, if those had not been. A Pastorello, by Murillo, and a female portrait, the name of which I have forgotten, but not the expression, are pictures that haunt one when memory has an idle hour. An Ecce Homo, by Caracci, is one of those painfully pleasing things that draw so deeply on the soul: you do not admire the painting in the midst of your sympathy for the sufferer. The same remark

applies to Tintoretto's "Redemption of a Slave," which we saw in the *Belle Arte*. Yet how many of the noblest of human works are the representations of human suffering. We can look on tragedy, on the stage or the canvas, admiring the genius of the artist, while we know that the suffering is only in ourselves. There is less of this in Venice than elsewhere. Venice worships beauty. Her painters revel in the production of fair forms and faces, that seem to have risen, like Venus, from the sea, as a mother ever winding her arms tenderly about her favorite child.

The Rialto—a glorious old bridge over the Grand Canal, where the men of business congregate—the great Exchange of Venice—we passed under as we were returning from our visit to the Manfrini pictures. Landing here, we penetrated into some of the deepest recesses of the city, where the poorest of the people are housed. We had often seen more wretchedness in London and Edinburgh than we found in the vilest quarter of this city. This was the more surprising, as the resources of life must be fewer in a town cut off, as this is, from easy intercourse with the country, on which it must depend for most of the necessaries of life. "Free and easy" every body seemed to be. The police were rarely seen, yet order reigned in every street; perhaps a traditional reverence for authority hangs around the mind, now that the Austrian rule has succeeded that of the Doges.

And what of the churches of Venice? The interior of St. Mark appeared lined with gold, as I entered

and walked over its uneven marble floor. The ground on which it stands has settled, and the great slabs have broken, and now lie in waves. It is not the solemn grandeur of Cologne, nor the unreal beauty of Milan, but a stately and majestic style that speaks at once of Byzantium and the Orient. The troops were marching in to attend mass when we entered, and their flashing uniforms, their arms and trappings of war, made a strange contrast with the emblems of religion, peace and good-will among men. Before the high altar these thousands stood in solid ranks, kneeling and bowing and crossing themselves as the service proceeded, and the rich tones of the organ swept over them, now as the storm and now gently as the zephyrs.

What vast treasures of rare attraction to the devout or curious are gathered in this temple, it would take a book to describe. Painting and statuary, strange allegories wrought in marble, and statues in bronze and in silver, monuments of porphyry and gems of art from eastern lands, Syria, and Greece, Pagan and Christian, are alike welcome to adorn the house where papal worship is celebrated.

In St. Maria del Salute, a church erected after the deliverance of the city from a pestilence, is a remarkable piece of sculpture, over the high altar, representing Venice praying to the Virgin, and the plague flying away in answer to the prayer. Titian and Tintoretto have adorned this temple with some of their noblest works. Eight columns sustain a dome of uncommon splendor. In San Maria Frari is Titian's

monument—perhaps the most imposing work of the sculptor in Venice—erected in 1852 by Ferdinand I., who has thus identified his name with the prince of painters. Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin" is here copied in marble, and very successfully, while the allegory—in which four female figures stand for the several Fine Arts paying homage to the Old Master—is exceedingly well done. The cultivated eye of art may find fault with this vast elaboration, but its effect is powerful upon the multitude. I am one of them.

As we were turning to leave the church, we passed a fair girl kneeling before a picture, with upturned eyes and a countenance rapt in devotion. It was as the face of a sad angel—a pure spirit in sorrow, for some real or fancied sin. I stood still till she had said her prayers, when she rose and walked to the door, where an old man, poor and tottering, was waiting her coming. A smile strove to show itself on his wrinkled face, as she approached him and took his hand, and they walked away together, a picture of youth and old age, of blooming beauty and decaying nature; and the pleasure with which they received the little charity that was dropped into the hand of the maiden, showed that they were not unused to suffering, softened doubtless by mutual love.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM VENICE TO FLORENCE.

Leave Venice—Dissolving Views—Padua: its Churches and University—Arrest on the Frontier—Ferrara—Ariosto and Tasso—Bologna—Guards—Robbers—Tuscany—Welcome to Florence—Brothers of Mercy.

It was as hard to get out of Venice as to get into it. After we had taken our tickets at the railway station, our baggage was overhauled, then our persons were searched, and lastly, our passports were examined and we were allowed to depart.

From the long causeway we looked back on the city and grieved that we should see it no more. And when we were off on the mainland, a sort of fascination held us, and we were looking behind as long as we could, to see Venice slowly sinking into the sea!

A lovely evening—the sun was not gone—herds of white cows were cropping the meadows, and girls in light clothing were tending them. As we swept by, the girls joined hands and danced gayly on the grass. The scene was pastoral and beautiful, and many such we saw before we reached the *Hôtel Etoile d'Or*, at Padua. This house I can commend; for when I pointed to a reflection in the hand-book on its cleanliness, the landlord insisted on my following him through all

its rooms, even into the kitchen and cellar, and I am bound to say that a neater hotel I never saw.

Here is the university in which Galileo was a professor eighteen years. They show one of his vertebræ, a genuine relic, no doubt, for the Italians are given to stealing bones, as well as inventing them. Here the great astronomer performed his first experiments with the telescope and the pendulum. The tower of the university, on which the glorious old man was wont to study the stars, was built under his directions, and bears his name. Padua was famous for its men and women of letters, one of its old academies of science admitting ladies to membership. "In 1847 Count Leopold Ferri died in this city, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women, in various languages, and this library amounted to nearly 35,000 volumes."

The churches are its chief ornaments, and some of them are enriched with rare and elegant works of art. The bust of Petrarch, once the canon of the cathedral, stands near one of the side doors, and near it the tomb of Speroni, the master of Tasso. The paintings of the cathedral are worthy of attention, particularly an old portrait of Petrarch, valuable as the best memorial of the poet that remains. The architecture has nothing to commend it. The church of St. Anthony is the glory of the place. I entered it at sunrise, and hundreds of worshippers were there before me, bowing at the various shrines. By a strange fancy, the interior of this temple has been guarded by dogs, who are so faithful to their trust, that finding

one night a man who had remained at his devotions until the doors were shut, they stood one on each side of him, and never let him stir till the doors were opened in the morning. The church is celebrated for its splendid monuments of illustrious statesmen, poets, and philosophers, as well as for the numerous paintings that adorn its walls, and the great chandelier, which Vallery says is the most beautiful in the world. Some of Titian's best works may be seen in the *Scuola*, near the church; two of them very curious, as illustrative of the state of morals at the time they were painted, and perhaps they are fair portraits of the present times.

In the rear of a garden in a retired part of the city, is the chapel of the *Annunziata nell' Arena*, where the remarkable frescoes of Giotto are to be seen. The walls are covered with curious allegorical pieces of the Virtues and Vices, some of them charmingly depicted, some very eloquent, and others almost ludicrous. They are studied as among the best productions of this illustrious painter. His "Last Judgment" in the same chapel, is a work of great power, but now much faded, as indeed all these frescoes are.

Several exquisite tombs are in the Church of the Hermits; one of a German baroness, by Canova, so sweet that one could almost wish to take her place. In the *Palace del Capitanio* is the tomb of Livy; and the Paduans claim that his veritable bones are here. But if this is not credible, there is no disputing the fact that in this building and in the same saloon wherein Livy's monument stands, we are shown the

Debtor's bench, a stool of black granite, on which the debtor was permitted to sit, and then to go free if he could swear three times that he was not worth a dollar. Similar operations in bankruptcy were common in many cities of Italy, and were much better than imprisonments, for such a sense of disgrace attended their use that they would not be resorted to unless under the most pressing circumstances.

We had not expected to see the Trojan horse in Italy; but in the *Capodilista* house is a wooden horse of such immense proportions, that it might easily be taken for the remains of that celebrated animal, and one writer has rather favored the idea by intimating, that as the Trojan Antenor was the founder of the city of Padua, he may have brought it here.

Near to Padua, in the village of Arqua, is the grave and the home of Petrarch the poet and divine. Here the learned and sentimental have made pilgrimages, and inscribed their names. The walls of his house are covered with paintings, the scenes of which are taken from the story of his love, and one of them represents his coming in sight of Laura while she is bathing. She is splashing the water about to cover herself; but Petrarch, undaunted, approaches in his clerical robes. Under a tomb of red marble lie the ashes of this great but eccentric man: the friend and companion of kings, and the "real creator of letters in Europe."

We posted from Padua to Florence by the way of Ferrara and Bologna. Our ride the first day was

much of it along the banks of the Po, sometimes a rapid stream, and kept within its bounds by artificial banks. At Vallice we came to the frontiers of the Austrian dominions; and having submitted to a final examination of our luggage, we were dismissed to the Papal States, which we were to reach by crossing the river. Our carriage was taken upon a broad flat-boat, curiously urged across by the current. On the way over we studied a wretched daub of a picture on a charity box, placed on the boat for the contributions of kindly-disposed travellers. The rude painting represented the souls of the wicked in flames, writhing and tossing, and the hint was thus delicately given that a donation would save the giver from such a fix as that. I saw no one contributing. We were no sooner across than we were stopped at another custom-house, and were given to understand that the payment of a dollar would pass us through without the trouble of a search. And it did. Out of this, and in a miserable village, we were brought up at the door of a little shop that proved to be a police-office, and our passports were demanded. Fortunately mine was all right; but not so with two of the party. They had been assured again and again that they had every *visè* they needed; now, to their mortification and chagrin, they were arrested on the borders of the Papal States for attempting to enter without a passport. In vain they urged their belief that it was all right. In vain they urged that they were in good company. It was of no avail. Ferrara was ten miles off, and without a permit from the police they could not pro-

ceed. It was now dark. Antonio the courier must be sent forward to get this permission, and we must remain to await his return. No supper was to be had in such a place; but over a wretched drinking-shop we found two beds in a damp, dismal apartment, which seemed not to have been opened in a month, and here we passed the night. In the morning, Antonio returned with the necessary document, and we pushed on to Ferrara, once one of the most illustrious for letters of the ancient towns of Italy, and now renowned for having been the residence of Ariosto, and still containing the prison of Tasso. Besides these, there is little to interest the traveller, and we gave it but a day, and hastened on to Bologna. At the *Pension Suisse* we were handsomely entertained—I speak of these hotels occasionally, as a first-rate hotel is not to be had every day in Italy—and looked through the gallery, and into the library, and a few of the churches of this interesting city. The morning that we left two men were to be shot, and two to be beheaded, under a sentence recently passed on them for their participation in the outbreaks of 1848. M. Bedini is not here now. Austrian soldiers, however, were patrolling the streets, and so fearful is the government of an insurrection that the English newspapers which came to the post-office to-day were not allowed to be distributed, as it was reported that they contained intelligence of a declaration of war against Russia, and the authorities feared the people would be excited by reading it.

We were to leave in the morning before daylight

by the diligence, and were not a little surprised when we set off to find ourselves followed by a carriage with four armed men in it as a guard. They kept near us for three or four hours, and then returned to Bologne. This was necessary for the safety of the lives and property of passengers. The diligence had been robbed but a few days previously, and these precautions after a few weeks will be given up, when the robberies will be resumed. During the whole of this day's ride, the rude agriculture that still prevails in Italy appeared. The wooden plows were of a primitive pattern, and drawn by cows, with a woman to lead them. What a picture for an American farmer to look at! We crossed a spur of the Appenines at noon, and came into TUSCANY. The view of the plains as we were descending by a winding and beautiful road, was that of a garden without bounds. Away in the distance was the river Arno, meandering among groves and through meadows, with cities on its shores. The hills are clothed with chestnut trees, the fruit of which is ground into flour, and makes a common but unwholesome article of food, greatly in use among the peasantry. But even some of the chestnuts would have been acceptable to us, for we had not been allowed to stop for any thing to eat, and had been riding from four o'clock in the morning, and it was now four in the afternoon. We had reached Pistoia to dine. While dinner was preparing, I ran out to see the town. A crowd were gathered about a small building like a carriage-house. I wedged in among them to learn what was going on. They were press-

ing in to see the corpse of a woman who was laid out on a table, with her head raised so as to be seen by all. Her face was painted more rosy than life. Heaps of flowers were put around her, and a display of finery made, as if it was a bride adorned for her husband, and not a body mouldering into dust. I turned away in disgust, but the people were still struggling to get in, and were climbing up on every thing they could mount, to get a sight.

After dinner, our diligence was placed on the platform of a rail-car, and we were transported to Florence, through the rich meadow lands we had been looking down upon from the Appenines as we crossed. Tuscany has long been the granary of Italy. By the most complete system of irrigation, its plains are made abundantly fruitful. Its hills are crowned with the residences of men of wealth or taste and letters, and surrounded with groves of olives and figs. The vine encircles Italy as with a cincture of beauty. Such it seemed to me at the close of a long and tiresome day, when the dome of the cathedral, the admiration of the greatest of architects, appeared in sight, and we approached the city of FLORENCE.

Not yet had I seen the city; I had read of it—dreamed of it—heard the poet sing of it—

> "Of all the fairest cities of the earth
> None is so fair as Florence. 'Tis a gem
> Of purest ray; and what a light broke forth
> When it emerged from darkness! Search within,
> Without, all is enchantment! 'Tis the past
> Contending with the present; and in turn
> Each has the mastery."

The darkness of a rainy night had set in before we got through the custom-house and police and gained our lodgings. But even now we encountered a procession of a very singular character. A number of men, in black gowns covering their heads, faces, and entire figure, so that no one could possibly distinguish a friend or an enemy, were bearing a wounded man on a shutter. I found they were a society called the "Brothers of Mercy," who make it their duty, with the alacrity of firemen, the instant they hear of an accident, to throw over them this disguise, and to rush to the relief of the sufferers. If they find that a laboring man has fallen from a building, or been injured in any way so as to require surgical aid, they take him up and convey him to the hospital, or to his own house, and see that all needful assistance is promptly rendered him. I was told that many of the most distinguished citizens, and even the Grand Duke himself, are members of the order; but their disguise is so perfect that you can not tell to whom the merit of any particular act of charity belongs. Something very beautiful is in this idea. Surely this is not doing good to be seen of men; and if the left hand does know what the right hand is doing, one's neighbors know nothing of it. And what a strange contrast is this society of mercy with the intolerance of this same Tuscany and its Grand Duke, whose laws, even at this day, are rigorously put in force to repress the circulation of the Scriptures! But it was a blessed sight to see those men, in a pouring rain, bearing on their shoulders a suffering fellow-man—a stranger, doubt-

less, and poor—but now their brother, whom they were bound to relieve.

What a welcome I had at Florence! I thought to find palaces and pictures and art and artists, the grand creations of the old masters of painting and sculpture, but I did not think to find a home. For six weary months I had been wandering away from those I loved—often "sick at heart and sore disquieted"—longing for a resting-place of body and spirit, where I might sit down and be refreshed by the ministries and sympathies of those who would call me friend. I found them here! It was a strange, a wondrous ordering of the kind Father who guides our steps in far lands as well as at home, that here I should come with my travelling companions, one of whom was to lie down in Florence, and linger, and die, and be buried; and here I should find friends who would receive me as a brother in a strange land, and take me to their home and their hearts. Mr. Kinney, of whom I have spoken as our Chargé d'Affaires at Turin, was now residing in Florence with his family, the centre of a gifted and accomplished circle, into which I was welcomed with a cordiality that made it good for me to be here.

FLORENCE FROM SAN MINIATO.

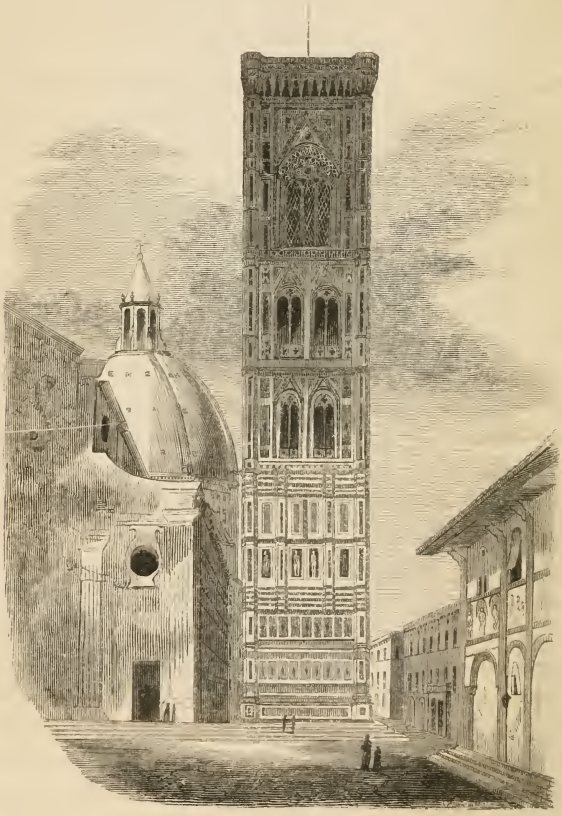
CHAPTER VII.

FLORENCE.

Tower of Michael Angelo—Fiesole—An Etruscan City—Haunts of great Poets—Monks and Beggars—Amphitheatre—Galileo and Milton—Hallam's Description—The Duomo—Dante's Seat—Brunelleschi's Genius—Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Italy—M. Angelo's Spouse—Angel-painting—"Night and Day"—Frescoes—Street of Statues—Uffizii Palace—Pitti Palace—Society in Florence—The Brownings and others—Mrs. Somerville—Mrs. Trollope—Morals of Italy—Manners.

"FLORENCE the beautiful, the Athens of modern Italy, the mother of genius, who has given birth to a greater number of eminent men than all the rest of Italy put together, was idly and voluptuously lying in the lap of her green vale of Arno, like a beautiful pearl set in emerald, as if lulled by the murmur of her river, and by the fascination of the smiles of her climate." To these words of Mariotti I could respond with a full heart, when with my friends, who had become familiar with every spot of interest, and every point of peculiar beauty in the city and the vale, I ascended one of the many heights that surround the town, and looked down upon the valley, the river, the city, and the villas, scattered so thickly over the hillsides that the whole landscape is instinct with life. The *Via Crucis* led us to the hill on which the Tower of Michael Angelo stands, from which he defended the

city when the hired soldiers of the Pope of Rome were chastising the Florentines into submission. A sudden shower came up while we were in the midst of the dilapidated walls; but when in a few moments it



THE CAMPANILE.

Glorious view. The finest picture.

cleared away and the sun burst out again, a rainbow stood over the city—a mighty arch of beauty—and underneath it shone the dome of the Duomo, the largest in the world, the admiration of Michael Angelo and of Dante, both of whom were wont to gaze upon it with rapture. There by its side rises, serene and majestic, the *Campanile*, two hundred and seventy-five feet high. Giotto was directed by the government to rear a tower to surpass in beauty any thing that Greeks or Romans ever made, and he caused this splendid tower to rise, square at the base, and of the same size all the way to the summit. Near to it we see a lower dome. It covers the Baptistery of San Giovanni, whose famous bronze doors Michael Angelo declared were "worthy of being the gates of Paradise." Other domes and turrets are gleaming now in the sunlight, and the more brilliant from the recent shower that has fallen on them.

We are loath to turn away; but we shall frequently come here, or look down upon the same magnificent picture from these other heights. Surely Florence, which has the finest pictures in the world, has none to compare with herself, as seen from the height on which we now stand.

A few days afterward we rode out of the city, and by a winding carriage-way from *Porta San Gallo* ascended another of these hills to the old Etruscan city of Fiesole. Charming villas, in the midst of handsome grounds and gardens, were on each side of us, as we slowly climbed to the old Dominican convent. In one of these villas Boccaccio resided; an-

other is famous as the rendezvous of the poets of whom Florence has been the prolific mother and friend. Under these olive-trees and cypresses they have walked and meditated, inspired by the scene and the associations. Here is the villa which was long in the possession of the Medici family, and made famous as the seat of their conspiracies and the earlier refuge of Catiline, who fled hither from Rome, and buried his treasures. At Pistoia he was slain. Long before Rome was built, this spot was chosen as the seat of power, as it always was of beauty. A crowd of women and children infested us to buy their straw braids, and it was hard to keep them off, as we wished to on account of the dangers of coming in contact with them. A Franciscan monastery and church crown the summit of the hill, once the Acropolis, and we were kindly admitted. The monks were engaged in their devotions; a degenerate-looking set of men they were. If they were painted on canvas, the picture would be regarded as a libel on the order, if not on the human race. The church is perhaps the remains of a Pagan temple; and an altar said to be of Bacchus, is still shown. In a field on the back of the hill we found the evident ruins of an amphitheatre, the seats and stairs of which have been uncovered, showing plainly where the thousands of men, dead thousands of years ago, have sat to gaze upon the bloody battles of men with wild beasts let loose from the dens which are now revealed, and into which we entered with a light. The plan of the city is easily traced by the Cyclopean walls which still remain, and

will to the end of time. But apart from the feeling of awe which takes possession of the soul in the midst of these ruins, the great charm of the spot is in the prospect it commands, and which has made it the chosen residence of genius and taste. We see the spot where Galileo lived, and where Milton came to hold communion with him, while both held converse with the stars. From these heights the great astronomer discovered the rings of Saturn, the satellites of Jupiter, and began to count the stars in the Milky Way. Milton has embalmed the spot and the philosopher and the scene together, when he says of Satan's shield,

> "Like the moon, whose orb,
> Through optic-glass, the Tuscan artist views,
> At evening from the top of Fiesole,
> Or in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

I can not leave Fiesole without citing the words of Hallam in his "English Literature," the truthfulness of which we verified by reading it, and selecting the objects which, with equal fidelity and beauty, that elegant writer describes:

"In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Laudino, and Politian at his side, Lorenzo delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment. Never could the

sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them, not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral, a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its 'gates worthy of paradise;' the tall and richly decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine, with the frescos of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride; of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government that was rapidly giving way before the citizen prince who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signiory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelph aristocracy, the exclusive but not tyrannous

THE DUOMO.

faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici, itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power."

My friend, Mr. Kinney, was leading me to the Duomo. He suddenly paused, and called my attention to a stone in the flagging, on which was engraved, that this was the *Seat of Dante.* Here that poet was wont to come and meditate the solemn walls of the cathedral, and all the religious associations it awakened in his deep soul. The two architects of the building stand here in marble; the one who laid its foundations is now studying them, and the other, whose genius achieved the dome, is beholding the result of his boldness and skill. Brunelleschi had for many years been studying in vain to find a plan for the support of a dome so vast as this over the four naves of the cathedral; and when at last the way was revealed to his inventive mind, lest his rivals should say that any body could do it, he advertised for plans, and when all the artists of the day had given it up as impracticable, he undertook the task. Jealousy of him then procured the appointment of an assistant; and lest he should share the glory about to be achieved, Brunelleschi quit the work, pretending to be sick, till his rival was compelled to admit he could not carry it on. Then the great artist re-

sumed his labors, and the glorious dome rose, in its beautiful proportions, the crown of the fairest city in Italy.

We entered it and admired the many-colored marbles of its pavement and walls, the monuments that make the temple and the dead illustrious; and finding a convenient place, we sat down and received the solemn and sublime impressions which this magnificent creation must make on every sensitive mind. One of the greatest of Michael Angelo's sculptures, the Entombment of Christ, one that he never finished, is here behind the altar. Such was his half-developed power, that the hand of the master is visible in every muscle and limb. He did not live to complete it, designed as it was for his own tomb.

But we must go over to the *Santa Croce*. The front of it is yet to be finished. It is now the Westminster Abbey of Italy, for here are the monuments of the greatest men which this country has produced. Some of them are commemorated by tombs worthy of their own genius and fame. Michael Angelo is mourned by a melancholy group of sisters—painting, sculpture, and architecture—and Dante is celebrated by a statue of his country pointing to his image. Here are the tombs of Galileo and Alfieri, and others, the names of whom are suggestive of genius and glory. I stood in silent admiration, in the north transept, over a newly-made tomb of a Polish lady—her effigy in marble, lying in the loveliness of a sweet sleep.

"The spouse of Michael Angelo," as he himself called the beautiful *Santa Maria Novella*, is one of

CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

the jewels of Florence. Its sculptures and paintings, and the costliness of its ornaments, make it worthy of the distinction. The celebrated picture of the Virgin, which was carried in state by a great procession of citizens from the studio of the artist to the church, is the most admired of the paintings. But it is not likely that my readers will follow me with any interest from church to church, to study these works of art, to admire the altars adorned with gold and precious stones, the value of which would seem incredible if reduced to pounds and shillings.

In one of them was a little chapel, the ceiling and lamps of which were of gold, the beautiful pillars of variegated marble, and the floor of mosaic work, most costly. The head of the Virgin, which is adored within it, is said to have been painted by angel hands while the artist was asleep! The walls of *San Lorenzo* are of marble, most curiously and beautifully inlaid with all manner of precious stones and mother-of-pearl; and the temple itself is now the mausoleum of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. Near it is the chapel in which the statue of Lorenzo sits, one of the most impressive works of art ever produced by the hand of man. We are now in

> "—— that chamber of the dead,
> Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
> Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,"

the great allegorical pieces of Michael Angelo, which have been repeated in marble and on the canvas, but these are the breathing marbles as they came from their author's hand. I sat down in the midst of these

creations, and felt that here is the monument to Michael Angelo; and the splendid tomb in Santa Croce may be forgotten when these will live. Day after day, with my friends or alone, I wandered through the cloisters of these churches, to see the expiring frescoes and the numerous tombs; to read strange and yet touching records of grief, written hundreds of years ago, telling me how in all time the heart when it speaks of the departed is true to itself, and loves to imprint its sorrows in marble. Some of these frescoes are among the most interesting remains of the old masters, and artists were sitting before them and catching their departing colors, with some faint hope of transmitting them to posterity. Where are the successors of Giotto and Leonardo da Vinci? Well, the fathers are not forgotten if they left no descendants to wear their names. Here in Florence are streets of statues; great men in marble, and the tombs of great men, standing out in the broad eye of heaven, as if no other temple was fit to hold them, and no dome but the blue vault should cover them.

I was startled when I came in sight of the long row in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, where the ancient government held its seat of power. There stands the DAVID of Michael Angelo, a gigantic youth, but so lithe and graceful, his limbs so wondrously formed as to make you feel that they are about to move. Even more exciting, because of the energy of action revealed, is the "Rape of the Sabines," by John of Bologna. There also is the "Perseus," by Benvenuto Cellini, in bronze, and executed by the artist in the frenzy of

genius, at the hazard of his life. Enter the Uffizii Palace through the lines of statues, that leads one to ask if all these were men of Florence. Even so, and yet they are not all here; one street is famous as the birth-place of fifty great men! But let us leave them and go in. Here you walk for hours through successive chambers of statuary and painting; the wild boar, an antique, stands in the entrance, a prodigious exhibition of artistic power; within, we see the busts of the old emperors, Cupid and Psyche, the celebrated Bacchus of Michael Angelo, and Bandinelli's copy of the Laocoon in the Vatican, which the artist boasted was better than the original, when Michael Angelo very shrewdly and truthfully said, that "he who follows in another's steps can not very well get before him." We will not be detained by the curious collection of bronzes, but pass into the hall of Niobe, where the stricken mother shields her daughter, a powerful display of grief and love. The bust of Brutus, unfinished, is greatly admired. I lingered longer in the chamber where the portraits of all the great painters are suspended, striving to detect in their expression what I had seen in their several works. And now we may study the history of the art of painting, by slowly walking through these halls and examining the successive progress of the art, as seen in the rude attempts and the gradually improving style, till we reach the master-pieces of Titian and Raphael.

"Pause a moment."

"Certainly, but why do you arrest me here?"

"Do you know that you are about to enter the

penetralia, the tribune, where the Venus de Medicis stands in the midst of it, as the divinity of this temple?"

A chamber of small dimensions, dimly lighted by a dome most beautifully inwrought with pearl and gold, contains the great models of the beautiful in painting and statuary. There are many spectators, but, like worshippers, they stand gazing upon the objects of art before them, paying the homage of silent admiration which genius extorts. What are words now? The *Venus*, on a pedestal in the centre, is the attraction of all eyes. Instantly you see that the arms are modern restorations, but the form is faultless; and the longer we stand near it, and study the poetry and beauty of the figure, the more we feel that one's ideal of the Venus is met in this marble. It has exerted more influence on statuary than any other single work, and therefore one regrets that it is the model of woman touched with a sense of shame —that it is not the model of purity and love, unconscious of evil, but rather of woman striving with meretricious art to captivate the beholder. Its height, if erect, would be five feet and two inches.

The other statues in this chamber are only less celebrated than the Venus. We have the Dancing Faun and the Wrestlers, the Whetter and the Apollino—which have their several merits—all antiques; and among the most valuable that remain of the paintings, two are of Venus, by Titian, and one of them claimed by some artists to be the best specimen of mere painting in the world. I put three others be-

PITTI PALACE.

fore it, and probably many would put a dozen. A Sibyl, by Guercino, is a "thing of beauty." Guido's Virgin musing, is a picture to fall in love with. Correggio and Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Raphael, are all here in their works, which follow and praise them as men "that were not born to die."

The Pitti Palace was built by a man of that name, who was the great rival of the Medici family. He threatened to build a palace in the court of which the Grand Duke's could stand. He completed his splendid structure, but, alas! for the mutations of human affairs, Pitti went down, and the Grand Duke now possesses the palace of his rival. The Boboli Gardens, in the rear of it, are beautifully embellished with statuary, fountains, and flowers, while the walks and terraces and charming views of the city and the country, make it a delightful place of resort. With a friend I walked over these spacious grounds, and then through the palace itself, which is furnished with a degree of splendor rarely seen in the proudest capitals of Europe. The mosaic tables, which, like the Gobelin tapestry of Paris, are made only for the Sovereign, surpass all description. One of superior beauty and value was made for exhibition in the London Crystal Palace, but the Grand Duke, offended for some reason, declined sending it, or any thing else from his dominions. In one of the royal bedchambers we found a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce. Of the ten thousand Madonnas I have seen, this alone answers even to my imperfect image of what it should be. In this Mary, was the mysterious blending of foreknowledge

with affection—a consciousness of the great secret that the child was to be the Saviour—a picture that one loves to have near him; and it is no strange thing that the Grand Duke takes this with him when he travels, just as I should love to do when I travel homeward. Day after day, for these gates are always open, I came to study the vast collections of paintings treasured in the halls of this palace; but I find it impossible to speak of them in detail, I have already dwelt so long on others. The Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael, and his Vision of Ezekiel, are among the most perfect productions of art, here or in the world of art.

It is sad to see what work is made in cleaning and restoring the pictures in the galleries of Florence, and it is probably quite as bad in others. The director gives the job of "doing" this or that picture to some favorite artist, who puts his hand fearlessly upon the workmanship of Rubens or Titian, scrapes and scrapes till he is tired, and then, with his unhallowed touch, attempts to restore the ruin he has wrought. It is doubtful if one of these pictures has escaped this barbarous handling. Some of them bear the most lamentable evidence of having been thus spoiled. I was glad to hear it made a matter of discussion in art circles, and it was proposed that a voice of remonstrance in behalf of the civilized world should be raised to the Grand Duke, imploring him to arrest the progress of ruin.

Florence is the favorite resort of artists. These galleries are far richer in variety and value than any

others in Europe. Rome has comparatively very few paintings. Here the young artist finds living cheap, and instruction cheaper, for he has free access to these unrivalled halls, and may copy the glorious old masters till his soul is imbued with something of their spirit, and his hand acquires somewhat of their cunning.

Nor less is Florence the resort of men of letters and of leisure. I found delightful circles here, not of travellers only, but of residents, from our own country, from England, and other lands, enjoying the fine climate, the beautiful Val d'Arno, and all the rich association clustering around this ancient and remarkable city. Mr. Browning the poet, and Mrs. Browning (Miss Barrett that was) reside here, both of them charming persons—his is a warm, genial spirit, gushing over in his free and familiar conversation. She is intellectual, spiritual, one whom you recognize as holding communion with the unseen. I was greatly pleased with both of them. Count and Countess Cotrill are also English, and persons of high cultivation and great accomplishments. He has a handsome collection of paintings, and is himself an amateur in the art. I had also the honor, and I felt it to be no small honor, to meet several times in society, and at her own house, Mrs. SOMERVILLE, whose scientific works have justly made her the most distinguished woman of her age. Her bust is placed by the side of that of Sir Isaac Newton at the Royal Academy in London. Now, when she is more than seventy years of age, she is preparing a work in pure mathematics. She conversed with great familiarity on the progress

of science and literature in America, and the inquiries she made respecting our government, showed me that she had a more correct understanding of the genius of our institutions than many statesmen of England have. She also sought information of Mormonism, of internal improvements and popular elections, and in all her conversation exhibited the highest respect for the young Republic. I felt the profoundest regard for this eminent woman, and was proud to have made her acquaintance. I can not say this, or any thing like it, of Mrs. Trolloppe—the Mrs. Trolloppe who once travelled in America, and now resides here in easy circumstances, living on the earnings of her miserable pen. She has published a hundred novels, and is now making more; they are read eagerly in England, and bring her a handsome income.

But besides the literary people of Florence whom I met in company with my friends the Kinneys, and the artists, of whom there are hundreds from many lands, there is another world here—the world of fashion. Florence is a grand resort for men and women who would be free from the restraints of society at home, and live as they please. Madame A——, who has left her husband in England, sets up her establishment, and surrounded by gay cavaliers, flourishes in the style of a princess. Her *salon* is thronged by men of fashion, with whom she smokes and drinks, genteelly, of course, but in a way to horrify our notions of genteel society. Lord B—— has left his family in England, and is cutting a great dash in this city, with his carriage and company, quite consoled for the loss

of those he has left, in the free-and-easy life he is leading with the friends he has found. One must see something of Italian society before he can form a fair opinion of Italian morals. These dissolute foreigners are but an exponent of the country they have sought. They are here because the sentiment of this country does not censure them, as it would in England or the United States. A friend of mine who has resided in Italy for some years, and is thoroughly familiar with the highest forms of its society, and the habits of its people, repeatedly assured me that no such principle as *virtue* can be honestly affirmed of either sex in Italy! In the upper circles, every lady of mark, though provided with that convenient appendage a husband, has also her *cavalier servante*, a friend whose attentions she receives in public and in private, and who is known to be received as her *confidante* and lover. At the door of the assembly room he meets her, carries her from her carriage to the ball, stands by her to comply with her slightest wish, and to display his tender and absorbing passion. Where is the husband all this time? He is doing the same good turn to some other lady in the same room. The game is one that two can play at, and both lose!

The passions have full play in this Italian clime. The religion of the people is no restraint. And it may be truly said of Italy, "Like people, like priest." I have no resentments to gratify in this remark. It is notorious and undeniable. There is no *morale* as the basis of society. The foundations are out of place. And there is no hope for the future.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STUDIO OF POWERS.

A Day with Hiram Powers—The Story of the Man—Thorwalsden calls—Powers' Studio—Statue of America—Washington—California—La Penserosa—Other Artists.

Among the pleasant memories of a month in Florence, are the hours I spent with the great American artist, whose reputation is now the common property of the world. His studio is in Via la Fornace, and just over the way from Casa del Bello, the house of Mr. Kinney, my home while there. His history is to be studied by every young American.

The most remarkable work in the studio is the man himself. At the age of fifteen he was an emigrant from Vermont, his native State, to Ohio, and there, at the age of twenty-six, he made his first bust, a head in wax. It gives little promise of what has since appeared. Twenty years ago Mr. Powers went to Washington, and while pursuing his labors as a sculptor he enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Preston, of the Senate, whose brother sent Mr. Powers to Italy. Here he has been at work sixteen years. The first few years were lost to him, in consequence of his having taken orders for busts of his countrymen, which it cost him more to execute than they were to bring him, and he was for a long time compelled to

Training of soul. In social life.

work out of the marble with his own hands that which he now commits to artisans. Thus, in addition to the loss of all the early years of his life, which were occupied with merely mechanical pursuits, he sacrificed three more to engagements he had made in America. Yet in all these years of bondage his soul was at work upon something higher and better than had ever come from his hands, and perhaps, like the blindness of Milton and imprisonment of Bunyan, it was well for him and the world that he was not suffered to put forth his hand until his soul had been refined by the fires of long years of trial, such as consume those who are not made of gold. Now he is less than fifty years of age; and when he was many years younger than he is, the greatest of modern sculptors, Thorwalsden, paid him homage. He is destined to inaugurate a new era in sculpture, and leave a name to posterity as the founder of a school which will attract the admiration, and finally secure the approving verdict of the successive ages of the Christian world. Yet great as this man is, his greatest beauty of character is his "meek simplicity." A model for a king in form and height, he would sit for a child, if his spirit found expression in stone or on canvas. I met him first in social life, and was all but grieved. The majesty of a man who conceives and executes works that hold in mute wonder and delight the most cultivated minds, was all concealed in the gentleness of a genial friend; but I fell in love with the man before I sat at the feet of the master. And he was just the same when I stood by him study-

ing the glorious creations rising into beauty and life-like reality under his plastic hand. His studio was a gallery of glorious statuary when I entered it. Among the greatest of his works, is one just passing from under his hand. *America* is here presented in the form of a woman of youth, vigor, and promise, confident and earnest, with a face radiant with hope, faith, and energy. At her right, and supporting the figure, are the *fasces*, the emblem of strength derived from union, over which her mantle is falling gracefully. Her head is crowned with laurels, to show that union is victory as well as strength; and on her head the thirteen original States are represented by as many stars, forming a tiara, which she wears, her birth-right jewels. Her left hand points to heaven. From this shoulder the drapery hangs carelessly, concealing much of the form, while one foot advances with a firm yet elastic tread, which speaks of the progress and stability of America with eloquence that can not be misread.

The State of Louisiana has ordered a statue of WASHINGTON by Powers, and it is nearly completed. The head of Washington is after the Houdon bust, which Stuart told Isaac P. Davis was a better likeness of Washington than the portrait which he (Stuart) painted, and wherein his portrait varied from Houdon's bust, the bust was the best. In this great work of Powers, Washington is presented after his retirement from public service, but still meditating the welfare of his country; he leans on the fasces as an emblem of union, and his farewell address in his

hand. The posture is one of great dignity, and the impression made upon the beholder is of profound admiration and awe.

Around the studio are the heads of many of our illustrious men—Jackson, Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Clay; but it is to be observed that whatever is admirable in each one of them, seems to have been given to Washington in a degree sufficient to form him for the work for which he was raised.

One of the most beautiful of his creations is now in progress, representing CALIFORNIA. A young Indian woman, undraped, resting on her right foot, and slightly bending forward, with her head turned to the left, and her face inclined downward, with a sharp, watchful expression. Her left hand holds a divining rod, pointing to the rock at her feet, and which contains the gold. The Siren face and attractive form allures; but something in her eye compels you to pause as you approach. Concealed, yet revealed, is a scourge, or a bundle of thorns, which she holds behind her in her right hand. On her head is a wreath of shells and pearls, ornaments worn by the native women, and her hair falls in small braids behind, caught up in a loop, and held by a clasp ornamented with porcupine quills. As a work of art, this beautiful statue is worthy of the man, and will greatly increase his reputation. It has not so much poetry in it as many of his creations, but the subject perhaps forbade it, or did not require it. It was a happy conception of the artist to embody his just and grand idea of the youngest sister of the States in this marble, and

wherever it stands it will speak eloquently and instructively to coming time.

But the master-piece of Powers, and the one that is to inaugurate a new dispensation in the world of art, is *La Penserosa*, a female figure nearly six feet high, of full proportions, modestly draped, walking out at even-tide, with a solemn, meditative air, a slow and dignified step, her head turned upward as she gazes with her large, thoughtful eye into heaven. One hand with her forefinger supports the chin, and in the other she carries the richly-embroidered train of robe hanging from the right hand in front, and as it falls gracefully to the ground it supports the marble with its massive folds. The drapery is a beautiful robe with a girdle at the waist, and covering the figure: a portion of the left leg and foot is visible; the arms are nude; a thin vail is thrown over the shoulders; the hair is simply arranged, and drawn back so as to expose the temples, and give the finest possible expression to the whole head. A holy beauty shines in every limb, and sheds a halo over her face: she is holding "converse with the skies," and her eye and brow betray a sanctified intellect, giving the highest lustre to those personal charms which are wrought up to the last degree of loveliness of form and feature.

Milton's "Il Penseroso" suggests the subject, in the following lines:

> "Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast and demure,
> All in a robe of darkest grain,
> Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble."

More than this idea has been marbleized by the artist. He has made a poem more expressive of the poet's thought than the words quoted, and one is compelled to feel that the statue, as it stands, is worthy of a higher destiny than to illustrate the words of Milton.

Other American artists are in Florence, whose works have already made for them a name, or will give them fame one day. Mr. Hart takes high rank as a sculptor. Mr. Kellogg has a reputation in Europe as well as in his own country. Mr. Gould, Mr. Read, Mr. Robinson, and others, are working their way nobly onward and upward. They will be great men one day.

CHAPTER IX.

DYING AWAY FROM HOME.

My friend Rankin sickens—Fever of the Country—Improves—Relapses—Is Delirious—Dies—Is Buried—Coincidences—Flowers for his Tomb.

FLORENCE, November 6.

FAIR Florence! beautiful Florence! When first I saw thee on the brightest of Sabbath mornings, four weeks ago, how little did I think that to-day thy skies would all be overcast, and gloom would hang upon thy palaces and glorious works of art!

When I left the shores of my native land seven months ago, a miserable invalid, with a friend rejoicing in the vigor of fresh manhood, how little did I think that to-day I should follow him to his grave!

Wonderful Providence! If one were to be taken, why was he selected for the sacrifice? It was scarcely an even chance for me, yet he is with the dead! It is very hard to adjust myself to the thought.

My young friend Rankin and I had been travelling together for several months over the northern and central parts of Europe; other parties had been with us more or less, but we had agreed to make the tour into the East together, and return in the spring. Having now completed our brief visit in Florence, made doubly pleasant by finding friends from America whom we had long known and valued there, it

was time for us to set off for Rome. Rankin had been slightly complaining for some days, but had not yielded to the impression that he must be sick; yet when it was necessary to move, he found himself inadequate to the effort, and we called in a physician, Dr. Wilson, a skillful and faithful man. He pronounced his disease an ordinary case of the fever of the climate, such as strangers are often seized with, not unlike the intermittent fever of our country. It yielded to the usual remedies, and in a few days he was free from the fever, and was declared to be convalescent. Indeed he was so far restored to health that his physician was on the point of leaving him, saying that he had now only to get well by himself.

For four or five days he had been entirely free from fever, and was engaged with me in making a new programme of our future route, which must be varied in consequence of our detention, when I observed from some inconsistent inquiries that his mind was wandering. A circumstance here occurred that is worth recording as a curious instance of the operations of a disordered intellect. In a foreign language, which he was sure the servant would not understand, he asked me to send him out of the room, and then he made a communication to me, in confidence, which showed at once he was deranged. Here was reason and the want of it strangely blended. I sent for the physician in all haste, and he perceived at once that his brain was affected, and in a few hours there were fearful evidences that *effusion* had taken place. The progress of the disease was rapid and irresistible.

Within twelve hours of these new symptoms, Dr. Wilson thought it impossible for him to live six hours. So sudden! So terrible too!

The six hours of life were lengthened through successive days and nights, while every energy was exhausted in vain attempts to stay the hand of death. Never have I seen such a battle fought between death and life. When physicians and friends were convinced that no more could be done, we would rally again and make new efforts, forcing the wheels of life to move on, hoping that nature herself would rally and carry him through. All this time, he was able to respond intelligently to every question *we* proposed, though all *his* inquiries were incoherent and astray. In his delirium he wandered on his journey, past and future, called to his young companions in his own land, wished to be allowed to leave his present lodgings and go onward without loss of time; yet when we roused him from these reveries and spoke to him, he knew us always, and answered truly to all we asked. We spoke to him often of heaven and the way there; and one whose voice might sound like that of a sister, spoke gently to him of One who would be more to him than mother or brother, and he responded firmly and confidently that he trusted in the Saviour and in none other, but he did not believe he was going to die.

It has been my duty to meet death in a great variety of forms, and under circumstances of peculiar trial; even in some not altogether unlike these: for here I was painfully reminded of my own brother's death in

a hotel, away from home, while he was on a journey. But we were all around him, and he died in our arms. It is home any where, if those we love best are there. But in these long and lonely hours of watching by the bed of this dying youth, I thought I had never encountered death when he came so coldly, and so gloomily to do his work. Yet he would come.

Mr. Kinney and I were with him. It is Friday; and from Monday we had been expecting every hour that he would die. He had just said that he wished us to persevere in using the same means we had employed, and we had assured him that all should be done that man could do for him, when a strong convulsion seized him. He had passed through many slight ones before; but this was fearful, and we were soon convinced it would be fatal. Mr. Kinney held one of his hands, the other was in mine. The faithful Italian servant, who had been with him fifteen successive days and nights, was weeping at his feet. Slowly the convulsion seemed to pass over; but his breathing was more difficult, and with longer intervals. His pulse was imperceptible. We sat on his bedside, and in silence waited for his soul to depart. Fifty-five minutes we sat, studying the mystery of dying, thinking of the great deep into which the spirit was passing—the dread abyss of infinite hereafter!

To pause on the threshold of life, and stop there forever! Is death a great blunder in nature? Was this young man endowed with mind, health, strength, cultivated by study, improved by foreign travel, and

trained only to drop down in Italy, and go out like a brief candle, in darkness? Or, is he stepping into another world; pursuing his journey where I may not follow him just now; entering upon new discoveries in knowledge, and rising into realms of light and truth, of which we can know nothing till we pass through this same strange process—this change? We call it dying. I think it is just beginning to live. By a strange coincidence, this is my birth-day: it is the birth-day of his soul!

It is all over now. His breast is very still. We close his eyes—a sacred office which we share together.

Sabbath morning we followed his remains to the grave. Outside the walls of Florence a beautiful cemetery is laid out for Protestants, under the direction of the Swiss church; and there we laid him. A young American lady in the city, who had never seen our young friend, but who was sadly interested in his fate, wove a wreath of evergreen and white flowers, which, according to the custom of the country, was laid on his tomb. It was a gentle offering; the flowers will wither, but the memory of the act will be fragrant long. The American artists, and others who heard of the sad event, gathered with us at the chapel of the cemetery in the early morning—for Protestants are not allowed to carry out their dead for burial after eight o'clock—and there we had religious services, and left the remains of our friend among those of others who, like him, have died afar from home and their native land.

CHAPTER X.

ITALY—PISA—ROME.

Leaving Florence—Pisa—Leaning Tower—Cathedral—Campo Santo—Leghorn—A Night on the Sea—Civita Vecchia—Ride to Rome—In the Gates—Capitoline Hill—The Forum—Ruins—Coliseum—Catacombs—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Of Augustus.

It was a sad morning when I left Florence.

> "A load of emptiness was on my heart,
> More heavy than the weight of actual woe;
> Nature, too, seemed oppressed, as if a part
> Of what my soul suffered she did know,
> And would a fellowship of sadness show."

The skies wept freely, and so did two strong men in that parting embrace, and he who remained, said, "You have made us a precious visit—it has been hallowed by death, and now will be a sacred memory forever." And then we were sundered, and I was once more alone. My faithful Italian servant, who really seemed to love me, began to tell me of Rome and Naples, and I was amused with his attempts to amuse me; the queer pleasures he described as in prospect, and which he was sure would drive away all melancholy and restore me to myself again.

Pisa is on the way from Florence to Leghorn, and a few hours there will furnish quite as much of interest as can be found in the same time and within so small a space in Europe. The "Leaning Tower" is

reckoned among the wonders of the world, and justly so. Standing as far from it as on the opposite side of the square, it excites in the beholder's mind the constant apprehension that it is going over, and as I walked up the circular stairway that leads to the summit, I was all the time hitting one side or the other of the staircase, so far does it hang out of the perpendicular. Galileo often climbed these stairs, and here performed his experiments to determine the fall of heavy bodies; and in the cathedral close at hand, is still hanging the same old iron chandelier which, when swinging, suggested to him the idea of the pendulum as the measure of time. A hundred windows of stained glass admit a dim light, by which I could scarcely see the paintings that adorn this church in greater numbers than any other in Europe. Some of them are very fine, and more of them are not.

The Campo Santo is a mausoleum that can never be forgotten after once being seen. No burial-place has so deeply affected me. The earth was brought from Jerusalem in fifty ships, but that is nothing. Artists of masterly skill have for five centuries been embellishing it with painting and sculpture, and the old sepulchres of Greece and Italy have been robbed to furnish statues, sarcophagi, and monuments to adorn this sanctuary of the dead. It was a fitting place to muse in, to me a striking representation of all this land—a land of the past—a land of sepulchres—of beauty, but of such beauty only as can not die: its hills, and plains, and sea are here as they were when the men and the women were alive for whom these

marble coffins were wrought with such exquisite skill.

Leghorn is a seaport with no objects of special attraction to the traveller. Great quantities of marble are here shipped for England and America, and I was pleased to see the familiar names of New York and Boston on the ships in the harbor, and to hear the good old tongue of my native land, even in the coarse and sometimes rather hard dialect of the sailor. But there is no language, I believe, so complete for swearing in as the Italian. The ease and ingenuity are quite peculiar, with which a man manages to work in a string of oaths of every degree in the scale of profanity. It was good news to me that a steamer was to start at four P. M. for Civita Vecchia.

In spite of the rain—which was now pouring—and the prospect of a rough night, I put off in a row-boat, and got on board the *Anatole*, a small screw-steamer, not a regular passage boat, and found but one cabin passenger to share the steamer with me. It was a gloomy sight to look into that prison of a cabin, and then to look out on the Mediterranean, heaving now in the storm. The sense of loneliness was very oppressive, and busy memory brought no relief. An hour or two out, and the vessel rolled so fearfully that I could find no place of security but my berth, and there I retreated for the night, trusting the boat to Providence and the seamen. Antonio came at my call, and sat down by my side to give me the pleasure of his company, and deliver me from the trouble of thinking by continuing his stories of low life in

Italy. One of the most entertaining chapters in this series would be the report of his narratives that evening. I had heard of a Baron ——, who is now one of the richest men in this country, who was once a boot-black in the establishment of the Duke of ——; and finding that he was once a fellow-servant of Antonio, I got his history—strange, romantic, diverting even; for, in fact, the man has fought his way up from servitude to royal honors, and more than once has represented his government at foreign courts, the equal and companion of the very men whose horses he once groomed. And when Antonio had thus whiled away the evening for me, he stretched himself on the floor close by and slept soundly, while I slept lightly and dreamed. The morning came, and with it the sight of Civita Vecchia. The storm was past, the sun was out—a cool, bracing morning, reviving to a worn man. An hour brought us to anchorage; but more than an hour was spent in getting the ordinary leave to come ashore. And when at last the passports had been examined, and the permission granted, a system of plunder commenced, the like of which I have fortunately not had since coming abroad. My own servant was not allowed to carry any thing ashore; but a special porter was required for each man's effects, that more might be demanded in the way of fees. At the custom-house at least three sets of men were to be paid, and at the diligence office as many; and they came upon me for two pauls (twenty cents) apiece, until I told Antonio to look about, and if he could find any body else who wanted two pauls

to give them to him, but not to let any of them come near me. But Civita Vecchia is a den of thieves. It is the site of the great prison-house, where the prisoners of the Roman States are confined, and the people outside the walls appear to be contaminated by the association. Right glad was I to be started off toward noon in a post-chaise for Rome. At a rattling pace we rode on through a deeply-uninteresting country; no towns, no villas, no historical associations to enliven the journey. At each change—which was every ten miles—the postillions called for a fee, and this we gave according to the freedom with which they had whipped the horses; and at eight in the evening we saw the dome of St. Peter's shining in the moonlight, and soon were standing in the gates of "the Eternal City."

We stood here a few minutes only while our passports were examined, and then I found my way to the Hotel d'Amerique, kept by D. Costanzi, an excellent house, that may be safely commended to all travellers, and especially to Americans who visit Rome. It stands on the Via Babuino, which runs from the Piazza de Spagna to the Piazza del Popolo, one of the best locations in the city.

To be in Rome is said to form an epoch in the life of man. The sensation is new, there is no doubt of it; to which every thinking man will confess, when he comes, for the first time, to stand among these memorials of a departed world. We may have seen antiquities in the museums of modern cities, and here and there met with a ruin that dates somewhere be-

hind the death of Cæsar; but when we plant our feet among the falling pillars, and crumbling arches, and ruined temples of Rome, we feel that another world is around us, and the vision of its grandeur and its decay comes up and fills the mind with awe.

Perhaps much of this emotion is to be referred to one's early associations; and he who has been more familiar from childhood with the history of Greece and Rome than with that of England, will naturally be more enthusiastic when at last the longings of a life-time are gratified, and he finds himself one fine morning on the top of the tower of the Capitol, on Capitoline Hill! Here at last! And this is Rome! This *was* Rome. "*Troja fuit, et ingens gloria Teucrorum.*" Alas, it is Rome no more! These are her tomb-stones that you see at your feet. No letters record her story, but these pillars have tongues, and these arches are all eloquent of might and glory that have found a grave. The seven hills we first look for; and if the feeling is disappointment to find that what has been so great in history is so small in reality, the history itself of each one of them comes thronging on the mind, and soon the *idea* takes strong possession of the soul, that here sat the mistress of the world—victorious, imperial, *Eternal* Rome.

How vain that word *eternal*, with such evidences of mortality as these around us! How mean the mightiest monuments of man's art and power, when they are lying heaps on heaps in the valley of the shadow of death! There is the Tarpeian rock, on

which we stood as we were coming up, and that still remains a memorial of treason, of vengeance, of justice, a place of blood. The rock stands, and these hills stand as God made them; and what he builds, he only destroys. But this Forum with its straggling columns, a few of them standing, more of them strewed upon the ground, and this ground itself, fifteen feet below the level of the modern city, is to me a melancholy sight; and, positively, I was willing to weep over the fall of so much beauty and glory. Those three columns standing so stately and grand, formed an angle of the temple of Jupiter Tonans; and those eight magnificent granite pillars, with their crumbling cornice, belong to the portico of the Temple of Saturn: one of the noblest ruins of them all, is the basement of the Temple of Peace, stupendous in its proportions; and there is the arch of Septimus Severus, wonderfully preserved, from which begins the street that led up to the citadel, the old pavement still lying there, on which the armies of the Emperors trod. That solitary column—"the nameless column with a buried base"—is no longer so, for an inscription has been found, proving it to have been raised in honor of Phocas; and not far off is the site of the temple of Castor and Pollux, and the three celebrated columns over which antiquaries have disputed for a century without settling the question of their origin. I prefer to call them, with the older critics, the remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator. How simple, yet how sublime! Three columns in a line, with a broken cornice over them; yet how perfect in

proportion! models to this day of the beautiful in Corinthian architecture, and stirring vain regrets that what was once over and around them has passed away. But look still farther off, and see that magnificent arch of Titus, reared in memory of his conquest of Jerusalem. If we were near enough, we could see upon its front the emblems and the record of his bloody and cursed triumph over the city of God. The golden candlestick which was irrevocably lost in the Tiber, as it was borne along in the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, is sculptured here with other bas-reliefs; the only reliable representations of those Jewish symbols, and now preserved on Pagan monuments of Judea's fall. I asked for the palace of the Cæsars, and was sad when the Palatine Hill was pointed to; and all the ruins there were scarcely sufficient to make it credible that Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula had expended treasures in adorning and fortifying this spot, which is now a stable and a wretched garden. Nero built his golden house on the slope of this hill, and other emperors added as wealth and taste or caprice suggested; but now it is a mingled mass of rubbish, defying all attempts to define the limits of the former piles of marble that were once the abode of kings.

Look again. There, at our left hand, is the loftiest ruin in Rome, and you need not tell me its name. We have known it for thirty years. It is the *Coliseum:* there was never but one such building; and pictures of it have been spread the world over. It is a brave old ruin, standing up there as if defying heav-

The arena. The dome.

en and earth. And it always did. Vespasian began it, and Titus made his Jewish captives complete it; and when its huge circle was carried up with four successive galleries, a hundred thousand men and women sat down within these walls, and looked on while five thousand wild beasts tore one another and their human victims into tatters, amidst the plaudits of the admiring throng. In that arena the early martyrs of our faith were devoured by lions whom hunger had made fierce; and the dens are still there which were once the cages of the beasts that thirsted for and drank the Christian's blood. The prophecy of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims recorded by the venerable Bede was not fulfilled:

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls, the world!"

Rome and her Coliseum have fallen, but their fall is the rising again of the world.

And when we have looked on till the soul is pained with contemplation among these monuments of departed greatness, turn to modern Rome, and behold the towers and domes of more than three hundred churches, of which the sublimest is the one on which the eye of every traveller lingers, as the Moslem gazes for the first time on the minarets of Mecca. There is the dome of St. Peter's, the great work of Michael Angelo, and, with one exception, the most perfect dome in all the world. How it hangs there, making one to doubt whether it rose by its own buoyancy,

or was let down by an invisible chain from the blue dome that bends above it. And when we have studied all these and other objects of interest and attraction which are seen from this tower, look off upon the wide Campagna, through which the thundering legions went to war, and came home with spoils of nations, and royal captives chained to their conquering cars; and off still farther to those Sabine Hills, and the Volscian mountains and heights, the names of which are as familiar as household words to every reader of Latin history or verse. And when you have taken in these views, and fairly formed in your own mind a map of old Rome, you are prepared to descend and begin to look at one after another of the antiquities which you have been merely getting a bird's-eye glance of from the top of the tower.

Friends who had been some weeks in Rome were my guides to all the wonders. Having already made themselves familiar with every object of interest, they were as able as willing to lead me to these altars of dead paganism and half dead Christianity, of which this city of two dispensations is the Jerusalem. They led me also beneath the surface of things, and showed me the tombs of the Scipios, and the Catacombs—those mysterious excavations which have been the cemeteries of the dead, and the sanctuaries of the living. An old monk with a dim candle, which made the darkness and his own ugliness the more formidable, conducted us through long passages dug from solid rock, which seemed to be endless passages leading to nothing but empty shelves for coffins, and tab-

ular stones with inscriptions dating back of the Christian era; and at last he brought us out by another way from the entrance, and we breathed freely again on coming into the upper air. Such infernal regions as these might have given to old mythologists the idea of their hell; an idea which, in some form or other, has formed a part of every system of religious doctrine of the pagan or Christian world.

Riding out a little farther on the Appian Way, we came to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which has stood nineteen hundred years. It is more like a fortress than a sepulchre, and, indeed, has been so used in times of war. It is a round tower seventy feet across, and built on a bed of lava, with strength to resist the ravages of time; and has withstood the robberies of successive generations, who have plundered it not only of the beautiful white marble sarcophagus which stood deep in its centre, but of all the ornaments and vast wealth of its materials, which have been carried off to build or adorn the modern palaces of Romans who live on the monuments of the past. Within a short walk of this remarkable tomb is the Circus of Romulus Maxentius, the outer walls of which are still standing, showing the form and dimensions of this amphitheatre, which would contain 300,000 spectators! Here the chariot races were run, and those equestrian sports where the *evitata meta* of Horace drew down the applause of the multitude, and victory, as in the Olympic games, was rewarded with a fading crown.

I went with my young friends to visit the mauso-

leum of Augustus. And, sad to tell, we found a modern circus within its venerable walls—the sepulchre of the old emperor a theatre for horses ridden by women under the full light of a Roman sun. But the riding was not bad. A beautiful girl, with scant patterns for skirt, and none for sleeves, was exhibiting *tableaux vivante* on horseback with a handsome young man; and when he stood erect on the horse, and carried her around the ring in his arms, while she struggled to get free, the scene did somewhat resemble the Rape of the Sabines, with which the settlement of this haunt of robbers is identified.

ST. PETER'S.

CHAPTER XI.

WONDERS OF ROME.

St. Peter's Church—Village on the Roof—Ascent to the Ball—View in Front—Utility and Worship—The young Lady's Idea—Mosaics—Kissing St. Peter's toe, and the Pope's—Heathen Mythology—Canonizing a Saint—Pope Pius IX. appears—Ceremonies—The Vatican Paintings and Statuary—Laocoon—Apollo Belvidere—Churches of Rome—Mummy Monks—Sacred Stairs—Pompey's Statue—Dying Gladiator—American Artists in Rome.

If an army of 50,000 may stand in St. Peter's and leave room enough for the people who wish to worship, it certainly does not impress one on entering that its dimensions are so vast. Such, however, is the feeling of disappointment with which we first look on those objects which have long and powerfully affected our imaginations. An image of vastness may have filled the mind that would not be satisfied if the reality were far beyond what we find it. But if St. Peter's has reached its growth now, it did certainly grow rapidly while I was in Rome. Each successive visit revealed more and more of its extent, and when at last it was crowded with priests and people and an army of soldiers, and the Pope and the Cardinals marched through the kneeling crowd, I felt the magnitude of the edifice from the number gathered within its walls. And when I went alone along up its winding way to the dome, and from successive balconies

looked down into the interior upon men as children walking upon the marble pavement, the immensity of the structure was even more impressive. And to find upon the roof a village of houses, with regular streets, and the inhabitants engaged in the ordinary occupations of domestic life, the cats playing at the door, and the fountain pouring its water for constant use, it looked as if St. Peter's were a little world by itself. And then upward still I pressed my way by an iron ladder through a narrow passage just large enough for one man to squeeze himself through, and was in the ball above the dome! In the walls below are marble tablets recording the names of princes and princesses who have *actually* made this journey into the ball, and the monuments have been erected to immortalize the fact.

It is impossible to persuade any man that the front of St. Peter's is in good taste for a church; it would be fitting for a palace or a theatre, and by a sadly strange failure in architecture, the *devotional* power so sedulously sought after in all the buildings designed for Roman Catholic worship, and often so wonderfully achieved, has been lost in the interior as well as the external appearance of this the most magnificent temple that the Christian religion has produced. And when one stands in the centre of the piazza, or square in front, near the obelisk of red granite, which Tasso has celebrated, and looks around him, at the colonnade with three hundred marble pillars, forming the oval sides of the place, the master-work of Bernini, as the dome is of Michael Angelo, and then at-

tempts to embrace the church and the Vatican adjoining, he must be deeply impressed by the presence, if he is not more or less than a man. The truth is that we are prone to look at these things with the eyes of our prejudice wide open; and as we despise the pomp of pagan and Roman worship, we are willing to condemn the amazing costliness of these temples, which we believe to be inappropriate to the service of the Spiritual Deity of our adoration. It is dangerous to take this ground, unless we carry the iconoclasm it encourages into the splendid churches of Protestantism, as far exceeding the utilities of worship as these temples surpass ours. For one, I think the Romish church rarely spends money to a better purpose than in embellishing these sacred edifices; and since she has made art in all its developments tributary to her material glory, we may admire whatever is beautiful and sublime in the works of the great masters, who have expended their mightiest powers in her praise.

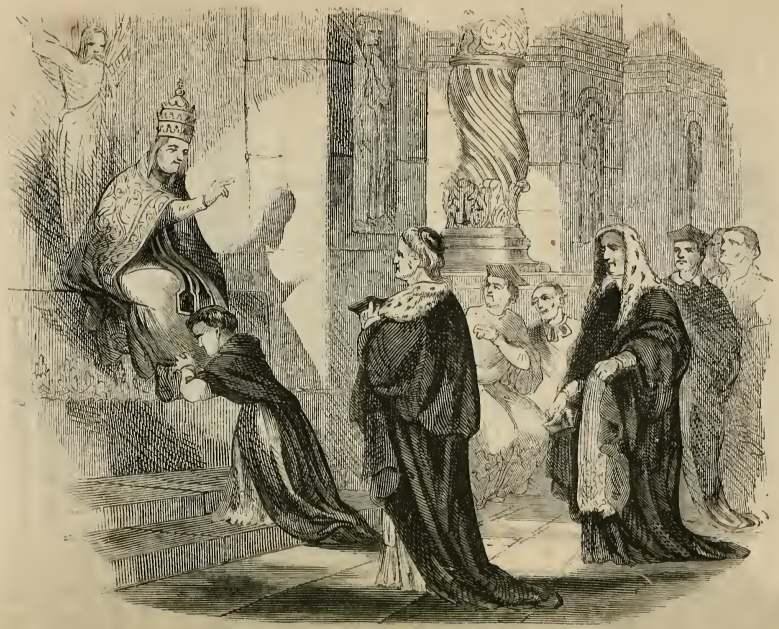
Here I recall the remark of the young invalid lady on the Rhine, who said, "A church is not for man to worship in only; it is itself a thing of praise; *it is an anthem*, and is eloquent continually of Him for whom it is reared." On no other principle than this can we defend such temples as Solomon's—a dedication to the Almighty, a worship, a constant appeal to the people who rejoiced in the magnificence of its proportions and the uncounted treasures exhausted in its ornament. And, after all, there is much to be said on this subject in connection with the Jewish, Roman, and Protestant religions, all of which have inconsistencies in the

matter of church architecture hard to be reconciled. Let us leave them.

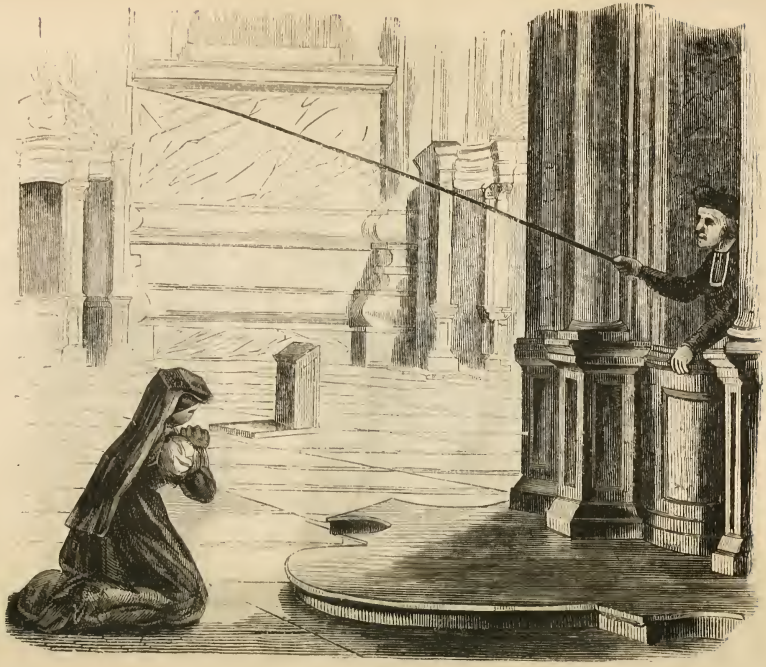
In the mosaics of St. Peter's, as I saw them by the streaming light of a western sun, there was a wealth of beauty to admire. To comprehend the mode by which the most splendid painting can be copied with this work in stone, so as to fairly rival the original, is quite beyond my conception, yet it is here, in numerous pictures of vast dimensions and prodigious effect.

Every stranger stops in front of the bronze statue of St. Peter, sarcastically reported to be an antique Jupiter, as he sits with his great toe projecting over the pedestal. The faithful are constantly kissing it; some of the more fastidious wiping it off with a pocket handkerchief, that they may not kiss what was left by the last devotee, but the most of them following one another with no such interval. It is so high that the shorter women and the children are not able to reach it with their lips, and they must be held up, or content themselves with touching the toe with their fingers, and kissing the fingers. As might be expected, the successive crowds of kissers have sensibly worn away the metallic toe, and they have now reached nearly to the first joint, but it is good for ages to come in the same service. I confess I would rather kiss this bronze statue than the live Pope's toe, as the priests are permitted to do in the holy week.

Among the works of art that adorn this temple, if this Peter is not Jupiter, there are certainly some un-



KISSING THE POPE'S FOOT.



GRANTING ABSOLUTION IN ST. PETER'S.

mistakable subjects from heathen mythology, as the groups of *Jupiter and Leda*, a doubtful subject for any gallery in a decent world, and the *Rape of Ganymede*, with some nymphs and satyrs, all of which are on the front door of this holiest of holy buildings in the Romish Christendom. But the variety of character and persons always to be seen within these walls is not the least instructive study. In or near the various chapels are confessionals for sinners of every tongue, and here sits the priest to receive the story of the penitent, and to prescribe the terms of absolution. At times the penance is made exceedingly easy, and a slight tap on the head of the kneeling sinner, from a long stick in the hands of a priest, signifies punishment, and pardon follows the gentle blow.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the gorgeous spectacle which this church presented, when its columns and arches were adorned for a festival, on which occasion a new saint was introduced into the calendar with all the pomps of this splendid ritual. Scarlet hangings and gilded festoons, and fresh paintings on massive frames, prepared for this single ceremony at great cost and labor, were all added to the daily decorations of the temple, while within the choir, and over and around the high altar, not less than two thousand candles were burning, arranged with such picturesque effect as to make crowns, and crosses, and flowers; yet so vast is the space into which these candles are to throw their beams, they seem to one in the middle of the house as stars in the

far-off heavens. For an hour we sat not far from the altar where the privileged few were permitted to enter, while the pressing thousands on thousands were kept back by Swiss soldiers, armed as on the field. At last our curiosity was gratified by the approach of Pius IX., attended by his cardinals. He was gorgeously clad: a scarlet robe over a white gown; although his mien was less imperial than that of Cardinal Wiseman, or any of those in his train. He

THE POPE IN HIS PONTIFICAL ROBES.

CARDINAL IN FULL COSTUME.

waved his hand first on one side and then on the other as he advanced, and the kneeling multitude gratefully acknowledged the benediction. He knelt when he came near the altar, and all the cardinals, for whom a scarlet cushion had been brought in by a liveried servant of each, knelt behind him while he offered a silent prayer. And then he retired as he had come, through the prostrate throng, humbling themselves as if a god were passing by. No notice was taken of those who did not kneel. If any do not

choose to conform to the mode of worship in Rome, they will not be interfered with, provided they attempt no disrespect to the religion of others.

Not much may be said in praise of the statuary in St. Peter's. By some strange fatality, even great artists have failed when working for this temple, where they would leave their greatest efforts. Four statues of Greek and Latin theologians support the pulpit, and four colossal statues of distinguished saints that fill separate niches are far from pleasing. The chair of the Apostle Peter is itself enthroned above the altar, supported by four fathers of the church, and reverenced as the veritable chair in which Peter sat when he was in Rome.

It is the labor of days to visit all the monuments, and the several chapels, including the subterranean chapel, which no woman may enter without permission from a cardinal, except on Whitsunday, when none but women may. To me there was far more of interest, after having caught the form and feature of the place, to seek the more impressive works of art with which the city is filled, and of which so few are found in this the most wonderful edifice in Rome. It deserves all the praise that has been lavished upon it, for despite the faults which are so prominent, it is a glorious pile, and has no rival in all the world. Three centuries rolled away while it was in building. Forty-three popes were on the throne, and successively contributed to its completion; some doing little but to undo what their predecessors had achieved. Michael Angelo would have made it as near perfection

as human genius could have carried such a work, but he died, and his successors failed to perfect his designs. It cost such enormous sums of money that the sale of indulgences was pushed to that extreme which produced a revulsion in the public mind, and resulted, as it is said, in the Protestant Reformation! Probably more than fifty millions of dollars were spent in its erection, and nearly half a million are consumed every year in keeping it in repair.

The Vatican Palace, for more than a thousand years the residence of the Popes, is near St. Peter's. Who has not read or heard of the "thunders of the Vatican." They are mere thunder now, with no lightning to kill, and the old man who sits on the seven hills is one of the meanest of princes. He can not sit on his own throne to-day, without the help of foreign powers. Pope after pope added to the magnitude and splendor of this palace, until it is now no less than 1277 feet, nearly a quarter of a mile, long. Ascend the Scala Regia, designed by Bernini, and renowned for the beauty of its perspective. It is called the most perfect staircase in the world. Admire the frescoes on the walls of the outer galleries. There is the handiwork of Raphael. Enter the library. It is a thousand feet long! It would require a week to make a cursory examination of the contents. Its manuscripts are invaluable; some twenty-four thousand are here, gathered from all parts of the world, by purchase, by gift, and by the fortune of war. Ascend to the Sistine Chapel. Would that we might hear the *Miserere* now. But we have heard the same choir in St.

Peter's, and can not be here to listen to the wonderful music in the Holy Week. We enter a dark, plain, long and lofty room with galleries around three sides of it. The roof is laid off in compartments filled with fresco paintings from Scripture history, the work of Michael Angelo, and here are some of the noblest results of that great master's labor. But turn to the wall at the end of the room, and see the picture pronounced by great critics to be the grandest in the world! It is the "Last Judgment," by Michael Angelo. Sixty feet long and thirty feet broad, filled with figures, bringing out the most wonderful variety of passion that the genius of man has ever conceived: the righteous and the wicked, the rising and the risen, the justified and the damned, saints, angels, devils, and every conceivable shape of grief, horror, despair, and woe, combine to make it, even in its present faded, smoked, and shattered state, like Milton's archangel ruined, a glory even in its decay. Yet there is so much extravagance in the picture, paganism being thrust in to embellish it, the painter's vengeance, too, upon his enemies being seen in the ridiculous exhibitions he makes of them even in torment, that much of the grandeur of the painting is destroyed. My admiration did not amount to enthusiasm, but it was great nevertheless.

Fifty pictures are a small collection compared with the treasures of Florence, whose name is Legion; but these are all precious, perhaps worth the whole of any other gallery though boasting its thousands. The master-piece of Raphael, his "Transfiguration," hangs

in the Vatican. It was the last, as well as the greatest, of that master's works, and he died, at the early age of thirty-seven, while yet engaged upon it. It was spread over his dead body at his funeral. Hence the lines of Rogers—

> "And when all beheld
> Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday—
> Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
> His last great work; when entering in, they looked,
> Now on the dead, then on that master-piece—
> Now on his face lifeless and colorless,
> Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed,
> And would live on for ages: all were moved,
> And sighs burst forth and loudest lamentations."

Guido and Titian, Paul Veronese and Perugino, are here in the best of their several works; at least such is the opinion of better judges.

But Rome is greater in statuary than painting, and we are now in the midst of the grandest collection that the world knows. The numberless sarcophagi, urns and vases, tombstones and broken marble, arranged in the first gallery, impress us with solemn awe, as if we were among the ancient dead. Here are the inscriptions from the tombs of pagans and Christians; and we marked the contrast, as in other places where the two are placed side by side. Hope in sorrow is the Christian's record over the tombs of those he loves. The pagan submits in mute despair to a fate he can not evade.

My recollections of the sculptures in these halls are somewhat confused; but a few of them are impressed on the mind with a vividness that no time can ob-

scure. Who that has once seen can ever forget—even if he desires to forget—the *Laocoon?* Whether or not it relates the story of the Trojan priest and his two sons, destroyed by the serpents from Tenedos for the supposed impiety of the father, who hurled the spear into the side of the wooden horse, it is a terrible monument of human suffering and human art. The criticisms on the boys, as little old men, are puerile and unworthy in the majestic grandeur of the group. Anguish unutterable and despair stand out in every strained muscle, in the distorted, writhing features of every face; but more in that of the aged father, who feels his utter powerlessness in the coils of the monsters crushing his bones and his noble sons. I did not know that marble could so move me. But when I saw these snakes, so cold, slimy, scaly, and cruel, winding their horrid folds about the limbs of their wretched victims, I can not better describe my own sensations than by saying that I *crawled all over.*

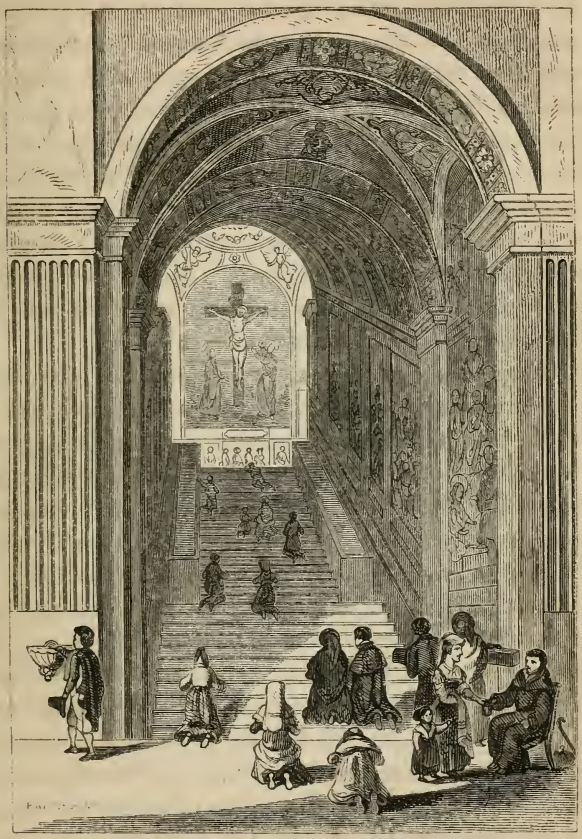
A little farther on and we stood before the Apollo Belvidere. By what hands wrought, or even in what age of Grecian art it was produced, we may not with certainty affirm; but it lives, the wonder and admiration of all ages and climes. The instant my eyes fell on it I was transfixed with delight. The *pose* is eloquent of dignity and power. The limbs are the perfection of manly beauty. Such ease, such strength, such conscious energy; every muscle is instinct with life. Had it stepped from its pedestal and marched along the hall, I should have scarcely been more ex-

cited. And the head—it is the grandest conception a pagan could have of the head of a god!

In the church of the Capuchins is a famous picture of Guido—the Archangel Michael conquering a monster. It cost me some trouble to find a monk who would come and withdraw the curtain, for it was the hour for vespers, and they were all engaged; but when I discovered one apparently at leisure, he led me back into the church, and very kindly exposed the glorious painting, the master-piece of Guido. The young angel, with flowing hair and a countenance of heavenly beauty, with ardent courage and strength, is coming down on the enemy, and treading him beneath his feet. Our guide then conducted us to the cemetery of the Capuchins beneath their convent—an extraordinary museum in the court of death. One monk had just completed the pleasant duty of showing three ladies through the tombs, and they were kissing his hand and receiving his blessing as we came near. We entered the subterranean apartments, consisting of a series of cells, which are laid off in little squares, and covered with earth and moss, and here and there a few flowers. In each of these cells was the mummy of a monk, with cowl and cassock on, the cord confining his gown, the cross still held in his skeleton hand, and an hour-glass and book standing by. A card in the other hand tells us the name of the monk and the time of his decease. The walls of this gloomy sepulchre are *adorned* with curious figures, wrought with the bones of the monks, who are thus made to contribute to the embellishment of the place after they

are picked to pieces. Long ago the whole number of cells was filled with the mummies, and now, when a Capuchin dies, he can find a bed below only by crowding out the one who has been here the longest. His bones are then worked up; his skull becomes a lamp, the vertebræ a chain to hang it on, and the shoulder-blade becomes a scythe in the lank fingers of a skeleton, while the columns and arches are all made of thighs and arms, and even the smaller bones are set in curious mosaics, making the queerest of all caricatures in the chamber of the dead.

Every one has read of the Holy Stairs, the *Scala Santa*, in the noble portico near to the Basilica of St. John Lateran. These twenty-eight marble steps are said to have been in Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and the same which the Saviour trod when he went to the judgment-seat of the Governor. Now no one is permitted to ascend them but on her knees. I say *her* knees, for of the scores who were slowly climbing when I was there, not a man was to be seen. But at the head of the stairs is a chapel, on which is written in Latin, "In all the world there is no place more holy;" and into this no woman is allowed to enter. I looked through the windows and saw the divinity of the sanctuary, a painting of the Saviour at the age of twelve, said to be a perfect likeness, and painted by the evangelist Luke! Of all the penitents who were toiling up the stairs, a few only appeared to be impressed with solemnity becoming the work in which they were engaged. One lady, elegantly dressed, a plump and pretty woman, laughed all the way up,



THE HOLY STAIRS.

and chatted with the children, who found it excessively tedious to be toiling in this way, when they would have preferred to mount two or three steps at a time. Another was very much out of breath, and

used her handkerchief freely in wiping the perspiration from her brow while she rested a few moments, and then climbed on. It is awkward work going up stairs on one's knees. I have heard it said that going down stairs in this way is a certain cure of the fever and ague. It is just as good for that malady as this uphill work is for the more desperate malady of sin. But here, even here, on his knees, on these very stairs, the great reformer, Luther, was startled by a voice from heaven—"The just shall live by faith"—and the Reformation was conceived.

One church, on the site of a temple to Juno, has become a life memory with me, and I must say a word of it. St. Maria Maggiore is the basilica from the balcony of which the pope blesses the populace on the Festival of the Assumption. Within, the imposing nave, 280 feet long, is separated from the side aisles by a row of thirty-six Ionic white marble columns, and the walls are adorned with mosaics of extraordinary beauty, representing scripture scenes. Among the remarkable relics shown to the faithful and the curious, is the cradle in which the Saviour was laid in his infancy; but I could not summon credulity enough to be greatly affected by its contemplation. There are many who go upon the principle, the greater the pretence, the greater the merit of faith; and they receive with implicit confidence every thing that Popery tells them of the wonderful and sacred. But art in Rome has as much of this spirit of imposition as religion. I felt this most deeply, when, after a long walk to see a statue, we found at last in the

THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

Spada palace the statue, so called, of Pompey, holding a globe in his extended hand. He seems on the point of rolling it. Some have pronounced it Augustus, and others Alexander the Great, and others have supposed it to be an emperor whose features have not been preserved on coins to be compared with this; but the opinion is now a common one, that this is the statue which "all the while ran blood" when "great Cæsar fell" and died at its base. Some have even found the spots of blood on it, which may have been Cæsar's or the marble's. I could discover no special fitness to Pompey in the statue, while the globe in his hand looks far more like an emblem of Alexander, or some other master of the world.

Byron calls the Pantheon the "pride of Rome." It is also claimed to be the most elegant edifice of ancient Rome, and the best preserved of its antique monuments. It is certainly the finest monument of modern Rome. The portico, with its columns of Egyptian marble, unsurpassed by any architecture, is more than one hundred feet long, with Corinthian columns of granite standing on Grecian marble. The bronze doors are probably the same that Agrippa caused to be put up when this temple was erected twenty-five years before Christ. We pass them, and stand within the rotunda, about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and of the same height, and surmounted by a mighty dome, from the centre of which the light is admitted by an aperture always open to the sky. The storms of heaven beat in upon its floor of granite and porphyry, the only one of the kind that

is left, and the swollen Tiber has sometimes overflowed it, and it has been exposed to fire a hundred times, but it stands a relic of paganism, and now, without alteration, is readily adapted to modern Romish worship. All the ancient ornaments of silver and gold have been removed from the roof, and it strikes the visitor when he enters as a sacked and wasted temple. This idea is still more impressively presented when, from the opening of the rotunda, one looks down upon the uneven pavement and the bare walls. When Charles V. visited Rome in 1536, he was led, at his request, to the roof of the Pantheon, by a young Roman, who told his father afterward, that when the emperor looked into the temple through the open dome, he was almost tempted to push him over, in revenge for his having sacked the city in 1527. The father replied, "My son, such things as that should be done, not talked about."

The votary of art is more impressed with this temple as the tomb of Raphael. Here lie his bones in the third chapel on the left hand as we enter. The phrenologists had long admired his skull in the Academy of St. Luke; but in 1833 the tomb was opened by permission, and the bones of the great painter were found undisturbed and entire in his coffin. Other artists have found a burial-place in this noble edifice, which thus becomes invested with all the interest that antiquity, religion, and genius can impart.

I have not said any thing of the statuary of the capital. It would fill a volume to do it justice. The Dying Gladiator is not surpassed in power by the

Apollo or the Laocoon. Some artists and judges of art place it before them and all others. I could not study it. There is no work of art in the world that sets the dreadfulness of death so painfully before the mind. No exaggeration, no straining after effect; not even the accessory of beauty, or nobility, or glory, enhances the interest of the beholder. A coarse, unintellectual, and perhaps unfeeling man,

"He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay:
There were his young barbarians all at play;
There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

But there is no end to Rome—it is an eternal city in this—that we should never exhaust its wonders. Not one of a thousand of the antiquities, the temples, baths, and tombs above and beneath the ground, have we made even a mention of. Nor have we spoken, as we should speak, of the glorious works of modern art in Rome, rising from the master hands of American genius and patient, hopeful toil, such as we saw in the studio of Crawford, whom Virginia is employing now upon a noble monument in memory

of her noblest sons, to stand on the Capitol Hill in Richmond. Page, Freeman, Rogers, Mosher, Nichols, and others are here, treading steadily upward the hillside to fortune and fame. With them and their families some of my pleasantest hours in Rome were spent; and so rapidly did their kindness and their genius win me, that I found it harder to part from them than from the city I came to see.

CHAPTER XII.

ITALY—NAPLES.

Leaving Rome—The Campagna—Ruins—Three Taverns—Pontine Marshes—Terracina—Old Town—Tomb of Cicero—St. Agatha—Beggars—Capua—Arrival at Naples—View of Vesuvius—Museum—Campo Santo—A Dead Show—The Bay—Paradise and the Pit—Lake Avernus—Sibyl's Cave—Cicero's Villa—Nero's Baths—Baiæ—Grotto del Cane—Sulphur Baths.

WE are taking our last look of the Eternal City. As we pass out by the church of St. John Lateran and the Scala Santa, though early in the morning, the people have already arrived in their carriages, and many of the devout worshippers are ascending the holy stairs on their knees.

The classical scholar is filled with the liveliest emotions as he leaves the city and enters upon the great Campagna. The aqueducts, perhaps the most striking of all the ruins about Rome, here stretch with their immense arches over the waste. Ancient tombs, broken columns, remains of temples and villas, are on every hand. Here is the spot where Coriolanus was met by his mother, and entreated to spare the city of his birth. Then we pass the tomb of Pompey, the tomb of the Horatii and the Curiatii, and numerous villas of the old Romans. A few hours bring us in sight of the Mediterranean Sea off at our right. Herds of buffaloes—the wild cattle of Italy—are feeding in

the meadows, reminding us of the prairies in the West of our own land.

In the course of the day we came to the Three Taverns, where Paul met his brethren on his journey to Rome. I called to mind a discussion which I held some years before in my own country with a tavern-keeper. He insisted that St. Paul, when on his way to the city, coming in sight of the Three Taverns, "thanked God and took courage;" and then demanded of me whether "if Paul thanked God when he saw three taverns, *he* could not have the privilege of keeping *one!*"

At Torre de Tre Ponti begin the Pontine Marshes, which are thirty-six miles long, and from six to twelve miles wide. During successive centuries the most vigorous efforts have been made to drain these marshes, but in vain. Appius Claudius, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Trajan, and a long line of Popes have expended vast sums for this purpose, but without success. The Appian Way leads directly through them, and the rising malaria renders it unsafe for travellers to pass, in certain seasons of the year, and at any season in the night time. The driver and postillions who are to ride on the outside of the carriage, on coming near light their cigars and smoke vigorously, thinking to render themselves less liable to the infection. The paved high-road is shaded over the top with great trees. There is no marsh in appearance, but the whole surface of the country resembles that of Holland. Canals are on either side of the road, and embankments across the plains.

We spent the night at Terracina, where Pope Pius VI. had a palace, and where there is now shown a rock remarkable for its human-shaped profile. Of this town upon the edge of the sea, Horace speaks as "furnishing moderate hospitality," and its original character is maintained to the present time.

I had had for my travelling companions in the *coupé* of the diligence two Romish priests, and enjoyed with them the perusal of the well-known journey of Horace, in which he introduces the places through which we had been passing, and discourses of the scenery with which we had been all day delighted. We got off early in the morning and came on six miles to a high rock, called *Torre del Epitaphio*, the frontier of the Papal and Neapolitan States. Five miles brought us to Fronde, the gates of which were not yet open. When we entered we found scores of people, men and women, standing around thus early in the morning, having nothing to do but to waylay travellers, and get what they could of them. This town, older than Rome, has been famous for its wines from time immemorial; they are mentioned by Pliny, Strabo, and Martial. Here Sejanus saved the life of Tiberius in a grotto. The Dominican Convent was once occupied by Thomas Aquinas. In 1534, the Turks (under Barbarossa) laid waste the town, and attempted to carry off Julia, the Countess of Fronde: she was celebrated for her beauty, and they designed her as a present to the Sultan. Alarmed, she leapt out of her window, fled in the dead of night to the mountains, and escaped.

We went along by the ruins of pagan temples, and through a dreary pass among these mountains arrived at Itri. On the right of the road is an ancient tower called the Tomb of Cicero. It is said to mark the spot on which the great Roman orator was killed. Near by, a path leads down to the sea, which he was following to embark in his boat, when he was overtaken by his enemies and assassinated. Nigh the water's edge is the fountain where Ulysses met the daughter of the King of the Læstrygonians.

A beautiful view of the sea and hills opens before the eye. Mola di Gaeta stands on a point, far reaching to the sea, at the mouth of a bay. It was celebrated by the ancients for the beauty of its situation, and the moderns will remember it as the place to which the Pope fled when he ran away in disguise from his beloved people in 1848. They laugh at his dastard flight to this day. The next time he runs he will not get back. Ripe and luscious oranges hung over the walls of the gardens by which our road lay as we entered the narrow and dirty streets of Mola. Through the grates of the prison men and women, confined within, were looking at the passing travellers. At the "Post-house" ten gentlemen sat down at a small table, where they attempted to make a breakfast on rancid butter and bread, with one knife for all of the party to use in common! The conductor informed us that there was a custom-house in this place, and that a fee from each of us would pass our luggage through without examination. Accordingly a contribution was taken up, each gentleman giving

what he pleased, and the result was as good as the promise.

Off on our left is a city on a hill, elevated at once for health and defence, and almost inaccessible. Men are dressing their vines; wives and children are helping them; and now and then is seen a babe lying in a basket, tightly wrapped, and deposited in the grass.

Frequently we pass the square towers built in the middle ages, and occasionally the round tower of Roman and ancient architecture. Near Scavali we passed the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, while all around lay scattered evidences that here a great city once stood. At Liris we crossed a river by means of a suspension-bridge. Here we entered upon a vast plain with a road passing through it, and stretching from the mountains on our left away to the sea. In the distance Vesuvius breaks upon our sight. At St. Agatha we were beset by a crowd of beggars, afflicted with all manner of maladies; a girl put up her hand to her father's blind eyes; another exposed one of her breasts eaten by scrofula; another put her fingers to her shriveled lips, and said, "I am dying of hunger." We reached Capua at dark—just in time to miss the train of cars which would have taken us in an hour to Naples. The diligence, however, was to push on; and, wearied with two long days of laborious riding, we submitted to our fate. The roads soon became horrible. One wheel-horse—a vicious beast—after various attempts at resistance, threw himself down, refusing to make any further efforts to help us along.

Our numerous endeavors at mending matters only made them worse; and hour after hour of tedious travelling wore away in quarrels between the coachmen and postillions, so that not until late in the evening did we overcome the ten miles, and in darkness enter the city of Naples.

Perhaps it was well for us that we arrived at night, as it enabled us to anticipate, with higher hopes, the beauty that opened on our eyes with the light of the morning. We found delightful quarters at the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, on the shores of the bay, and conveniently near all the places of interest in the city —a house to be sought by all new-comers to Naples.

The windows of my room look out upon the bay and the isle of Ischia. I am so high, and so near the shore, that I see no street below me; and the water seems breaking softly upon the door-step. We are near the Villa Reale—a public promenade adorned with vases, fountains, groves of orange-trees, and beautiful statuary. The garden is open to the public only one day in the year; but it is always more or less frequented by travellers. Of so much importance was a visit to this park once regarded by the common people, that the young women were in the habit of stipulating, in their marriage contracts, that their husbands should take them there at least once a year.

Off at my left, the clouds are hanging over Vesuvius—gloomy and sublime. No fire is now to be seen on the summit of the volcano; but a tall pillar of smoke rises from its crest, telling of the fierce flames pent up in its bosom. A warm south wind is

blowing, so soft and voluptuous that I love to open my bosom and let it creep in and around me. Alas! mine host of the hotel tells me the wind is from a poisonous quarter, and he hopes it will soon be over.

Impatient to see the thousand objects of interest in and around this city, we made our way at once to the Museum, celebrated chiefly for its collection of antiquities from Herculaneum and Pompeii. Suspended from the walls of the disentombed houses are frescoes, indistinct, but still interesting as specimens of ancient art. Here are cakes of ashes from the buildings of Pompeii, bearing impressions which had been made upon them by the limbs of those who perished in the burial of the city. One cake is marked by the breast of a woman; others, with arms and hands, resembling casts that had been taken from living models. A vast collection of vases, household utensils, and objects of art have been transferred from the ruins and deposited here. The halls devoted to ancient sculpture contain some of the finest statuary in the world; and a secret chamber, into which none are admitted without special permission from the government, is filled with a most extraordinary collection of ancient and indecent statuary, which is very properly concealed from public view.

We spent the day in the midst of these curiosities, and toward night ascended the hill to the Campo Santo, that we might witness the mode of disposing of the dead, one of the strange sights in Naples. This cemetery, situated upon the highest part of the city, is a large quadrangle, surrounded on all sides by

buildings. The paved court is divided into three hundred and sixty-six pits, having one for each day in the year. Every night the dead of the day in the hospitals and the houses of those who from want of means have been unable to procure a more desirable burial-place for themselves, are brought here. As we rode up, the attendants were driving out a crowd, which had gathered to witness the melancholy spectacle. Our appearance as strangers secured us the privilege of admission, and we were invited to stand near the edge of the pit. A priest performed a funeral service over the bodies, lying around in rude boxes. When this was over, the servants opened the boxes, stripped the bodies of their clothing, seized them—one by the hands and another by the feet—and dropped them into the hole. One man took a babe in each hand, and pitched them in as carelessly as he would handle a sheep. Some fifteen or twenty were thus disposed of. Lime was then thrown in upon them; the stone cover was lowered, and fitted tightly over the mouth, and the pit was closed to remain unopened for a year. Others who have visited the Campo Santo, have told us of the sights that they have seen in the pits when the stones are raised; but, so far as we were able to judge, the lime destroys them utterly, so that when the pits are reopened nothing is to be seen within. Indeed, it is said that whenever they have been examined the day after burial, the bodies have been found overrun with rats and cockroaches, which destroy the flesh of the dead more rapidly than lime.

Raising them up. The bay.

Such are the burials of the poor; the rich find their resting-places under the churches, where the graves are divided by low, narrow walls. Here also the ground is impregnated with lime, in order that the bodies may be consumed more rapidly than by mere natural decay; for at the end of six months every grave is liable to be re-opened, when the bones are removed to make room for other bodies. There is, however, one church where the rich are able to secure for themselves a lasting resting-place; the church of the Holy Apostles. Its vaults are filled with a peculiar earth, which prevents, instead of promoting, decomposition. There is an association which secures to its members the privilege of burial here, and also of being taken up, at some future time, to be shown to surviving friends in the favorite dresses which they were accustomed to wear during life. On these exhibition days the chapels are illuminated and decked with flowers. The bodies of the dead, dressed in their best clothes, with hair curled, and flowers in their hands, are ranged in rows along the chapel, a card over each body, on which is recorded its name. The friends kneel and pray before the body for the repose of the soul.

On coming out from the Campo Santo we stood upon a height overlooking the city, its environs, and the world-famous *Bay of Naples*. Much as we had heard and read of this magnificent expanse of water, and of the gorgeous city upon its shore, its beauty exceeded all the expectations we had ever formed. The bay is a vast semicircle, ten or fifteen miles across,

and along its edge the city rises, exposing to full view its ten thousand theatres, palaces, churches, towers, walls, and pinnacles, all having a wildness of appearance and yet a harmony of relation that fill the mind with sensations of exquisite pleasure. The more distant mountains, in smoke, or exposing their peaks, which have once been tinged with fiery floods, awaken emotions of the sublime, that mingle with those of the beautiful which the softer features of the scene have inspired. In front of us is the bay, with its shipping and its islands lying like gems upon the bosom of this lovely water. The contrast of this view with the scene which we had just witnessed perhaps added not a little to the enjoyment of the prospect that was now outspread before us. I was *sick* when I came out of the cemetery; I felt as in the midst of a charnel-house. I was in Naples, the most dissolute and corrupt of all the cities of Italy, and consequently of Europe. No city could exhibit a closer alliance between paradise and the pit. Behind me, and before me, were emblems of both; Naples the beautiful is also Naples corrupted, festering, rotting, like the dead beneath the ground on which it stands. Naples the beautiful sits, like a queen, on the shores of this unrivaled bay, rejoicing in her pride and loveliness, forgetful of the judgments that have burst upon the cities standing once around her, that lived as Naples lived, and perished as Naples one day may perish.

We spent the next day riding along the shore and among the ruins of ancient Baiæ. Before we left the city we stopped at the tomb of Virgil, which is beau-

tifully situated on a gentle hill overlooking the sea, and marked by a marble monument, recording, as I believe there is but little reason to doubt, that the great poet was actually interred upon this very spot. Through the Grotto di Posilipo, a long tunnel of wonderful excavation, we passed out upon the plain. The island of Ischia and the Cape Messina rise to view. We came on to Puzzeoli, the ancient Puteoli, where Paul landed on his journey to Rome. Soon we reached the shores of Lake Avernus. It is evidently the crater of an extinct volcano, now filled with water, from which high green banks recede on either side. A narrow passage affords the only outlet to the lake Lucrine. The ruins of the temple of Apollo stand upon the eastern verge, with here and there a few cottages scattered around. Avernus, the ancient name, was suggestive of the gloom with which nature and poetry have invested this spot. Forests, doubtless, hung over the lake from which arose pestilential vapors; and this fact may have given rise to the idea that no living thing could dwell in its waters, and that every bird that attempted to fly over would fall dead in its passage. Virgil made this lake the entrance to the infernal regions; and near by is the cave in which his hero, "the pious Æneas," sought and found the sibyl, under whose direction he made his subterranean descent.

The grotto is called Sibyl's Cave to this day. It proved to be an immense tunnel, constructed doubtless for commercial purposes, and extending from the lake to the sea, long before Virgil seized upon it to

form part of his story. Within this tunnel are mysterious chambers, the uses of which are difficult to be explained, and which superstition and romance have invested with peculiar interest. We mounted the backs of dirty Italians, who were clamoring for the privilege of carrying us, and, with lighted candles in our hands, we were borne through water four feet deep from room to room, till we had satisfied our curiosity, and were glad to emerge into the light of day.

We drove into the ruins of the Cumæan villa of Cicero, the favorite resort of the orator, when, on the borders of the sea, he sat and meditated his philosophy, or in these cool retreats refreshed himself for those splendid efforts of eloquence which give a charm to the ground upon which his dwelling once stood, and have since bestowed immortality upon his name. Ruins of ancient tombs, some of them still having the urns that once contained the ashes of the dead, now standing within them in niches, are to be found all over the plain. We left our carriage and walked up the hill to a very interesting ruin, which is said to have been one of the prisons of Nero. Underground were vast architectural remains, supposed to be reservoirs for water, by which the ancient Roman fleets were supplied. Leaving these, we pass through a dirty village, and around a hill up to a point where we are able to view the gulf, villas, ancient cities, Vesuvius, Puteoli, Nisrida, with the towers of St. Martin and St. Elmo. The past and the present all lie before us, a scene of melancholy grandeur such as the eye seldom beholds. In the clear waters of the bay before

us, we saw the remains of the old Roman pavement in the bottom of the sea. Underneath this hill twelve steps lead us down into the midst of massive arches and caverns, which lead off to the right and to the left, toward the sea. They have been supposed to be prisons but they suggested to us the idea of a place of retreat in times of danger, or a hiding-place for treasure. Probably all the hills that are around us, if they should be explored, would reveal similar constructions.

Coming up again, we found an old terrace, separated by six Doric columns; here we spread our table, in sight of the ruins of the temples of Venus, of Diana, and of Mercury; the baths of Nero—a rare panorama of antiquity. Vines and olives were growing luxuriantly around us. So soft, balmy, *heavenly*, was the atmosphere, and so enchanting the scenery by which we were surrounded, that we seemed to be in the very region of poetry and of love. Hither the old Romans resorted to enjoy the luxuries of their day; and probably no spot in Italy has ever been the scene of more unbounded license than this upon which we were now sitting.

A rascally-looking Italian came up, with baskets of oysters from Lake Fusaro, vaunted to be the best in the world; these, with the cold chicken that we had brought, made our lunch amidst the ruins of Baiæ. After dinner we visited the baths of Nero, far down underneath a hill, from which clouds of steam from the boiling waters below were issuing. A stout fellow, standing ready with a pail and a couple of eggs in his hands, entered the passage in the rock

leading to the fountain, and soon emerged with his pail filled with hot water, and the eggs cooked and ready to be eaten. This was evidence sufficient for us of the heat of the region, and we made no experiments of our own to test it. The immense masses of masonry and the numerous tunnels cut through these hills and extending in every direction, are astonishing proofs of the labor and expense to which the ancient Romans must have gone for their luxuries, as well as in works for security and defence. The objects of these constructions are now wholly involved in obscurity, and perhaps conjecture on the subject is altogether idle.

The *Grotto del Cane* is a small cave in the side of a hill. A woman kept the key that opened the entrance, and offered to show us its mysteries. She was followed by a dog, on which is daily performed the cruel experiment of being poisoned with the vapor, and then suffered to come to life, in order to be on hand for another poisoning—a dog's life indeed. We agreed to the old woman's terms, and she opened the door. A volume of steam, with which carbonic acid gas was mingled, was rising from the ground, the floor of the cave; but the upper part seemed entirely free from it. It is said that this grotto has been used as a place for the execution of criminals, who have been shut up within and there left to die. Addison made a series of experiments here, on the occasion of his memorable visit. He found that gunpowder would not explode in the vapor. Light is extinguished by it the moment it is immersed. We had some hesitation about permitting the execution

of the dog, but feeling that perhaps he would be disappointed if not allowed to go through his usual performance, we suffered the woman to pitch him in. This operation she performed by taking him by the legs and depositing him on the ground in the midst of the curling vapor. The dog allowed himself to be laid upon his side two or three minutes, and began to betray symptoms of extreme suffering. He was then drawn out into the air, where he lay for some time in fits, but gradually regained his consciousness and self-possession. When we came away he was ready to be executed again for the entertainment of a party of travellers, who arrived as we were on the point of taking our leave.

We found near by some sulphur baths, where the ground was so hot from internal fires that we lighted punk upon the sides of a grotto which we had entered. One chamber was furnished with a bed, in which a man slept every night amidst the heat, that was to us insupportable, even for the few minutes during which we attempted to stay in it. A swarm of beggars, disgusting from their disease and filth, infested us as we came in toward the city. The peasants sitting by the roadside, engaged in the Italian custom of hunting heads, completed the sensation of loathing with which we regarded the degraded people of this beautiful country. How often have we had occasion to speak of it as the land

"Where only man is vile!"

CHAPTER XIII.

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

A Day in Pompeii—Smart Englishmen—Along Shore—A Soldier knocked over—A Chase and Capture—The Gate of the City—Street of Tombs—House of Diomede—Walks about Town—Antiquities—House of Sallust—Paintings and Statuary—Fountains and Baths—Temples and Theatres—The Burial of the City—Vesuvius—The Ascent—The Crater—The Crust—The Descent—Herculaneum.

Nov. 18. A day at Pompeii! A day with the dead past, and one to be remembered till the sea and the earth give up their dead!

At breakfast-table we found a couple of English gentlemen who had actually "done" Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and Pompeii, with much of Naples besides, in a single day, the day before, and were now leaving the city. They confessed it was "sharp practice," but said it could be done, for they had tried the experiment. The English are as rapid sight-seers as the Yankees; and I have never heard of any of my countrymen who have done more in a day of that business than these gentlemen achieved. As we had no intention of running a race with them, we determined to take the matter leisurely.

The drive along the shore through the street of Naples is never without its incidents. The people eating their maccaroni, which looks like little snakes

dropping into their mouths; the women searching the heads of their children; the donkeys with all sorts of burdens, and led by women or old men; but more than all, the cart with its load of ten or twenty men and women, sitting and standing, holding upon each other and the cart wherever they can get place for a foot, driven at a break-neck pace, the entire freight in a gale of laugh, as if they were the happiest people in the world. We met a cart in which a solitary laborer was riding with his load: his wheel struck the carriage in which a man in military dress was riding with a lady, and gave it such a blow that the gentleman was thrown out upon the ground. He recovered himself, drew his sword and rushed after the luckless carter, who took to his heels. I thought we were to have an Italian murder on the spot. But the enraged soldier expended his wrath in beating him with the flat of his sword, while the poor fellow put up his hands and implored mercy, warding off the blows till the blood streamed from the wounds on his arms. The lady came down from the carriage and wiped off the dust from her soiled companion who was white with rage, and appeared to have suffered from his fall and his chase. Our way was along the shore to Portici and Resina, by the side of the beautiful villas, and near to immense heaps of lava that are piled up in the midst of houses. We have always supposed that Pompeii lies below the surface, and we must descend into gloomy streets, where the light of day does not penetrate. Instead of this, it was situated on high ground, and was buried by a shower of ashes

and stones that were rained down upon it by the eruption of Vesuvius. When the discovery was made a hundred years ago, the city was disinterred by removing the superincumbent mass that had crushed the roofs of the buildings, and exposing the streets and squares, the temples, and forums, and baths to the eye of heaven as broadly as the city we have just left. Only about a fourth part of the town has yet been revealed, and little or no progress has recently been made in the work. We have come to the gate, for the government guards it with vigilance, and must pay for admission. The door is thrown open, and we stand at once in the "Street of Tombs." It is a fitting entrance to such a city as this. The wheel-worn pavement of huge stones is as firm as if laid yesterday. On each side of us are the monuments of the men who had been buried and perhaps forgotten when the city itself was made a tomb. We read the inscriptions in Latin, and copied some of them. One of them, "N. Velasio Grato, Vix Anno XII.," scarcely in his twelfth year. We entered the house of Diomede. In its portico of fourteen columns was found the skeleton of a soldier who did not fly from his post when the storm came. We went down into the basement where the family, doubtless, took refuge; for seventeen skeletons were discovered there, the most of them females, as the bracelets and necklaces of gold would indicate. The ashes that settled on them became caked, and we saw impressions or casts that preserve the forms, and even the texture of the dress. One of these was against

the wall in a crouching posture—an image of terror, and a mournful monument of the night of woe. The amphoræ or jars for wine are still standing here, imbedded in the volcanic alluvium, which penetrated even these recesses. As we came up from these saddening scenes, that imparted a sense of the real to the place, I felt as if in a dead city on the morning of the resurrection, for the few travellers like ourselves walking among these desolations, appeared to have suddenly come to life in the midst of a mighty sepulchre. Along the melancholy streets we wander, looking in at the shops, where the counters on which business was done are still standing; here is a bakery, as we learn from the ovens and the troughs, in which the corn was found; here an oil store; here the house of a surgeon; here a tavern. In front of it is a fountain; and here are the public baths. We enter the courts of one of these houses, for they do not open at once from the street, but are built around an open square. This is the house of Sallust, and evidently the abode of one of the wealthiest of the men of Pompeii. The entrance, with its pilasters and stucco cappitals—the atrium, with its fountain and impluvium in the shape of a shell; its beautifully-frescoed walls, its gardens, paved pathways, and spacious area, show that it must have been a splendid mansion in its day. On the wall of a range of apartments secluded from the rest is a painting of Actæon punished for his discovery of Diana in her bath; a picture that intimates the mysterious uses of these chambers. The sleeping rooms in all the buildings we entered were small; but

Skeleton in jewels. Beware of the Dog.

these were on a larger scale than many others, and near them was found the skeleton loaded with gold bracelets and rings, and supposed to be the remains of her who once was the mistress of these halls.

We pass on; and the lascivious paintings we find on the walls, and the disgusting insignia which sculpture has affixed to the door-posts of the houses, continually remind us that this city could not have been better than Sodom, and deserved its fate. Stepping into the portal of another house we find the figure of a dog in the mosaic pavement, and the words, *Cave Canem*—"Beware of the Dog," giving the same caution which we meet with in our own times. In one house a most beautiful white marble fountain stands, with elegant shell-work about it, and the most delicate tracery of the chisel is seen in the finish of the structure. Statues which once adorned it have been removed to the Museum. In another fountain were marble statues with open mouths, from which the jets had leaped. Here the cornice and frieze were exquisitely perfect, and the small columns supporting the gallery were so light and easy that they seemed pleased with their burden. Another fountain had similar statues in bronze, with swans and cupids in marble, and curious frescoes on the walls around. In the house of Castor and Pollux a fish-pond was in the centre of the court; the walls were covered with fruit and flowers, with Apollo and Daphne, Venus and Adonis, and other nude figures. A glass had been put over one of the most voluptuous pictures to preserve it from further exposure to the air, not the eye.

In Casa Apollo the bedrooms were painted down to what might be the height of the bed with frescoes, whose colors are still brilliant, and the figures perfect. I picked up some of the broken plaster, and the guide remarked that all Pompeii would go to America, if travellers were allowed to carry off what they wished. In another stood a marble table of exceeding beauty, and wine-coolers underneath it; a splendid court in front, and a dancing-saloon with fluted columns of fine finish, having the names of ancient revelers in these courts scratched upon them. Through many of these houses, to which names have been given from the prominent objects discovered in them, we were led, admiring the great variety of decorations, but often shocked at the universal taste displayed for the sensual and voluptuous.

We crossed the streets on square stones laid at short intervals, so that the foot-passer might step from one to the other, and the wheels would go between them. At the end of the street we come to the embankment of ashes and earth which has not been removed, covering yet other buildings which may contain more precious and interesting remains than any which have been brought to light. I felt as if I would be glad to have power to say to this mountain, "be thou removed and cast into the sea." The king spends four or five thousand dollars yearly on the protection and improvement of the city, but no progress is made in the work of excavation. Now we pass on and visit the temples of Venus and of Jupiter, the magnificent amphitheatre in the highest part of the city, where, on

seats of Parian marble the spectators sat and looked down into the arena, or off upon the bay—we enter the Forum, surrounded on three sides by a Doric colonnade of pure white marble columns. From the pedestals in front of the columns, the statues have been removed, but we get an idea of the artistic beauty which this square must have displayed. These remains are impressive and suggestive. We are carried back to the period of the city's destruction, seventy-nine years after Christ, when the fiery torrents rolled down the sides of the mountain, and the clouds of earth and ashes rose from the crater and then fell, a fearful pall, and covered these temples and theatres and habitations of men. That night which settled upon Pompeii lasted seventeen hundred years, and the day which then dawned revealed the awfulness of the judgment which came in the midst of her pleasures and her sins.

We spent the entire day in these meditations among the tombs, and it was long after midnight before I was able to forget the day in dreams.

The next morning by nine o'clock we were off for Vesuvius. By the same carriage-road as the day before, and with many of the same sights around us, we drove to Resina, where we were beset by the motliest and sturdiest set of guides, beggars, and boys we had yet encountered. The guides were ready to furnish horses and conduct us to Vesuvius. The beggars wanted money, and the boys would sell us sticks to walk up the mountain, or they would go along and help us. We had been advised to find Vincent Coz-

zolino, who had conducted Ross, Forbes, Humbolt, and other great men, and was therefore the man for us! We inquired for him, and one guide claimed to be his brother, and another his cousin, but the real Cozzolino was not to be found. His house was near, and thither we went. He was absent, but we found his son, a smart young fellow, who produced his book of certificates, and among them one from Professor Silliman, whose commendation was all-sufficient, and we committed ourselves at once to his care. Giovanni, for that was his name, supplied us at once with horses, and we set off with the whole gang of boys, beggars, and guides in full cry after us. They assured us that one guide would not be enough, we should need help in climbing the mountain, and each one had some peculiar service to render which was quite indispensable to our success. By dint of hard riding we managed to get away from them, and by a road that was well-paved and had been for a thousand years, we rode on for an hour and then commenced an ascent by a winding but easy path, which, after another hour, brought us to the table-land, where stands the Hermitage with refreshments for travellers. Our way had led us through fields in which men were at work, and many women saluted us as we passed. Vast strata of lava were lying in great ridges, along the sides of which the vines were growing luxuriantly, where the waves of liquid stone had once flowed and cooled, now stretching in long rows like rivers from the mountain to the sea. We often paused on our upward way to look back on the enchanting pros-

pect—the neat white cottages on the hillsides, the villages on the plain, the city, the bay, the islands, and the blue sea. A glorious vision, every moment growing more beautiful as we ascend and take in a wider view. Now we observe successive layers of lava, with the common earth between; on the border of a ravine we could thus count four strata deposited by as many overflows of the boiling caldron. After leaving the Hermitage we crossed immense fields of lava, over which a path for the horses has been made, and in single file we made our way to the foot of the cone of Vesuvius. We are now between Monte Somma and Vesuvius. They were one in olden times, till the great eruption of A.D. 79 left this valley after the mountain had flowed down into the plain and the sea, and buried the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. At the base of the cone a dozen fellows were awaiting the arrival of travellers, and with sedan chairs would carry those to the summit who preferred that to walking; and when we all refused to be carried, they followed us, insisting that we should allow them to haul us up with a handkerchief about our waists. Taking the track along the side of a ridge of lava, now and then leaving it for the ashes, into which we sank and slipped back about as fast as we got up, we climbed as perpendicularly as up a ruined stairway of some old castle. From time to time I was obliged to sit down on the ragged piles of lava, and gather strength for the ascent, for the summit seemed to recede as we approached it. But we did it in forty minutes, from the base of the cone.

Now on the rim of the crater, the ground on which we are treading is opened with seams or cracks, from which smoke or steam issues continually, and if we listen we can hear the roar of the internal fires beneath our feet. We went a few steps below the verge to get some protection from the cool winds that blew too freshly on us in our heat, and there we placed a lot of eggs in the crevices of the earth, and made Vesuvius cook them for our dinner. Refreshed and rested, we descended a hundred feet into the crater, and, standing on a ledge of rocks, we could see down into still lower depths, from which the smoke was rising, but no fire was perceptible. After the interior of the crater has been cleaned out by a great eruption, it is easy to go down into it and make such an exploration; but it is gradually filled up by the upheaving of the boiling mass, and when full, it flows over and runs in rivers down the mountain side, or a mighty eructation throws it up into the air to descend in a storm of red-hot stones and scoriæ. Enveloped in the thick sulphurous vapor that rose from the abyss, we were sometimes unable to see up or down, and appeared to ourselves to be lost in the vestibule of some purgatorial cavern, from which deliverance was doubtful. For a few moments the clouds would clear away, and we then launched huge stones into the abyss, listening to hear their roll and bound after they had passed out of sight. I write these lines sitting on the rocks as near the bottom of the crater as I could reach.

It was harder to get out of it than in. But once

more on the verge above, we pursued our footway around the crater, perhaps a mile and a half in circumference; but the strong sulphur clouds of smoke and steam so nearly choked me, that I was obliged to cover my face with my handkerchief, and trust to the guide to lead me through. Happily the wind was favorable, and when we came around to the western side we were relieved, and could look off on the magnificent prospect which the summit of Vesuvius commands. It was an entrancing sight. There is no other like it in the earth. If this has been said of a score of other scenes, let them be all unsaid, that the view from Vesuvius may bear the palm. We can now look off far into the country, where cities have been, and white villages now are, and smiling vineyards, down into whose bosom these black streams extend from the sides of the mountain. And here is beautiful Naples, girding the sea with its suburban villages; and there lie the islands of Capri and Ischia, and this "great and wide sea." But we must not be looking off. We plunge our walking-sticks into the ground, and out rushes the smoke and sulphurous gas. We walk on and find new openings, and hot steam issues, before which we could not hold our hands. We step across wide fissures from which the scalding vapor was ascending, and we could distinctly hear the roar of the boiling caldron below. At last we completed the circuit of the crater's rim, and sat down again to rest and think. What a wonderful past has been around this burning mountain! Before the Phœnicians came hither these flames had been burn-

Getting down again. Paying guards.

ing, and the Syriac language gave the volcano its name. Jupiter Tonans, the Thunderer, once had a temple on the summit—"Jovi Vesuvio sacrum, D.D." Pliny's graphic story of that awful eruption which destroyed the cities of the plain, we read while in full view of all the localities which he describes. It gave a terrible reality to the scene. Other cities are now lying nearer to this crater than Pompeii, and are thoughtlessly treasuring up wrath against a similar day of wrath. May God save them from such a doom!

It is time to descend. The sun is on the downhill side, and we have a buried city yet to see. Away we went through the soft ashes which had been soaked by a heavy rain the night before, and now made a yielding bed for our feet, as by successive leaps of ten or fifteen feet at every bound we came down, and never paused to look back, and had no need to rest till we were at the foot of the cone. This operation did not occupy more than ten minutes, and was full of excitement.

Mounting our horses, we were called on to pay a man who was dressed as a soldier, marching around with a gun on his shoulder.

"What for, pray?"

"Oh, the rascals who are here pretending to be guides, would plunder every body who fell into their hands, if it were not for the guards which the government places here for your protection."

This being done, and half a dozen more being paid for some service or other, we hardly knew what, we

got away and had an easy and pleasant ride down again to Resina.

At Resina is the entrance to the subterranean city of Herculaneum. This city was buried at the same time with Pompeii, but was discovered by the opening of a well, some fifty years before its sisters Portici and Resina had been built upon the earth, over the temples and palaces that had been buried and forgotten for many centuries, when accident led to the knowledge of the fact that houses, and streets, and statues, and all the remains of ancient and splendid art were to be found some sixty feet below the surface. The keeper of this strange museum lighted his torch and led us by several successive flights of steps, cut through solid lava, down and down into the bowels of the earth, till he ushered us into a stupendous theatre, where, on eighteen rows of seats, divided into six compartments, the people had sat to look on the stage, which has been cleared so as to reveal its whole extent. The orchestra is one-third larger than that of the largest modern theatre in Europe. A few inscriptions are yet legible, and some have been removed. We explored the various accessible parts of this vast building, perhaps more impressed with the awfulness of the catastrophe that overwhelmed the city than we were at Pompeii. There, we were out under the broad light of heaven, and we had to *believe* that once all those ruins had been concealed from view by the superincumbent masses of earth and ashes; here, we are underneath the solid lava, harder than the granite, and have come sixty-five feet down to a theatre that

Theatre. More yet.

would seat eight thousand living men. On the south side of this theatre is a temple in the midst of a public square, from which a broad paved street leads off to another temple; and in the midst of the street a basilica with a portico supported by forty-two columns, and adorned with paintings. The explorations have been extended until other temples and splendid residences, fountains and water-courses, statues and beautiful mosaics have been discovered; but, as yet, the extent of the city has never been ascertained. Probably far more wonderful discoveries might be made if the excavations were carried on, but it is attended with so much expense, that it will not probably be soon resumed.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM ITALY TO GREECE.

In the Bay of Naples—the Shore—Capri—Tiberius—Messina—Malta—The Company—Greece—A Hermit—Syra—The Piræus—Natives—Their Costume—Xerxes and Mount Egalios—Ancient Walls—Temple of Theseus—Otho's Palace—Rev. Dr. Jonas King.

We must leave Naples, and Italy too. We set out by the French steamer *Bosphorus*, November 23d, at three P. M., for Malta and the East generally. The *Bay of Naples* we had seen from every commanding point of view, and had been compelled to admit, though we resisted it long, that for picturesque beauty it is without a peer. And now, as we came into the centre of the more than semicircular shore, extending from Baiæ away around to Castellamare, one long and splendid city lining the edge of the bay, while the hills and mountains rise in grandeur in the rear, and Vesuvius with his eternal pillar of cloud stands in full view, giving terrific effect to the feelings with which we contemplate this scene, it must be confessed that there is nothing comparable to the Bay of Naples.

The change was sudden and gloomy from the calm loveliness of this bay to the rough bosom of the Mediterranean sea. No sooner had we passed Capri, on whose perpendicular rocks Tiberius had his villa,

where he indulged his luxury and his cruelty, which have alike made his name infamous even in Roman history, than we were tossed by waves more distressing to weak stomachs than any we had on the Atlantic. Short and sudden, giving a man no time to recover from one plunge before he is racked with another, they soon threw many of us into those qualms which may not be described, though the attempt has been so often made. Yet the longest night has a morning, and so had this; a lovely morning when we found ourselves in the port of Messina, on the coast of Sicily. I rose early, in time to enjoy the passage through Scylla and Charybdis, and the beautiful scenery as we enter the Straits. A miserable set of natives crowded around the steamer as we came to anchor, and in one of their boats we went ashore, and spent a couple of hours in riding around the city, a very well-built town; the harbor strongly fortified by nature from the storms, and by art against the enemy; so that Messina is reckoned among the best ports in the Mediterranean. Another night brought us to Malta; an island famous in the voyages of Paul, and now the great stopping-place for vessels going to and returning from the East. We spent a day in Malta, the chief city of which is Valetta, situated on the heights, and fanned perpetually by the sea-breeze, in a sweet place for the weary traveller's rest.

At Malta we were transferred from the *Bosphorus* to the steamer *Nile*, bound for Syra, Smyrna, and Constantinople. It was amusing to observe the varie-

ties of character and nation we had on board. Of forty passengers, eight were Americans, as many English and Scotch, about the same number of French, five of these being officers of the army going to offer their services to the Sultan to fight the Russians. Then we had Turks who loved to sit cross-legged and smoke the nargilee; Greeks too, and Armenians, and a Jew or two. Little tables on deck afforded the sailors of different nations separate places to eat if they choose to eat alone, and all these tribes and tongues lived in harmony for three days, and parted good friends. One of these days was the Sabbath, and as fine a Sunday as the sun ever gladdened. In the morning we were running along under the shores of the Morea. At last these eyes were looking upon Greece, and the longings of thirty years were gratified! The shores were rough and the hills barren. In their rugged outlines there was beauty, but it is not yet the Greece I came to see. We passed the bay of Navarino, famous for the great naval battle of 1825, when modern Greece was struggling for deliverance from the tyranny of the Turk, and now we begin to feel the enthusiam which the history of all this land is fitted to inspire. As the day advanced, it was interesting to observe the several parties of worshippers in various groups, engaged in their own way in offering prayers to Him who had given us a safe passage over a boisterous sea. Two Roman Catholic priests were reading their breviary together. A Church of England family sat in the stern of the steamer, and enjoyed their own forms, while a larger group of us

A hermit. At Syra.

accepted the captain's polite offer of the saloon, where we had service as we would at home.

At noon we ran by Cape Matapan, and toward night passed Cape St. Angelo—a rocky promontory, on which a solitary hermit lives in a rude hut of stones, subsisting on the scanty provisions sent to him from passing vessels, in return for his prayers. He came out of his grotto and extended his arms to bless the vessel. The sailors took off their caps and received his blessing with reverence, and in a few minutes we were out of sight, leaving him to his solitude—the first one of this race of men I have seen. The next morning we awoke and found ourselves in the port of Syra, one of the isles of the Archipelago. The town stands on a hillside, and presents a gay appearance from the fine harbor. The Greek boatmen hover around the ship, in their native costume, now singular to us—full pantaloons tied around the ankles, and loose jackets—and wish to take us ashore. One steamer is just coming into port from Constantinople, and another is standing down from Athens. In the mean time we put off in a small boat; a handsome-looking native in the Albanian dress, a white short petticoat, with a dark scarf, embroidered, over the shoulders, decidedly a gay and picturesque costume, led us to a small tavern, where we got a miserable breakfast, and then climbed the hill on which the town stands.

From these heights we looked out upon a group of islands with familiar names—Naxos, and Delos, and Paros, famed for its quarries, from which the cele-

Parian marble. The Piræus.

brated statues of ancient times and temples had been made. They have not been worked for many years; but the French obtained permission to carry off what they wished for the decoration of the tomb of Napoleon.

We left Syra at dusk, went to sleep on board the steamer Lycurgus, and awoke in the morning in the harbor of the Piræus.

Athens is six miles from the shore, but we are even now in the midst of scenes that stir all the sympathies of one who venerates the spot that has been renowned in classic story. We are hard by the Bay of Salamis; and yonder is the tomb of Themistocles, who led the fleet of the Greeks in the great fight with the ships of Xerxes. There is the mount Ægalios, on which a lofty seat was raised for the Persian monarch, that he might see the battle which resulted in the destruction of his "Invincible Armada." He had crossed the Hellespont, and entered the peninsula with the greatest army that was ever led by one man. Compared with it, how puny are the preparations for modern war. For three years previously he had been storing provisions for his troops along the line of intended march; and now, at the head of more than two millions of men, and with a greater number of irregulars, servants and women, so that he had between four and five millions in his train, he was coming down upon the plains of Attica. At the pass of Thermopylæ he was staggered for a moment by the stern resistance of the Spartan heroes under the brave Leonidas; but finding another route, which treason made known to

him, he came on in triumph, and Athens fell into the hands of the conqueror. But the destruction of his fleet determined Xerxes to fly from Greece, leaving 300,000 of his millions behind him to complete the conquest of the country.

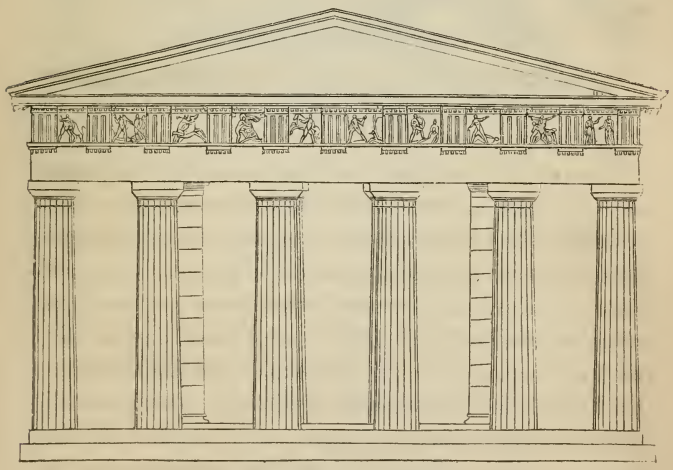
It was to see the scenes of such stupendous events, that I came on deck the first morning of our arrival in the Piræus. But all the romance, even of historical association, was scattered when Demetrius, the keeper of one of the hotels at Athens, presented himself, and desired us to take quarters at his house. With a book full of recommendations from travellers who had preceded us, he urged his claim, and the landlords of various other establishments made similar applications. We committed ourselves to the tender mercies of Demetrius, who agreed to see that all our luggage was speedily transferred to the city of Minerva, where he would immediately send us in a carriage. The same tribe of baggage-smashers, called porters, that are the annoyance as well as help of travellers all the world over, were ready to seize us and ours before we left the ship; for they had come off in small boats to the steamer's side, and some of them had got on deck, in their zeal to serve us and themselves. A picturesque-looking set of fellows they were, in spite of rags and dirt. A red cap with a tassel crowned their heads; a shawl of dark color was wound about their shoulders, and secured by a belt at the waist; a skirt, like a short petticoat, came a little below the knees; leggins and shoes completed the costume—striking and neat, though rather effem-

inate. It is just about as well adapted to men as the Bloomer costume is to the strong-minded women of our day and country. In the midst of a small fleet of these Greek boats we made our way to the wharf, and set foot on the shores of Greece!

It was a moment of life from which to date. A dream of boyhood, and of manhood too, was at length a living, real presence. I had been here in spirit a thousand times: I know I am here now. I did not look after my luggage, but, trusting to Demetrius, looked around me to discover more of the land of poets and philosophers which my feet were at last allowed to press.

The houses of the village or town of the Piræus were all modern, and such as we would see in other European towns. A military school is established here, and the youthful soldiers were early at their drills. The natives were sorry-looking men for Greeks, and hardly answered a reasonable expectation one forms of the descendants of Alcibiades and Pericles. But we were now getting on at a rapid pace over a smooth road to the capitol. Here are the ruins of the great walls which reached from Athens to the sea, so high and so strong that the city could maintain its intercourse with the harbor though the intervening country were in the hands of the enemy. We pass a monument which marks the spot where a bloody battle was fought with the Turks when the Greeks were last struggling for independence. Half way to the city we find three taverns, not the three that Paul saw on his way to Rome, but three shops

for the sale of drinks, which we would call grog shops at home, a very vulgar name in such a classic land as this. With our eyes wide open to catch the first sight that shall remind us of ancient glory, disgusted as we are with the living evidences of what the present is, we approach a massive, mighty, weather-stained but beautiful building: a temple certainly, but what is it? "It is the Temple of Theseus." He was the greatest of all Athenian heroes, the hero of fable, of song, and of history; and when he died they worshipped him as a god, and built this temple to his



THE THESEUM AT ATHENS.

honor 469 years before Christ. And there it has stood from that far-distant date to the present hour; and it is now the most perfect specimen of an ancient pagan temple in Greece, and perhaps in the world.

STATUE OF THESEUS.

We entered it. Heaps of sculptured marble fragments of the works of old masters whose names have been forgotten, but whose works are now disinterred and admired, were scattered around. Within, a grand museum of recovered antiquities has been gathered, the study of which might detain us for many days. Lord Elgin, who has given his name to the marbles of which he robbed the sanctuaries of Greece, meditated the grand enterprise of carrying off this temple bodily to adorn a square in London; but the robbery was never effected. He made dreadful work with other less formidable schemes of plunder, but happily this stands where it has stood, with its walls and pillars nearly entire, for more than two thousand years.

Leaving this temple, at once a monument and a

mausoleum, we rode into the modern city of Athens! Alas, for all anticipations of seeing the people who once gave law and literature to the world! Byron said, "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more," and I confess to the same sad feeling when we passed the mean huts, houses, and shops, and saw the evidences of a degenerate and partially civilized people.

Demetrius ushered us with much respect into his *Hôtel des Etrangers*. His pleasant wife received us courteously, and disposed of us in a very comfortable suite of rooms. My windows looked out on the palace of the King of Greece. A long, plain, marble edifice, which might have been made for an asylum without incurring any charge on the score of extravagance or ornament, is the residence of Otho and his Queen; the palace of a land that has the models of architecture for the study of all lands.

In a few moments after our arrival, the Rev. Dr. King called, and gave us a cordial welcome to Athens. Of this Dr. King I can not forbear a sketch before asking you to go with me and with him into the city.

The men who were in Andover Theological Seminary in 1816–19 will remember, among such men as Temple, and Fisk, and Goodell, and Parsons, a thin, pale youth, of middle stature, a hard student, gentle in his manners, and thoughtful in his mien. When Fisk and Parsons went out as missionaries to Palestine, they asked this young man, their friend, Jonas King, to come and join them. He said if they would write such letters to him as would make him believe it to be his duty, he would certainly come. They

went. He pursued his studies with great success, and was soon called to the Professorship of Oriental Languages in one of the colleges of New England. For the sake of superior advantages in fitting himself for this service he went to Paris, and there his studies brought him into contact with some of the most distinguished men of science, and several of the leading minds of Europe. Parsons died after a short service, and found a lone grave in Egypt. Fisk wrote to Mr. King, then in Paris, and begged him to come to Jerusalem and take the vacant place by his side. Mr. King applied to a few gentlemen of wealth for the means of support for three years, and in a signal manner the means were furnished. The American Board of Missions accepted his offer to go to Jerusalem for three years. The Missionary Society of the Netherlands, and the Paris Missionary Society gave him funds and commission, and individuals came forward to his support, so that he was sent out as the representative of three institutions. Mr. King and the eccentric traveller Wolff, who met him at Malta, made a tour of three months in Egypt, distributing the Scriptures in all the villages up and down the Nile, and then crossing the desert, went to the Holy City. Here in Joppa Mr. King labored for three years, and then went down to Tarsus on his way back to America, with rich stores of Arabic manuscripts, and the fruits of his years of researches in these Oriental fields. The ship in which he was to go to Smyrna being somewhat leaky, he resolved to cross the country, and send his effects by the vessel.

Finds his wife. Comes to Athens.

On its voyage the ship was boarded by Greek pirates and plundered; and all the books, manuscripts, etc., of Mr. King were swept off by these robbers of the sea. This loss detained him in Smyrna for six months. Here he devoted himself to the study of the modern Greek; and here, too, he met the lady who has since been for so many years his noble wife, the companion of his life, the solace of his sorrows, and the mother of his seven lovely children. From Smyrna he went to Paris, and there was again thrown into the families and the society of eminent men, whose names are familiar in the ears of the world. With them he read and expounded the Scriptures, and found a wide and effectual door opened for the advancement of the work of God. Returning to the United States, he travelled for some months in the service of the American Board, and was urged by the Ladies' Greek Committee of the City of New York to go to Athens in connection with the contributions then sent out for the relief of the starving people of that country. He came, and not long afterward was again appointed missionary here. He accepted, on condition that he might retire at any time by giving six months' notice of his intention. With this condition he has now been laboring steadily and earnestly for more than twenty-five years, and has never yet revisited his native land, though at any time he could do so in thirty days. When he came to Athens, it was in ruins, and in the power of the Turks. Not a pane of glass was in the city. The best house he could find had no roof or floor to it. He made a

shelter for himself and wife, but they were exposed by night and day to the constant incursions of the Turks. But he was patient and prayerful; trusting always, and always wonderfully cared for by Him who keeps his children in the hollow of his hand.

The attention which his labors were exciting among the people, the numbers flocking to his house to receive religious instruction, and the wide diffusion of religious books, awakened the opposition of the priesthood and many of the people of the Greek church. At first there were serious and deeply-concerted schemes for his assassination. The American Consul, on leaving Athens for a season, had desired Dr. King to act as consul in his absence, and on the very next day after receiving the American flag, his house was invaded by a mob with every demonstration of violent designs upon his life. The display of the stripes and stars dispersed the crowd.

At length his enemies succeeded in bringing him before the courts of Greece. His trial was a mockery of justice, his conviction produced by no shadow of testimony, and his sentence was imprisonment and banishment.

Since my visit, the government of Greece has remitted his sentence; but he has yet great occasion to complain of wrongs at its hands. Twenty years ago the Greek government found it convenient to appropriate to its own use a lot of land belonging to Dr. King; and although the constitution forbids such seizure, unless the damages are first appraised and prepayment made, his oft-repeated and urgent de-

Wrongs. Not redressed.

mands for an adjustment of his claims have been refused. Had half of Dr. King's wrongs been suffered by the meanest American citizen who has no connection with the missionary movements of the age, they would have been redressed long before this hour. A frigate of the United States would have offered its deck as the place for the discussion and settlement of the question, and all the presses of all parties would have praised the energy of an administration which looks to the honor and rights of American citizenship at the ends of the earth. But the impression is very common at home that missionaries must look out for themselves, and avoid trouble by holding their tongues. This was the man who received us, and gave us a brother's hand when we came to Greece.

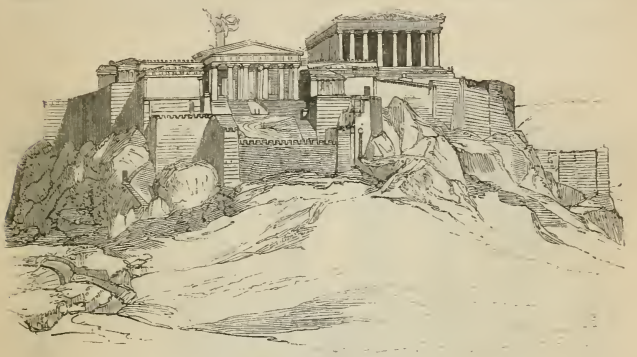
CHAPTER XV.

ATHENS AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The Acropolis—Parthenon—Mars' Hill—Prison of Socrates—Pnyx—King and Queen—The Stadium—Jupiter Olympus—Streams and Fountains—A Funeral—Market—Olives—Eleusis—Tower of Winds—Future of Greece—The People—Greek Church—Missionaries.

All impatient to see the antiquities of Athens, and with a guide and interpreter, we left the house of Dr. King. The narrow streets, winding and irregular, we could not have threaded alone. But we were led along to the Lantern of Demosthenes, a small round stone building, with eight columns and Corinthian capitals supporting a cupola, a curious monument of the ancients, whose design is lost in obscurity. Near it is the house in which Byron lived, when he, a strange exile from home and from God, was leading his vagabond life in these classic lands. We were seeking the Acropolis. It can be seen from any part of the town. A circular path around the base, and by the temple of Bacchus, an indistinguishable ruin, leads us to the remains of the theatre, which must have covered an immense extent of ground, as the massive walls and broken columns plainly attest. We come to a rough wooden gate, which a porter opens, and we show him a permit from the govern-

ment, which Dr. King had given us, to secure admission. For in this day of devotion to the "almighty dollar," even the Parthenon is to be seen for a piece of silver. The Acropolis was the centre of ancient



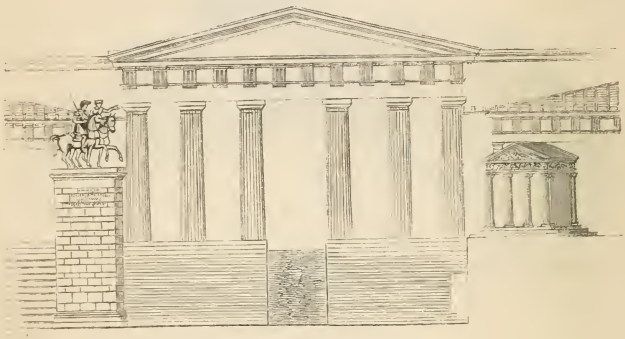
THE ACROPOLIS RESTORED.

Athens. A rocky hill, one hundred and fifty feet high, and four or five hundred feet across, rising almost perpendicularly, it doubtless indicated the site for the city, of which it was at once the ornament and defence. Other cities of Greece are built around similar heights, and the Acropolis of Corinth is visible sometimes from that of Athens.

We are now ascending within the inclosure: a collection of statues, broken marbles, and interesting remains of ancient art is shown at the door. But we are in too great haste to pause over these, however they might instruct and please us at another time. We pass the Temple of Victory, standing on the spot whence it is said that Ægeus threw himself off and

perished, when his son was coming into port and forgot to hoist the signal he had promised as a sign of his success. It is a beautiful building, and of comparatively recent discovery.

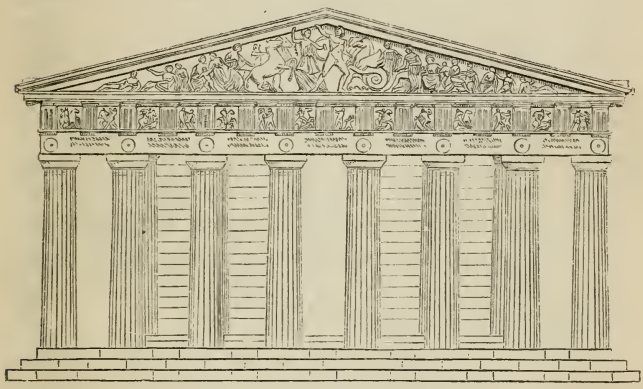
And now we are in front of the Propylæa, or "the



THE PROPYLÆA.

entrances:" magnificent columns that might have formed the gateway to the palace of all the earth. A wide marble stairway leads up to and through these columns; steps which have been but lately uncovered from the rubbish of centuries; steps up which the men of Athens trod long before the days of Christ and Paul. It requires no imagination to inspire a thoughtful man with strong emotions when he puts his feet where he knows that Plato and Socrates, Pericles and Demosthenes have often walked; where the marble is worn away by the sandals of great men whose names he has associated from boyhood with philosophy, poetry, and eloquence.

We are looking on the PARTHENON! "The most splendid temple on the most splendid site for a temple in the whole world," is the building now before us. In its effect upon art in past and future ages, as the model of the beautiful and sublime in architecture, this pile is indeed the most important of any that was



THE PARTHENON.

ever reared. "Parthenon" is "the Virgin's Chamber," and was so called because it was the temple of Minerva, and contained her shrine, the great work of Phidias. It is in the purest style of Doric architecture, with eight columns in front and rear, and sixteen on each side: built of Pentelic marble, two hundred and twenty-seven feet long, one hundred feet broad, and sixty-five feet high. One long, central building is surrounded by a peristyle of forty-six pillars, standing on a platform three steps high, extending completely around the temple. One can scarcely record

without tears that this glorious structure was shattered into ruins after it had stood on this lofty eminence, overlooking the plains and the sea, from 438 B.C. to A.D. 1687, when the Venetians were besieging the city, and a bomb-shell exploded in the centre of the Parthenon, throwing down most of the side walls. The front, upon which we are now gazing, is nearly perfect. Drawings and models of it have been so often made, and so frequently has it been copied in building, that every one is familiar with its form. But you will see it and not yet understand the secret of its wonderful beauty. We are assured that the curve is the line of beauty; but here is the pure Doric that admits of nothing save the severest of straight lines. And it is only within very recent times it has been discovered that the pediment is slightly curved, and the pillars are not perpendicular.

"Some years ago," says a recent German writer, Hettner, "it was discovered, by exact measurements of the Parthenon, that its substructure was not strictly horizontal: it rises from the extremities toward the middle in a slight curve. This astonishing discovery was followed by a second—that the pillars were not quite perpendicular: at the capital, they incline an inch and a half toward the wall of the temple. This striking circumstance, believed at first to be a peculiarity of the Parthenon, has been proved by Penrose, in his meritorious work on the Athenian temples, to exist also in the case of the Temple of Theseus. With a view to the investigation of this point, only the temples of Athens have as yet been examined; it is re-

served for future admeasurements of the older Greek temples to show whether the same phenomenon exists in their case, or was an invention of the later Attic-Doric style. This much is certain, however, that in later times it was a universal and established principle in the construction of all Greek temples."

We are within the citadel of Athens, in the midst of scattered fragments of the noblest works of man; heaps of broken cornices, statues, basso, and frieze,

FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

strewed over the ground as if the gods had been dashing to pieces their own temples and images, or rather as if the great God had swept over these idols with the besom of destruction. Within this temple, when it was dedicated, the great statue of Minerva, made of ivory and gold, was set up. Phidias, the prince of sculptors, had the superintendence of the building of the temple under Pericles, who then swayed Athens with his eloquence; and with his own hands he fashioned the idol, which surpassed any other in the world

but one—a statue of Jupiter, at Olympia, by the same artist. I sat down on a marble fragment in front of the temple and mused upon the present and the past. Twenty-six centuries had left their marks on these stones. Under one corner, in a pit, was a heap of bones, perhaps five hundred skulls, with other bones of slaughtered Greeks, who fell in the last war with the Turks, now thrown together in this common grave. Like them these successive generations had been wasted away, some by war, some by famine or pestilence, for death never wearies, and doubtless all this ground has once lived and breathed. Then I clambered up the broken walls (with a little caution you may ascend by the successive tiers of stone which are left in their fall like a flight of steps) till I gained the entablature over the front of the temple. Immense blocks of marble—it seemed to me we never raise such masses into such lofty resting-places—were hanging over the edge of the wall, or reaching across from the outer to the inner row of columns; and not contented still, I pursued my way up to the highest of the marbles, that rests on the very crown of the Parthenon. And then the tide of feeling, restrained until this height was gained, began to flow. Greece was all around me: the monuments of the past, the ruins of the present, Greece in her glory and her fall; and I was sad as the Roman who wept among the ruins of the city his fathers had destroyed.

From this lofty and commanding seat let us take a survey of the scene. All that we have read in the history and poetry of Greece, of learning, love, war,

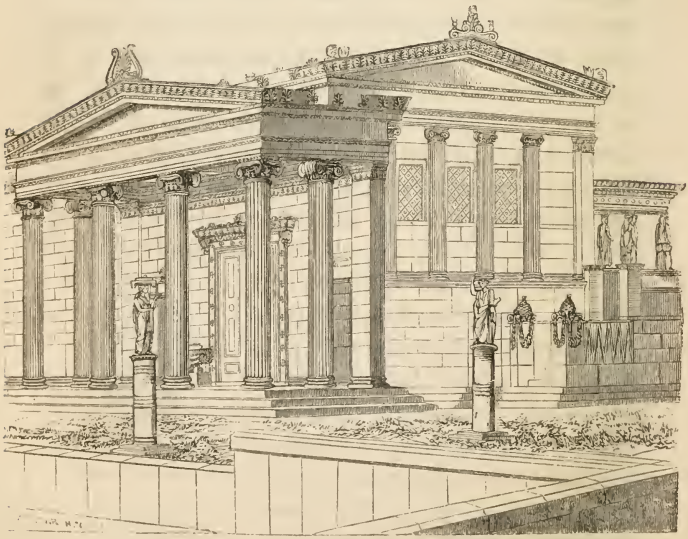
religion—all that can stir the sensibilities of the scholar, the philosopher, and the Christian, are elements in the prospect that lies in view. Just at our feet is the modern city; but here, at the north of the Acropolis—for the ancient city swept all around the hill—are the more celebrated sites, which we shall soon go down and examine in detail. Now admire the form of those blue hills that lie to the south and west of us. Those swelling domes and graceful curves were the models of beauty which the Grecian architect contemplated till he wrought out his idea afterward in these glorious structures which we have in vain essayed to imitate. Yonder, where the clouds are resting now, is Mount Pentelicus, whose snow-white bosom yielded the marble on which we are sitting; there, in the same range, is Lycabettus; and as we come around to the eastward is Hymettus, famed for its honey, which it furnishes to this day. And off there, in the east, in full sight, is the Bay of Salamis; and across the water is Mount Ægaleos, the scene of the naval battle where Xerxes saw the ruin of his fleet. Nearer by is a gentle rise of ground crowned with olive groves. It is the hill Colonos, where was once a temple of Neptune. And that grove is Academus, where Plato taught his pupils who came forth from the city—a mile perhaps—to sit at the feet of the great master. The grove belonged to a man named Academus, who gave it for the use

PLATO.

of Plato to deliver his discourses, and hence it was called Academia, and so comes our word Academy. Turn again and pause at the hill of the museum with a ruined tomb on the top of it, and that dark spot at its base is the door of the dungeon in which Socrates died.

But we will now descend from this post of observation. It is painfully pleasing to linger here. Capitoline Hill in Rome did not afford a sight like this. Besides, one ancient Greek was worth half a dozen Romans; and I feel the same degrees of veneration in wandering among the ruins of Italy and of Greece.

Within the Acropolis are the ruins of another temple, the Erechtheum, reared to the honor of Erech-



THE ERECHTHEUM.

theus, who founded the first temple of Minerva that was built on this hill. It contained three distinct temples, and their proportions and apartments are still preserved, beautiful fragments of a noble structure. We entered their chambers and recognized the uses to which they were destined in the worship of the unknown God. Six fluted columns, of the Ionic order, stand in the pride of their age, as perfect as if chiseled yesterday; and the Caryatides, the female figures serving as pillars, seemed to me to be wearied of standing there with a weight on their heads for twenty hundred years. We spent some time in looking through a curious gathering of vases, urns, household utensils, statuary, marble drapery, hands, feet, heads, torsos, models of all time. Casts of them have been taken and carried to the western countries for the instruction of artists; and now a strict watch is kept, lest the spoilers of old temples carry off some of these. It was difficult to get even specimens of the marble.

CARYATIDES.

I left the Acropolis, but to come again and again; sometimes in company of friends, and sometimes alone, when one enters more into the spirit of a scene of solemn grandeur, such as lies around and stands above him when he enters the citadel of ancient Athens. Across a plowed

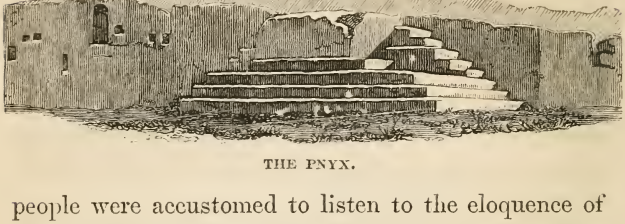
field we picked our way, a walk of a few minutes only, to the foot of Mars' Hill. Sixteen steps cut in the solid rock lead us to a hewn platform in the same rock, where sat the famous council of the Areopagus. In the darkness of night, in the open air, under the canopy of heaven, where they could not see the criminal or be seen themselves except by the gods, these stern old judges held their court on this hill of Mars. Here Socrates was tried and condemned. Up these steps the great Apostle was led, and on this spot, the tribune where the speaker stood, we suppose Paul was standing when he addressed the men of Athens in that majestic discourse which assailed their paganism, and unfolded to them the knowledge of the only living and true God. Standing as nearly as we could upon the spot where he stood, I opened the Bible and read his discourse, delivered from the same place more than eighteen hundred years ago. Several friends, ladies and gentlemen, had joined us now, and a little group stood in silence and fixed attention, listening to the words of the great Apostle. It is impossible to feel the full force of that sermon without understanding the locality in which it was delivered. Before the speaker was this Acropolis, shining with the splendor of the most beautiful temples, and enriched with the most costly shrines the world ever saw. Around him lay the proud city of Athens, with all its learning and art, yet plunged in the gross darkness of paganism; and no wonder that the spirit of the Apostle was stirred to point to these temples, and with his trumpet-voice

to tell them that the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. We compared these allusions in his discourse with the objects still near us, and drew new lessons from the illustrations thus forced upon our attention. My friends urged me while in Athens to preach a sermon on Mars' Hill to the English residents, but I confess that I shrunk from preaching in Paul's pulpit.

We then travelled across the fields to the hill, in the side of which is a dungeon hewn out of a solid rock, and tradition, without any dispute, assigns to this place the imprisonment and death of Socrates. We entered the low door and could barely stand upright under the vaulted roof. A hole in the top of it might admit air, and served also for the introduction of food, which the keepers could let down to the prisoner. In this dungeon he drank the hemlock, and died: the purest of heathen philosophers, and a man whose principles make a nearer approach to the religion of the Bible, than any one's who has lived and died without it.

BUST OF SOCRATES.

Leaving the dungeon of Socrates, we came over to the Pnyx, the tribune on which the Grecian orators stood to address the gathered thousands of Athens. A rock had been smoothed off for a platform, and at its base was a wide area, which may have been inclosed within a wall: but here in the open air the



THE PNYX.

people were accustomed to listen to the eloquence of such men as Demosthenes and Pericles, and to decide by a popular vote those great questions on which the fate of empires hung.

Demetrius led us still further on to a sloping rock, worn very smooth, and we are told that the Grecian ladies were accustomed to slide down this inclined plane on their backs, as a certain cure for sterility. Our Greek guide, in his white skirt, showed us how the slide was made, by performing the experiment. These were sights enough for one day. For many successive days they were continued. Sometimes we wandered again over these same ruins and remains, meditating in this sepulchre of a dead city, and over these monuments of a noble and departed race.

In the great square in front of the Capitol, I met the King and Queen riding on horseback, and dressed in full Greek costume. Otho, son of the old king of Bavaria, has a strong German look, which his costume, adopted to please the Greeks, does not conceal. They were attended by a suite of half a dozen gentlemen, and were out for an airing in the afternoon. The King is not popular. He is a foreigner; the Greeks are a proud people, with little or nothing to

Pride of the people. Race-course.

be proud of, and they chafe more and more under the idea of being ruled by an imported prince. If they should form an extensive conspiracy on the *know-nothing* principle of American nativism, they may overturn the government one fine morning. Nothing but English and French influence keeps it up now, and a government that can not stand alone, is not likely to stand long.

The next day Demetrius led us out of the city to the ancient *stadium*, or race course. In a vale with the hills rising gently on both sides, where spectators in uncounted thousands might sit or stand and survey the contests, we found the evident marks of the old running ground. The sloping hillsides were once lined with white marble seats, now all gone. But here the chariots and horsemen and footmen had contended, after months of training, princes not disdaining, as in the Olympic games, to enter the lists, if they might have princes for their competitors. Two of our young friends pitted themselves against one another, and set off to perform the course, but broke down and gave it up before they were half-way around. An ancient carriage-way leads up by a tunnel to the hill above, and by this subterranean passage, when the race was over, the competitors might retire.

Nearer to the city is the temple of Jupiter Olympus, the greatest building that was ever reared in Athens. It was begun by Pisistratus, 500 B.C., and never completed till under Hadrian, A.D. 150. And now there stands a host of unsupported sixteen Co-

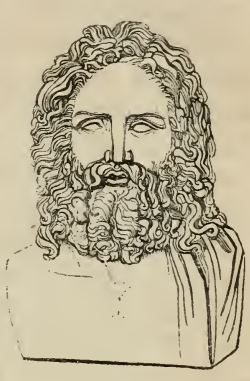
Floor of the temple. Fallen column.

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS.

rinthian columns, perhaps sixty feet high: beautiful columns they are, and sublime in their naked grandeur. The gathered soil of twenty centuries has been removed, and the white marble floor is now exposed to the light of heaven, and in the midst of those perfect monuments of the past, we trod the courts of the temple of Jupiter, as the worshippers did for centuries before Christ was born. About two years ago one of these columns fell, and now lies prone ("as the tree falleth so it lieth") in fifteen separate blocks, besides the capital and pedestal—a glorious ruin—an emblem of Greece; more suggestive as it lies than those still

Paganism dies. Fountains and streams.

standing. A Christian must rejoice to know that paganism dies before the light of revelation, but he sighs to think that these beautiful fabrics of art are destroyed, never, never to be built again.



JOVE.

But these hills, and the streams and fountains are the same! Yes; the hills of Greece are still ours, and we can see them as the old bards saw them. The rivers are either dried up or shrunk away to such little rills that they scarce deserve a name. And when, after half an hour of tiresome walking, we found the fountain of Callirhoe, it was a pool of muddy water, at the foot of a hill, and a dozen women washing clothes in it. Demetrius picked up a bar of soap which one of them had lost on her way, and restored it to the owner. Some of them had their own clothes tucked up, and others were very scantily supplied with any; and the contrast was a sorry one with the nymphs who haunted the spot when this was the great spring from which the city was supplied.

The Ilissus, which rises in Hymettus and flows along the eastern boundary of the ancient city, sung by poets, and once the stream by which lovers walked and rested, is now dried up a part of the year, and at others a rill that one may go over dry-shod.

Returning to the city we met a Greek funeral.

The body was exposed to view in a rude coffin. Flowers were strewed over it and arranged about the head; and as the little procession moved on, the priests going before kept up a mournful wail which was considered singing. Afterward in their churches I heard the same tones and tunes, if such they may be called, and had but a poor impression of the present state of sacred music in Greece.

On the *Porta Agora*, one of the ancient gates which we entered, a list of duties to be paid by those bringing articles of traffic into the city is standing there, cut in the old Greek letter, in the granite, just as we see a list of tolls on the post of a turnpike gate. We soon found ourselves in the market; and the appearance of a party of Americans created quite a sensation. I was making notes in my book, and the younger people crowded closely to my side and looked over my shoulder to observe the curious characters which I made; as odd to them as would be Greek letters to us. The stands were loaded with various kinds of fruits, which they urged us to buy; and we carried off a supply of figs and raisins, leaving the dates and lemons, pears, pomegranates, prunes, and nuts of various kinds, the names of which I did not know. Olives are raised in great abundance. They are an oily fruit, about the size of a large acorn, and are in high favor in the East generally as an article of food, as well as for the manufacture of oil. The tree is also used for fuel more than any other, being sold for that purpose by the pound, as coal is with us: and for building it is one of the most durable kinds

of wood. Without paint, and exposed to all weathers, it will last some centuries. The olive-tree lives longer than any other that is known; eighteen hundred and two thousand years are affirmed of some, so that it is not impossible that some of the trees now on the Mount of Olives in Palestine are the same that Jesus saw, and there may be in these groves about Athens some that have shaded Aristotle and his pupils when high philosophy was the theme of their discourse.

With the friends whom I met and made in Athens, I rode out to the grove of Academus, and along the banks of the Cephissus, the largest river in Attica, rising in Mount Pentelicus and flowing along the west of Athens into the Saronic gulf, near Phalerum. And then we gave another day to Eleusis, where the temple of Ceres stood, and the celebrated but hidden Eleusinian mysteries were performed. This ride took us along the shores of Salamis, and every foot of the ground we passed was classic in the history of war or religion. We called on our way at an old monastery fitted up from the remains of a pagan temple, and I thought that no great improvement upon the heathenism of the ancient Greeks would be made by the moderns, who turn a temple of one form of idolatry, into a school of another. A wretched village we found at Eleusis. From the little hovels large families of half-clad men, women, and children, came out to see us, and babes in the arms of their mothers would put out their hands for alms. The men were hanging around as if they had nothing to do, and the women were busy at their work; one very pretty Greek girl with

Boys all over. Spinning street-yarn.

an embroidered black waist above a white skirt, might have claimed to be a descendant of some of the Grecian models. We walked up the Sacra Via, to the Acropolis where the temple stood, and found the broken columns and capitals only, as the memorial of what had been. But here we had a beautiful view of the Bay of Salamis and Mount Ægaleos, and the widespread plains of Eleusis, whose abundant harvests were the witnesses of the care which Ceres took of the region where her altars were honored.

As we drove off from the village the boys jumped up on the carriage behind to catch a ride, and those who could not, cried out to the coachman to "cut behind," as boys do all the world over, I believe. It was so much like what we see at home, that the boys actually received applause for their stolen fun. We were now out in the country, some hours from Athens. We met the peasantry on foot or riding on donkeys, apparently wretchedly poor, a blanket sometimes drawn over their head and shoulders. The shepherds, with their crooks in hand, were tending their flocks, but the whole appearance of the region through which we rode was that of neglected agriculture and general shiftlessness. In the city I looked in where the women were weaving on hand-looms, as no factories driven by water or steam have yet been introduced. They spin from the old distaff, and here, as in Germany and Italy, we sometimes saw women walking in the streets, or standing at a neighbor's door, and spinning all the while, a practice from which comes the expression of "spinning street-yarn."

meaning "gadding about." The people are not much more than half-civilized; yet to see the men strutting along in their kilts and tarbouches like turkey-cocks, they might be thought, as indeed they are, the proudest people in the world.

One of the most curious of the antiquities of Athens is the Tower of the Winds, in the midst of the city. It was built to show the direction of the wind: the form of the stone tower is an octagon, and in each one of the sides is the name and an emblematical form of the wind that blows from the direction indicated. Boreas, with his huge beard, is blowing fiercely; the Northeast is a fairer form, dispensing the olive; the East wind comes with other fruits —not so with us; the South threatens to pour out torrents of rain, and the beautiful Zephyr strews the land with flowers.

BOREAS.

The future of Greece is very uncertain. Weak and corrupt, the present government has no elements of progress, and may speedily be set aside for political reasons by those who now support it, or be overturned by the restless people themselves. The sympathies of Otho and his court have been with the Russians in the late war of the East, and the insurrection of the Greek provinces of Turkey was fostered.

if not directly supported by this government. The most hopeful indication is seen in the willingness of the church and state to have the Bible read in all the schools, thus introducing principles into the minds of the young which may make them better citizens of some better government that may succeed the present. An English writer in a recent work on this country, says: "From all that I have seen or read or heard among persons of different nations, stations, and principles, the present government of Greece seems to be about the most inefficient, corrupt, and, above all, contemptible, with which a nation was ever cursed. The constitution is so worked as to be constantly and flagrantly evaded or violated; the liberty of election is shamefully infringed; and where no overt bribery or intimidation is employed—charges from which we Englishmen can, I fear, by no means make out an exemption—the absence of the voters, who regard the whole process as a mockery, is compensated by the electoral boxes being filled with voting-papers by the gensdarmerie—a height of impudence to which we have not yet soared. Persons the most discredited by their characters and antecedents are forced on the reluctant constituencies, and even occasionally advanced to places of high trust and dignity. The absence of legislative checks is not atoned for by the vigor of the executive in promoting public improvements. Agriculture stagnates; manufactures do not exist; the communications, except in the immediate neighborhood of the capital, where they are good, are deplorable: the provinces—and here I can hardly ex-

cept the neighborhood of the capital—teem with robbers. The navy, for which the aptitude of the people is remarkable, consists of one vessel: the public debt is not paid: an offer by a company of respectable individuals to institute a steam navigation, for which the seas and shores of Greece offer such innumerable facilities, was declined at the very period of my visit, because it was apprehended that it would be unpalatable to Austria. Bitter indeed is the disappointment of those who formed bright auguries for the future career of regenerate Greece, and made generous sacrifices in her once august and honored cause. Yet the feeling so natural to them, so difficult to avoid for us all, should still stop far short of despair."

Let us look at what is done for the moral improvement of this people. A Sunday in Athens will give us the picture.

The services in the Greek churches are usually held at a very early hour of the day—often at seven in the morning; but on this day there was to be a special service in honor of some dead saint, and it began later. We went at nine, and the sermon was already begun. It was the church of *St. Irene*, and there was some reason to expect the King to be present. He is a Roman Catholic. The Queen is a Lutheran, and their children, if they have any, are to be educated in the Greek faith. The King has the services of his church in the Royal Chapel; the Queen has hers in the same place, and they both attend the Greek church. To-day they did not come. But the house was very full. The people do not sit; but

stand around generally; and the singular variety of costume, Eastern and Western, and a mixture of both, gives a motley yet picturesque appearance to the assembly. The poor, in their shaggy coats and dirty leggins, stand close by the gayly-dressed Greek dandies, proud of their white kilts, red stockings, and dark laced jacket, all surmounted by a red cap and long tassel. The women are not allowed in the body of the church; they are standing up there in the gallery, looking wistfully down, and now and then the men are looking wistfully up. A priest in the pulpit is preaching earnestly in the Greek tongue, holding his sermon in his hand and reading it, with animated gesture and a good voice, while the people stand close around him, and give fixed attention to his words. The language is smooth, and comes fluently from his lips; but with an accent so different from the ancient Greek, as we pronounce it, that I can catch only here and there a word. The moderns make no distinction between the long and short o or e, when the accent comes on another vowel in the word, and this completely changes the sound of all the prominent words in the sentence.

We stood for half an hour, and as the preaching was all Greek to us, we looked about at the pictures, which were meant to adorn the church, and perhaps excite the devotions of the people. More conspicuous than any other was one of the Trinity, in which the Father was painted as a venerable man with a long white beard, the Holy Spirit as a dove hovering beneath him, and over the head of the Son. The Virgin

Mary was very well drawn on another picture, and then came saints, male and female, to whom I had no introduction, and could not learn their names. After the sermon a doleful wail was set up by a few men near the altar, or where the altar would be in a Romish church; probably it was supposed to be singing, but such a groaning and grating sound I had never heard under the name of music. It was continued until to hear it was intolerable. A company of gorgeously robed priests, in a room partitioned from the church, and which might be the holy of holies, now marched around a table, bearing lighted candles, and bowing as they passed before an image of the Saviour crucified. This was prolonged until we were sick and tired of seeing it, and we came away. The streets were as full of people as the church had been. Many of the shops were open, although the law requires them to be shut during hours of service on Sunday—a sort of license to have them open the rest of the day.

We walked up a narrow lane, and knocked hard upon a small gate in a high stone wall, which was immediately opened, and found ourselves in the garden before the humble residence of Dr. King. On another side of his inclosure he has a chapel, where he formerly held public worship on Sunday; but he thinks it more prudent to have it now in his own house. In a long room on the ground floor we found a company of thirty or forty Greeks assembled, chiefly men; some of the members of the University, one or two of them occupying positions of influence in the city; several females well dressed, and all sitting with

apparent solemnity and earnest attention. Dr. King rose, and all stood up while he offered prayer. It was short, solemn, in a soft and pleasing tone of voice that answered well to the state of feeling in the room. Then he read a portion of Scripture from the New Testament. Holding the book in my hand, I was now able to follow him, and to watch the countenances of those who heard. It was an impressive portion, embracing several of the parables of our Lord, the marriage supper and the talents, and was heard with great interest by the whole assembly. He then named his text—"*And the door was shut;*" from which he presented the necessity of immediate exertion to gain admission into the kingdom of heaven. His manner was earnest, and often very impressive, as he pronounced in that most mellifluous of all tongues, the words of life. A fine-looking young man, sitting immediately in front of the speaker, was greatly moved. At one time I thought he would start from his seat and ask the preacher to take him by the hand and lead him in. Dr. King has so long been accustomed to the Eastern modes of thought and expression, that he has a happy facility in illustration which renders his addresses at once intelligible and interesting. In the midst of his discourse one of the officers of the army, in full military dress, entered, and declining the offer of a chair, stood with fixed eye till the service was concluded. After sermon was a prayer and the benediction, when the company retired with decorum and solemnity, as it appeared to me impressed with what they had heard. It was decidedly

A striking scene. Lovely sight.

a missionary scene. The strange costumes, the foreign tongue, the singular manners, all brought before me the sight I had so long desired to see; and it was a special gratification to me that the first scene of the kind met me in Greece, and under the preaching of this venerable man of God, who has suffered so much for Christ's sake, and whose name is so dear to the churches in his own land. To be in Athens is an event in any man's life; but to hear Jonas King preaching the Gospel at the foot of Mars' Hill is a joy to be cherished in memory even in heaven. And there was another scene, less imposing, but not less interesting, that followed this public service. In a small room adjoining the one in which we had been assembled, I found a young lady, the daughter of Dr. King, seated on a low bench, and a group of Greek children sitting in a circle around her, each with a Bible in hand, while they repeated to her the passages they had committed to memory, and answered promptly the inquiries she made respecting the history they had read. As she put her arm around each one that came and stood by her side, and with sweet, gentle words of kindness told them stories of this old book, to which they listened eagerly, as if it were a treat to them to be there, it seemed to me that here was the loveliest spirit of religion at work in the loveliest way. Of *such* is the kingdom—I mean such teachers as well as children.

But the Sabbath was not yet past. The missionary friends in Athens had desired me to preach for them during my visit here, and arrangements were

made for an evening service at the house of Dr. King. There were gathered the missionaries of the Baptist church, of the Episcopal church, and of the American Board and their families, with the Chaplain of the British Legation at Constantinople, the British Vice Consul, and a few others, filling the room. Among my hearers this evening was the Rev. Dr. Hill, a clergyman of the American Episcopal church, who has been a missionary here in Athens for many years. At his invitation I visited him the next day, and found that he with his excellent wife, and the celebrated Miss Elizabeth Condaxaki, of Crete, and several accomplished ladies as their assistants, are carrying on the work of education with great efficiency, having three hundred pupils under their daily instruction. They are also engaged in the translation of good books, which, by the means of their large school and extensive intercourse with the people, they are able to circulate with every prospect of wide and permanent usefulness. At Dr. Hill's house, in a social evening with a party of invited friends, I met several native Greek gentlemen and ladies of education and cultivated manners, and had free conversation with them on the state and prospects of their country.

The Baptists have also a mission here. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold at Athens, and the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Buel at the Piræus, are faithfully prosecuting their important labors.

With the families of these missionaries I spent several delightful days; short while they were passing, but not soon to be forgotten.

CHAPTER XVI.

ASIA MINOR—SMYRNA.

Leaving Greece—The "Maid of Athens"—Mrs. Black and her Daughter—Syra—Bay of Smyrna—The City—Mixed Population—Mount Pagus—Polycarp—Camels—Bazaars—Trade—Homer—Seven Churches of Asia—American Missionaries—Robbers in the Mountains—Hamals or Porters.

THE missionaries and their families accompanied us to the harbor, when we finally tore ourselves away from Athens. At the Piræus we called with Dr. King upon Mrs. Black, the lady who, in her youth, was the original of Byron's "*Maid of Athens.*" She received us with great courtesy, and we were introduced by Dr. King, who performed the marriage ceremony uniting her to Mr. Black, a British subject, and at one time holding the office of Consul at Athens. Her daughter gave us, in her youthful beauty, a better idea of what the mother was when the poet addressed her than we should have had, if this young lady had not risen from a couch to which she was confined by illness, and suffered herself to be presented. From this interesting family we hastened to the wharf, and were taken off in a row-boat to the steamer, waiting at anchor. Not till we were on the deck of the steamer would our dear friends, Dr. King and his family, leave us. Then with many tears and

prayers we parted; they to return to their home and their work, we to pursue our journey.

The next morning we found ourselves again at Syra, where we were transferred to another steamer bound to Smyrna. A terrible storm arose and tossed us about for two or three days among the Cyclades, till we were all sea-sick and home-sick, and sick of every thing.

The barren coasts of Asia were off at our left on Sunday morning, December 11; and at length, far ahead of us, we descried the domes of Smyrna.

The approach to Smyrna gives promise of a splendid city. The site was suggested to Alexander the Great in a dream, it is said by an old tradition; but if he had any thing to do with it, he was probably wide awake when he made choice of the spot, at the head of a noble and beautiful bay, more than thirty miles long, and from five to fifteen across. Tempest-tossed and worn with the sickness of the sea, it was a comfort not to be forgotten when we set foot on the wharf. But in what country we were it was hard to tell. All sorts of costumes were around us; the turbaned Turk, the kilted Greek, and the European dress of the French, more abundant there than any other; with flaunting signs of coffee-houses in English, French, and Turkish, and as many languages ringing in our ears from men who would take us to a good hotel or show us the wonders of the town.

The fires that have swept off many of its old and wretched quarters have opened the way for new streets, well laid out, and houses that present as good an ap-

pearance as those we meet with in many European cities. But the mixture of people makes a variety in the style of houses and streets as marked as that of the dress. Smyrna has 150,000 people in it, and 80,000 of these are Turks, 40,000 are Greeks, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, and 5000 Franks. They have separate quarters of the town to themselves, and we wandered around them to see the way they live.

Overlooking the city is Mount Pagus, on which the castle was erected, called, as in most of the Greek cities, the Acropolis, now in ruins. Within it are the relics of a temple reared to Jupiter. On the same hilltop may have been the site of the church of Smyrna, one of the "Seven churches of Asia;" not probable however, though there is little doubt that in this hollow, a short distance below the castle, the aged POLYCARP suffered martyrdom, A.D. 166, and here is his sepulchre unto this day. He was for more than eighty years pastor of the church of Smyrna. "The persecution under Antoninus growing violent in that city, a general outcry was raised for the blood of Polycarp. On this he withdrew privately into a neighboring village, where he lay concealed for some time, continuing night and day in prayer for the peace of the Church. The most diligent search was, in the mean time, made for him without effect. But when his enemies proceeded to put some of his brethren to the torture, with the view of compelling them to betray him, he could no longer remain concealed. 'The Lord's will be done,' was his ejaculation; on which he made a surrender of himself to his enemies,

saluting them with a cheerful countenance, and inviting them to refresh themselves at his table, only soliciting one hour for prayer. His request was granted, and his devotions were prolonged to double that period, with such sweetness and fervor, that all who heard him were struck with admiration, and the soldiers repented of their errand. Having ended his prayer, he was placed on an ass and was conveyed to the place of judgment. He was met on the way by one of the magistrates, who took him into his carriage and tried to persuade him to abjure his profession; but he was unyielding. On his approaching the place of execution the proconsul, ashamed of putting to death so aged and venerable a man, urged him to blaspheme Christ." It was then that he made the memorable answer, "Eighty-six years have I served him, during all which time he never did me injury; how then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" When further urged, his answer was, "I am a Christian." When threatened with wild beasts, he said, "Bring them forth"—when with fire, he reminded them of the eternal fire that awaited the ungodly. He died at the stake, uttering the words of praise rather than of prayer.

With Polycarp several Christians from Philadelphia suffered. Again and again in successive centuries this hillside has been reddened with the blood of martyrs. At one time, in 1770, the Moslems commenced a general massacre of Christians, and fifteen hundred were put to death. So in 1822, when the isle of Scio was the scene of butchery, eight hundred

Greek Christians were slaughtered near the scene of Polycarp's martyrdom.

The most decided mark of Orientalism was the troop of camels coming into the city from the interior, with their burdens so broad as to fill the narrow streets, and to make the walking difficult, if not dangerous. I counted forty of them in half an hour, and then coming upon a hundred in one square, gave up counting. They walked in single file, six of them usually tied together; and the first one, the most venerable, being tied to a donkey, on which a man was riding as the guide of the rest. These camels moved on with a solemn, meditative pace, now and then making a shrieking kind of noise, but rarely; rather looking like the connecting link between the animal and machine; called, indeed, the "ships of the desert;" but their rate of travel, not over three miles an hour, hardly justifies that title. Patient, however, and powerful to bear burdens and thirst, they are wisely made for travel and transport where no other means of conveyance are available.

The Bazaars display rich and costly goods in great variety; much of Oriental fabric, shawls, carpets, caps, and scarfs, and thousands of things that come from Paris and London, showing the gradual, and now the rapid progress which Western civilization is making in the East. When a fire lays waste a part of the town, it is rebuilt in the Western more than in the Eastern style; and with the use of European dwellings all the comforts and luxuries of a more refined mode of life must follow. These Bazaars are covered

streets, and the stores are small apartments, perhaps ten feet square, in the centre of which the merchant sits, smoking his long pipe, and quite indifferent whether you buy or not. The customers stand in the street and examine the goods as they are laid on a counter at the edge of the walk. Generally the price asked is one third more than the sum to be paid, and sometimes the offer of half price makes a bargain. The trade of Smyrna is very great, especially in fruits, being the natural outlet of Asia Minor, one of the finest fruit countries in the world. The camels bring in the ripe figs, which are picked and packed by women and children in drums and boxes, hastened on shipboard, and then commence the races across the seas; a prize of $150 being paid in London to the captain who arrives with the first vessel, and a much greater prize being won in the market by the vessel that arrives first in New York after the fruit crop comes in. Smyrna is celebrated for its figs, but the market was better supplied with almost all other kinds of Oriental fruit than figs when we were there, this having been a very poor season for them, as we were told.

The scholar is interested in Smyrna as the reputed birth-place of Homer—for this is one of those of which it is said,

> "Seven cities claimed the Homer dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The ancients celebrated it under the names of the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia; and

Seven churches of Asia.

the moderns have pronounced it comparable in situation to Naples itself. I sought it as the spot where my great namesake studied in the school of Polycarp, who sat at the feet of St. John. But the chief interest in Smyrna which the Christian traveller finds, is in the fact that here was one of the seven churches of Asia, of which mention is made by St. John in the Apocalypse, the others being in the same region, and accessible by journeys of a few successive hours. *Ephesus*, where John resided, is only twelve hours off, and near the coast; but the ruins of the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians, one of the seven wonders of the world, are no longer to be seen; even the site is not to be pointed out. It was burnt by an incendiary, who wished to make his name immortal in connection with the ruin of such a temple. The wild beast prowls now where once was the most splendid edifice of its time on the face of the earth. *Laodicea*, another of the seven, is now deserted, though the ruins of temples and theatres plainly mark the site. *Philadelphia* has three thousand houses, and is the residence of the Greek bishop. *Sardis* consists of a few shepherds' huts, and a mill on the river Pactolus, whose golden sands were once so famed. *Thyatira* is full of ruins; the mouths of the wells are made of the capitals of beautiful columns, and the streets in many parts are paved with fragments of carved stone, relics of the ancient city. *Pergamos* is a magnificent tomb of former greatness; arches half buried, and columns in the sand, are the mournful memorials of the place

where the faithful martyr Antipas suffered, and where Satan's seat was when the Apostle John wrote his letters to the seven churches.

Smyrna is the only one of the seven cities that continues to be a place of any importance. And even Smyrna of the present is not on the site of the former. It is hard to make it a fact that time can work such changes, so that places which knew these vast cities know them no more. Open to the second and third chapters of the Revelation, and read the prophecy and warning there uttered, and observe the wonderful fulfillment of every word. All this Eastern world abounds in lessons of light and instruction on the pages of sacred truth; and every day of travel among the islands of the Archipelago, or the cities of Asia Minor, invests those pages with a reality that they never possessed before. All this is more than classic, it is hallowed scenery.

Smyrna has long been an important station of missions from the American Board. Here that good man DANIEL TEMPLE labored, and his influence, now that he is dead and gone, is felt among the people, as I was assured by residents. With my friends, Messrs. Hill and Righter, I called on the American missionaries now here, and we were welcomed with a heartiness that made it a double joy to meet them. The Rev. Mr. Ladd is preaching to the Armenians, and Miss Watson and Miss Danforth are engaged in teaching. The Rev. Mr. Morgan and the Rev. Mr. Parsons are directing their efforts to the Jews, who are numerous in Smyrna, and have a part of the city to them-

Self-denials. Robbers.

selves, through which we walked with these missionaries. Perhaps more deeply than at Athens, I felt the greatness of the sacrifice which these men and their wives are making when they expatriate themselves in youth, and suffer an exile for life from the relations of one's own country and home; not suffering the want of food or raiment, or houses to dwell in—all these things they may have here in as much abundance and comfort as in America—but denying themselves all that goes to make the future of one's life on earth attractive, and contenting themselves with the prospect of doing little or nothing of which they will see any fruits while they live, and with no hope or desire of being any thing more than an unknown preacher of the Gospel in a foreign land. Yet how cheerful these men and women are! To see them in their houses, at the fireside, or around the table, you would not think of their being away from home—indeed they are not; they have made it a home where duty calls them, and are just as happy here as they would be in their native land.

The missionaries would not allow us to make any excursions in the neighborhood of the city, not even to ascend Mount Pagus, as the country is infested with robbers, who still carry on a system of plunder which I supposed was broken up even in this semi-barbarous region. Not long since an English gentleman residing here, a merchant, was walking in his garden near his villa, a short distance out of the city, when four robbers entered and told him he must go with them. He knew his fate at once, and sending his children to

inform their mother that he was going away, but would return in a day or two, he walked off with his captors. They conducted him to their lurking-place among the mountains, gave him a place to sleep in their cave, and the next morning took his draft for five thousand dollars to his banking-house at Smyrna, and getting the money as the price of his liberty, restored him to his distracted family. Not unfrequently they have carried off children in this way, and if their parents hesitate about the ransom, the robbers send them the ears of the children, and say that their heads will come the next day unless the money is forthcoming. In vain has the government attempted to break up these lawless hordes. If a detachment of soldiers should be sent in search of them, the soldiers would be quite as likely to become robbers as to catch the rest.

I was struck with the muscular build and bearing of the *hamals* or porters of Smyrna. They come from the region of Lake Van, and enjoy a monopoly of the carrying business in the city. After spending a few years at Smyrna, and acquiring some property, they return to their native district, and others come down to supply their places. We had been told that some of them would carry on their backs as much as five or six hundred pounds; but doubting the truth of the statement, we made inquiries, and found that it was under rather than over the truth. The Dutch consul, Mr. Van Lennep, assured me that he had often had men in his service who would carry eight or even nine hundred pounds; and he gave me an account of one

A strong porter. Large story.

man who, upon a wager, took fifteen hundred pounds on his back, walked across the street with it, slipped and fell under the load, and was crushed to death. We told our friends that we were very willing to hear the largest stories they had to relate, but really this would be hardly credited. However, the authority was abundant, and we could not doubt it. Of course no man could raise such a burden with his hands. He has it placed upon his back, and then walks off with it. With this load we will take leave of Smyrna.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FEARFUL VOYAGE.

Going to the Wars—Turks, Arabs, and Nubians on Board—Mutinous, ragged, wretched Fellows—Sickness—Fat Turk sleeps with us—Isle of Tenedos—Site of Old Troy—Turks demand to be put ashore—Quieted again—Death comes—In the Dardanelles—Burial of the Turk—Abydos—Sea of Marmora.

December 11. It was after dark when we reached the steamer bound for Constantinople. Had we known what was before us, it is more than probable that we should have forfeited our passage money and waited for another vessel. The war with Russia is calling for all the fighting men that can be raised in the Turkish dominions, and though we had heard that some troops from Smyrna were ready to go to Constantinople, we had no thought of having the pleasure of their company, nor the sort of company they would prove, should they be our fellow-travellers. We found it rough in getting from the wharf to the steamer, and once or twice, in the half mile of rowing in the bay, I thought we were to be swamped. The excitement of this run made us glad to get under the lee of the steamer, where we were surprised to find scores of small boats before us, loaded with men scaling the sides of the ship with ropes, and shouting from the boats below to those on board. The step-ladder was

Wild Arabs. Rough fellows.

thronged so that it seemed impossible for us to make the ascent. Some were struggling to get up, and others as determined to get down: all was confusion; but by dint of perseverance, pushing our way through, at some risk of being pushed into the sea, we reached the deck, where the scene before us began to unfold in colors far from inviting or propitious. Three or four companies of volunteers from the interior of Asia Minor, wild men of the mountains, Turks, Arabs, Nubians, and those whose tribe or tongue it would be difficult to define—a savage horde, armed to the teeth many of them, and some with no arms; well clothed some, and others half clad, were now crowding on deck, and spreading themselves over the ship. With their luggage for the battle-fields in great bundles, they were making rough beds for themselves, and packing closely together, at once for the purpose of keeping each other warm and making room for the troop. Some were howling and shouting, some were singing and laughing, more of them grave and sullen, frowning and gloomy; refusing companionship with those about them, they sat wrapped in their blankets and meditations. The work of lading was still going on; merchandise and coal were hoisted in along with the Turks and their plunder, increasing the uproar. Many of these rough fellows had come from a warmer climate than this, and as the night was cold, they hovered near the machinery and smoke-pipe, sitting down on the warmest place they could find, and shivering even there. A lot of them sheltered by the gunwale from the wind were merry, and made music

on a rude instrument in imitation of a drum—an earthen jar with a dried skin stretched over the mouth of it, which they beat with the hand. Some of them made an attempt at singing, and a wretched attempt it was, making night hideous. Fortunately their arms were taken from them as fast as they came on board, all but their *yataghan*, a dirk, which each one wore in his girdle. There was a great choice of places, even on deck, and the selection was not made without trouble; several fights occurred—the dirks flourished madly, the chiefs interfered, and each company being arranged by itself, and the chiefs of all being encamped together, the rival hosts were finally distributed in their respective quarters. There was no disposition on the part of any of the cabin passengers to turn in. We had taken refuge in the cabin, but this was not safe from the intrusion of our new companions. They began to peer into the windows and down the passage-way, and attracted by the appearance of comfort below, contrasted with the dreary and wretched state of things above, they were tempted to come down. We had the door closed, but they raised the hatchway, swung themselves over and dropped down into the midst of us—ugly looking customers, and just the sort of people a man does not wish to sleep with. At length, as the evening wore away, we made all fast, shut our state-room door, and commending ourselves to Providence, feeling that we were in His hands, though exposed to the tender mercies of the Turk, we went to bed and feel asleep. Strange that we become so accustomed to danger, and

Going to sleep. Lying in port.

can be so insensible in the midst of it. A hundred voices were raging on deck when I went to sleep; there was the tramping of a wild horde of savage men right over my head; they were suffering from cold, and knew that warm quarters were below them and within their reach, and I had very little doubt that they would take possession of them in the course of a few hours, but for all that I was soon asleep. And when I awoke, as I did at midnight or soon after, it was not from the uproar of the wild men, or the breaking in of the cabin doors, or the call to arms to fight the Turk; I awoke to the most profound silence that ever pervaded a ship. Not a voice was to be heard—not a foot was stirring. "Blessed be he who first invented sleep," saith Sancho; and surely never was there such an exhibition of its power. The savages were all asleep. So the infant, the weary mother, the tost sailor, the soldier, the sage, the worn traveller, on the field or the sea, abroad or at home, all asleep! Blessed be He who "giveth his beloved sleep." He sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust, and Moslem and Christian sleep together under the Crescent and the Cross.

The next morning was bright, cold, and wintry: although we were to put to sea last evening, the weather was so threatening, and our raw recruits so turbulent, it was not judged prudent to leave port. I was early on deck to learn the condition of the company after their first night's experience. Indeed, it was so dark when we came aboard we had no good opportunity to study the characters with whom we

were now embarked. They were stretched over the deck, with their clothes, cloaks, and rags wrapped round them, as close to each other as on a battle-field. Gradually they roused from the stupor of the night, and began to show themselves, though few rose from the deck. Aft, near the captain's office, which was under the quarter-deck, the chiefs were seated together: one of them in a suit of blue, with metal buttons, and a Turkish cloak, embroidered with gold, over it, a brilliant scarf around him, and a red turban on his head. Another had a gray suit, with scarlet and gold lace, and a silver cloth mantle, Turkish trowsers, and red stockings, and a white turban about his fez or red cap. One or two inferior officers with them were less dressed than these, and the best of them had very little to distinguish them, and, indeed, would not have been distinguished at all, but for the ragamuffin appearance of the horde of followers in their train. These looked to me more like devils than men; and if one of the chiefs had mounted a white horse, I should have likened him, at the head of his fellows, to Death, in the Revelation, with Hell following. I offered my hand to the principal chief, and he pressed it to his breast, gave me to understand that he loved Americans, and was happy to make my acquaintance. This I extended somewhat among the crowd, giving them apples and nuts, which they received with pleasure, and sometimes offered me their own provisions in return, and expected me to eat with them, a hospitality which it was rather difficult to escape. In the course of the morning it was necessary,

in trimming the ship, that some of them should be sent forward—an order they were very reluctant to obey. The steamer's captain lacked energy and firmness, and, indeed, every great quality of a commander except patience, and his inefficiency early suggested the dangers to which we were exposed with these wild men on board. The chiefs were called on to allay the storm and enforce the order. The difficulty proved to be jealousy between the separate companies, and the fear that one was to have a worse place than the other on ship. At last the matter was adjusted by the chiefs, and the mutinous spirit was subdued, the masses properly distributed, and the vessel put to sea.

Now the excitement began. Most of them had never seen a steamer before, and their curiosity was intense as the engine began to work, and the ship to move in the water without sails. Affecting great indifference, some of them would come to the engine, look on with gravity, and turn away as if they cared nothing about it, but would look back and return again and study it with a stupid sort of amazement, showing not quite as much emotion as a horse under the same circumstances. Among so many and from different parts of the country, there must have been a great variety of character, and it was a source of amusement to observe them. One was dressed in fantastic colors with a steeple cap on, covered with little bells, and he was the harlequin of the troop, a fool to make sport for the rest. He worked hard and made wretched sport, seldom making any body laugh

but himself. A large, fat Turk, with several yards of yellow and scarlet wound about head and shoulders, sat on his haunches by the cabin door, a dark-visaged old fellow with a long beard, now and then an ugly grin making his face more hideous; and whenever I came near him he gave me a look that told me plainly he wished to be left to his own reflections. Among the troop was a Nubian, black as night, a skeleton of a man, nearly if not quite seven feet high, half clad—a most attenuated specimen of the human form. Many of them were very young; wild boys of eighteen or twenty, off for a frolic, and now under no restraint. For a few piastres they would go through the dances of their country, coarse, indeed disgusting motions, to rude music on a sort of fiddle, an instrument as nearly resembling a civilized violin as their dancing the fairy evolutions of Paris girls. Yet it was well to keep them in good humor, and I was always pleased to set them singing, playing, or dancing—any thing, indeed, but fighting. Of that we should have enough.

In the course of the forenoon we got out of the bay into the sea. The wind rose to a gale. The steamer rolled fearfully. The waves often swept over the decks, to the dismay of the poor fellows, who had no shelter from the fury of the wind and water. Soon they were sea-sick. One and then another, and now a score together would go to the side of the vessel, and retch in their agony. But this was soon impossible. As they sat or lay, losing all sense of shame and all regard for each other, they gave up to the direful influence of the malady, and such a scene en-

sued as no one wishes to describe or read. The few who at first stood out were merry at the misery of the rest. As the waves burst on the deck they would receive them with shouts of defiance, in which I could hear "Allah! ah, ah!" and roars of laughter, but these soon died away. The masses huddled closer together, the chiefs implored to be allowed to go into the cabin, and we feared they would demand it and take possession. But sickness conquered the whole of them, and there they lay, a disgusting mass of miserable wretches, in their own filth, helpless, and therefore for the present not to be feared. We pitied them certainly, but we had a secret wish that they might be tolerably sea-sick till we got to Constantinople.

Confined to our cabin, unable to get about on deck, and sickened by what we saw when, for the sake of air, we put our heads above, we dragged out a miserable day of it, and felt a sort of melancholy satisfaction when night came that we might go to bed. The north wind blew so strong, and the sea ran so high, that at midnight we came to anchor, and in the morning found ourselves in the small harbor of Cape Baba, on the west coast of Asia Minor, with a small island on the other side of us. The Austrian steamer which left Smyrna twelve hours before us had been driven in by stress of weather, and was at anchor near. The cold had now become so severe that many of our would-be soldiers were ready to perish, and they got permission to drop themselves one by one into the hold with the coal. The passage was not large

enough to admit a very fat Turk with all his garments on; but the poor fellows, black Arabs, swarthy Turks, and skinny negroes, would slip down into the pit, as much pleased with getting out of the wind as if they were dropping into first-rate quarters. All the spare sails of the vessel were stretched as great blankets over those on deck. They had recovered from their sea-sickness, and were again disposed to demand better places on shipboard. We had made so little progress when we ought to be at the end of the voyage, that discontent was general among the cabin passengers, as well as with the army above. We felt that the captain had committed an outrage, for which he deserved punishment, in taking such a crowd on board; subjecting his passengers to the extremest annoyance and positive suffering, while he certainly put their lives and property at the mercy of a lawless horde of men whom it would be impossible to control or resist if they chose to take the vessel into their own hands. However, we must make the best of the worst; and once more getting under way, we bore up as well as we could, seeking to keep all hands in good humor, and learning what we could of the barbarous people with whom we were doomed to companionship. In the afternoon we reached the island of Tenedos, and running into a small bay on the coast of the main land opposite, we came to anchor near the site of Old Troy. In this island the Greeks secreted themselves when they professed to retire from the siege of Troy, and sent the big horse as a farewell gift. From this island came the snakes that destroyed Laocoon and

Old Troy. Short of food.

his two boys—the priest who denounced the horse as a treacherous gift, and smote it with a spear. No ruins even mark this barren shore; and on the spot which has been agreed on as the site of ancient Troy, not a stone that bears the impress of the art of any age can be found. *Troja fuit.* Troy *was*, and probably it was here; but the *ingens gloria Teucrorum* is gone forever.

No sooner had we come to anchor, and not far from land, than the Turks demanded to be put ashore. They had nearly exhausted their provisions—the voyage was likely to be three times as long as they expected, and sick of the sea, forgetting the glory and plunder that were promised them in the war, they were bent on going home. The captain was willing to part with them, and ordered the boats to be lowered to send the deserters ashore. The chiefs now resisted. They begged—they threatened—I think they swore. They were in a terrible rage at the prospect of their men retreating in the face of such dangers, when they were on their way to fight the battles of the Crescent. As the want of provisions was the only valid argument in favor of desertion, they soon arranged with the captain to supply them; and as part of our freight was food for the fleets, we were able to furnish what was wanting; and after a mutinous and exciting scene of an hour, the turbulent spirits were quelled, and we resumed our course.

And then Death came! He is never far away. In such a mass of human beings, of all conditions and

constitutions, exposed as they were to new trials, and many of them suffering in a colder climate than they had ever endured, it was not strange that some of them should be very sick. One, we had heard, was seized with a sort of pleurisy shortly after coming on board. The surgeon of the vessel, and the doctor who attended the troops, did what they could for him, which was very little. He lay in a small house on the bows of the ship, where the third class passengers had berths, and surrounded by his own people, who smoked their long chibouques or the nargalee, indifferent to the fate of their comrade, he died. "It was the will of God;" and they smoked on, for it was none of their business. If a dog had died, there would have been more feeling. But the death had its effect on us, who now saw the approach of a new danger. If sickness should spread among the crowd they might be less calm, perhaps be roused to new demands; and what might be the state of things to-morrow none could say. But if Turks were so resigned to the will of God, surely Christians might trust him a little longer. Taking a lesson of submission from the heathen, we retired to the cabin and made ready for one more night's repose.

A Turkish merchant, of enormous fatness, well dressed in full Turkish costume, had been with us in the ship a day or two before we reached Smyrna, attended by two slaves, who washed his feet every morning, and who ministered to him constantly. He had his quarters in a small apartment on deck, which was now rendered unendurable by the noise and in-

roads of the troop. He came down into the cabin, and learning that there was a vacant berth in our state-room, presented himself in all his robes as a suppliant at our door.

Salaam Aleihoum, "Peace be with you," he said; and we replied *Khosh gelding*, "Welcome." *Mash-allah*, "In the name of God," said he, and putting his hand to the side of his head, intimated that he wished to sleep; that he was distressed with the noise above, and desired the luxury of a bed with us. I had cultivated his acquaintance some days before, and now he renewed his invitation that I would visit him at Constantinople, promising to show me his *harem!* It was impossible to resist such politeness on his part; we had to reciprocate his courtesy, and invite him to spend the night with us. In fifteen minutes he was snoring heavily, dreaming doubtless of his *harem* at Stamboul.

We were to touch at another port this morning, but the wind was too high to allow us to approach the coast, and we stood off, slowly creeping along to the mouth of the Dardanelles. At the town of that name we cast anchor, and sent ashore for the necessary *permit* to enter the straits, no vessel being allowed to pass this gate to the Sea of Marmora without leave of the Turkish government. Two steamers were lying by at the same place, both of them several days behind their time on account of the adverse weather. The town is miserably mean-looking; houses low and dilapidated. Here the dead Turk was sent ashore and buried. Their funeral ceremony under the most

favorable circumstances is short and simple: they carry their dead in silence to the grave-yard, dig a shallow grave, not more than two or three feet deep, after the procession arrives, and then bury the corpse. This is usually hurried, as they suppose the spirit to be in torment all the time the body is out of the ground. In the course of the forenoon we set off again, our whole company, cabin passengers and troops, in a state of rebellion against the officers for these protracted delays. We were to have reached Constantinople in thirty-six hours, and we had already been sixty, and were only half way. But the day was enlivened by the views of the shores on either side, as we made the passage of these famous straits against a rapid current; strong fortresses studding the commanding points, and many villages, rude and straggling, along the shores. The width of these straits varies from five miles to the narrow pass, of not more than half a mile, at Abydos, where Leander swam across so often to see his mistress Hero, and where Lord Byron performed the same exploit, which any good swimmer can do easily. It was a comfort to be so near the land, for our wild men were now becoming so wild with cold, and some of them suspicious of foul play, perhaps a trick of the enemy, that they became more than usually troublesome and discontented. They even ventured into the kitchen and stole some poultry, which was the occasion of no small disturbance, and increased the apprehension that they would take still greater liberties if the voyage was protracted much longer. The cold in-

creased. The hills on shore were covered with snow, and the wind that swept from them across our vessel, sent chills into the bones and terror into the hearts of the half-clad children of the desert on board. Another night set in upon us as we left Gallipolis and struck into the Sea of Marmora.

CHAPTER XVIII

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The City at Sunrise—Magnificence of the Sight—The Wife-murder Door—Dogs—Porters—Mud—Cordial Reception—Rev. Mr. Benjamin and Family—A Turkish Bath—Rev. Dr. Dwigh—Golden Horn—Rev. Mr. Everett and Family—Female Seminary—Preaching—Rev. Mr. Goodell—Cemetery—Sultan going to Prayer—The Bazaars—Slave Market—The Harem—Slavery in Turkey—Howling and Dancing Dervishes—Miracle-working—A Lady smoking—Turkish Women—Social Life.

Dec. 15. Mr. Righter roused me early, and summoned me on deck to see the sunrise as we were about to come in sight of the city of Constantine. It was a morning never to be forgotten till all sense of the beautiful and glorious has passed away, or a vision of brighter magnificence is revealed. The snow-capped summit of Mount Olympus was now resplendent in the beams of the rising sun, and these were streaming along the hillsides and flowing into the plains with a wastefulness of glory that excited and charmed us as we stood high on the bows of the ship to take the view in the first blush of its opening charms. And there stood the swelling domes, the arrowy minarets, the shining palaces and towers of Constantinople, gleaming in the morning sun. At first view a mass of temples and human habitations crowded on a mountain side, and gardens, cypresses, and pinnacles appeared to be thrown in without regard to arrangement;

but we soon distinguished Stamboul and Scutari, and then we rushed by the Seraglio Palace into the mouth of the Golden Horn. Pera rose from the water's edge with the new marble palace of the Sultan on the Bosphorus; and there we came to anchor, having Scutari behind us, Stamboul on our right, with St. Sophia, the St. Peter's of the Moslem, and a score of mosques with their surrounding minarets in full view, and Pera, surmounted by the Russian palace, on our left. The Golden Horn, an arm of the sea, was stretched out before us, clasped by a bridge, and filled with the shipping of every clime; a sight, in all its parts, of such extraordinary elements of beauty and grandeur as the approach to no other city in the whole world presents. No wonder that it has been besieged twenty-six times! No wonder that every conqueror who comes in sight of it covets it and resolves to have it! No wonder that Nicholas longs to transfer his palace from the frozen borders of Finland to this enchanting zone!

We came to anchor just in the mouth of the Golden Horn, and in full view of the Seraglio Palace of the Sultan, at the water's edge, on the point of land made by the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus. The chaplain of the British Ambassador at Constantinople was our fellow-passenger, and now pointed out to us the many objects of interest which met our eyes, and of which with eager curiosity we were seeking the names.

"That opening in the dead wall around the palace grounds you see, and an inclined plane extending to the water?"

Wife-door. The dogs.

"Certainly, sir; is it remarkable?"

"That," said Mr. B., "is the door and the plane by which the victims of the Sultan's displeasure are silently passed out into the sea, tied in bags, and instantly sunk. Many a poor wife, without crime, but having lost favor in her master's eyes, has been suddenly murdered there."

I was afterward told by others in Constantinople that this door and inclined plane are used for the discharge of rubbish from the gardens and palace—a statement not inconsistent with the former. No rubbish is more likely to be cleared out of a Sultan's palace them a wife he wishes to be rid of.

Fourteen dogs, a scurvy set of curs, ugly and hungry, stood on the wharf when we were rowed ashore, as if they were ready to eat us on the moment of landing. A score or more of porters seized our luggage to carry it on their backs wherever we wished, and saddled horses stood ready for us to mount and ride. No cart or carriage of any sort was to be had. All the carrying from vessels in the harbor to any part of the town is done by the hands of porters. A bale of goods, or a hogshead of molasses is girt with a rope, and two poles being thrust through, it is carried off by main strength.

Through the mud and filth of the narrow and crooked streets we climbed the hill of Pera. It was impossible to walk out of the mud. There are no sidewalks; and as the dogs—a "peculiar institution" of the city—act as scavengers, all the refuse from the houses is thrown into the street for their consump-

An old friend. A bath.

tion. The dogs belong to no one in particular, but to every body in general. I counted five dying or dead, whom I had to step over or around in my first walk from the shore to my lodgings. Now and then we met a lumbering kind of carriage drawn by a single horse, and led by a servant, a Turkish lady sitting on the floor of the carriage, with a white vail over her head and the lower part of her face, leaving only her eyes to be seen.

The Rev. Mr. Benjamin, an old college friend of mine, insisted on my taking lodgings at his house—the Mission House of the American Board, in which is the Protestant chapel and school. It was a joy to me, after being worn and worried for so many days and nights with the miserable company I had in the French steamer, to find myself in the bosom of a lovely Christian family, and surrounded by friends who hastened to call and give me a cordial welcome to the East.

It will not surprise any one that my companions of travel and I were in suffering need of a BATH. Shut up in the steamer with five or six hundred men of undoubted filthiness, compelled to come in contact with them constantly, and sleeping, or trying to sleep in their vicinity night after night, we had every reason to believe that a Turkish bath was the one thing specially needful for us in our suspicious circumstances. Indeed, I thought we might have been subjected to a slight quarantine before our admission to the domestic circle. But we would have a bath, and that would purge us of all possible grounds of objec-

tion. Mr. Benjamin was our guide, and following him down the hill, we were led to one of the many establishments in which the city abounds. The Turks are professedly very cleanly. They pretend to wash whenever they enter their mosque to pray, and often resort to the baths, of which there are every variety in price and quality to suit the wants and tastes of the people. We wished to be "put through" the process in the most approved style, and therefore passed by several, which would have been very fair, but were said to be inferior to the best. One of them, where we were designing to bathe, was engaged to-day exclusively for the women, and of course we were not admitted.

We entered a large apartment with a white marble floor, and a fountain of water playing in the centre. A dome was pierced with many holes, shedding a dim twilight over the room, and its warmth induced a pleasing languor. On a raised platform were divans, and bathers were reclining. We stretched ourselves to rest a moment after our long walk. A servant then assisted me in undressing. Enveloped in a large shawl, and with towels about my head, I rose up from the divan, and stepping off from the platform, put my feet, not on the marble floor, but into wooden clogs, which stood ready to receive them, and marched unsteadily along in the procession of similarly clad, or unclad bathers. Passing out of this room we entered another steaming with heated vapor, all but suffocating. It grew hotter as we advanced, and I paused, fearful to proceed. Becoming accus-

Kneading a Turk. Boiling me.

tomed to it in a few moments, we were led into still another room, with a marble circular platform about a foot high in the centre, while all around the sides were niches, a fountain in each, from which hot and cold water was flowing. On the marble floor a naked Turk was lying flat upon his back, and a stout fellow was bending his joints and kneading him all over as if he were dough. I sat down by the side of a fountain and surrendered myself to the soft, enervating influence of the atmosphere. At first it was oppressive, but soon was exceedingly agreeable. A young Turk, a smooth, handsome boy, came now, gently removed the covering from my head and shoulders, letting it fall loosely over my limbs. Taking one of my arms he rubbed it with a cloth mitten, at first softly, and then more briskly, with warm water. Then he took the other arm and went through the same process, my neck, and back, and breast; the cuticle seemed to roll up and off as he continued his manipulations, and I began to fear he was skinning me, or that I had never been washed clean before. With closed eyes and a gradual falling away of consciousness, I let him complete the process in his own way. When he had thus thoroughly cleansed me from head to heels he took a wisp, or mop of palm fibres, like tow, and lathered me with light suds, pouring it over my head and neck, piling it on me, though it would run down on my beard, as the ointment on Aaron's. Dipping bowls of hot water, he poured them on the top of my head; and as it streamed in a fiery torrent over my eye-balls, I thought they must be destroyed.

Crying for mercy. Taking a rest.

I dared not open them to see if I could see; but I held my hands tightly over my eyes while he continued to dip and pour, till endurance was no longer possible, and I groaned to him to have mercy on me and stop. He did rest, but for a moment only; and once more covering me with the lather, he repeated the *douche* of hot water till *he* was satisfied; for I had no words which he could understand in which to convey my fears of the fatal consequences of such a scalding operation. He left me to sit quietly for a while and recover slowly from the effects. Returning with dry napkins, soft and pleasant, he rubbed me gently, and my good-nature came back with the friction. After he had made a turban of a towel and put it on my head, and winding several folds of a large shawl around me, he led me out through two or three successive chambers, becoming gradually cooler as we withdrew, into the grand central hall, where the divans invited us again to repose. The servant now brought the chibouque—the pipe, with a stem four or five feet long, handsomely ornamented—and placing the pipe in a saucer on the floor, displayed his skill in bringing the amber mouth-piece so that it would rest upon my lips. I took a few whiffs, and then another servant appeared with coffee in a tiny china cup, and this cup in another of silver filigree-work. The coffee is drunk without milk or sugar, black, strong, and bitter, not to my taste at all; but the Turks are fond of it. I preferred the pleasant sherbet that followed; and by this time I was refreshed and ready to be dressed. With all the aches and pains

of a week of hardship taken out of me, and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, I left the bath with my friends, after paying about twenty-five cents for the various luxuries of bathing and refreshment which I had enjoyed. Money must go a long way here, or all this could not be had for a quarter of a dollar.

The Rev. Dr. Dwight called and invited me to make a little excursion up the Golden Horn, to visit some of the Mission families at Haskeuy. We walked down the hill to Galata, and there engaged a *caique*, a canoe-like boat, with each end sharp and turned up so that it rides on the top of the wave, and cuts it when a swell comes up. In the bottom of it we sit on scarlet cushions, and balance the boat with care, or it is upset in a moment. The far-famed Golden Horn, said to be the finest harbor in all the world, sets up from the Bosphorus, and as we glided along its waters, with the mosques of Stamboul on the left, and the palaces of Pera on the right, it was indeed such a sight of grandeur and beauty as the eye rarely sees.

A bridge on boats stretches across the Horn, uniting Pera and Stamboul. We ran under this bridge, and passed the Arsenal and Admiralty, near which were lying dismantled ships, and one of the steamers that had escaped the destruction of the Turkish fleet in the bay of Sinope. The wounds in her sides told of the narrow escape she had made. Long *caiques* with a dozen or more in them, sometimes women closely vailed, sitting by themselves, swept by us, and the whole bay was alive with the various vessels,

steamers, sails and oars that were flying back and forth.

It was nearly dark when we reached Haskeuy, a large village chiefly of Armenians, a short distance below the valley of the Sweet Waters, and an hour above Pera. The Turk who rowed us was so well satisfied with his fare, that he gave me his blessing, "May you be fruitful," with several other equally interesting invocations. Through the crooked and narrow streets, up-hill, and along the walls of gardens, we wound our way till we reached the house of the Rev. Mr. Everett, in which he has the Female Seminary. At once I was at home in a pleasant circle of friends. After tea, the evening session of the Seminary was held. Thirty-two girls, from various parts of Asia Minor, some of them from a very great distance, are here gathered, to be taught, with the doctrines of the Christian religion, all the branches of female education essential to form their minds, and fit them for usefulness in the cities and villages to which they belong. They board with the family of Mr. Everett, a lovely family, itself an example that must be always speaking to these daughters of Asia of the beauty and power of a Christian home. The building, once the mansion of an Armenian of large means and family, affords ample accommodation for the Seminary. The sitting-room is surrounded with the wide divan, which is common in all the Oriental houses.

Entering the school-room, I was taken by surprise when thirty young ladies, as good-looking and neatly

dressed as I should expect to find in my own country, rose from their seats and received me with courtesy. They then resumed their studies. A brighter school is rarely to be seen. When their teachers addressed questions to them, they answered with vivacity and promptness, that showed how much their minds were intent upon the studies pursued. In needle-work they are very expert. Many of these young ladies exhibit traits of character such as give the highest pleasure and hope to the missionaries. Their all-absorbing desire is to be qualified to teach the youth in the villages from which they come, and when they have completed the course of instruction here given, they will return to be greatly useful. At the close of the hour's study for the evening, they sung a hymn in the Armenian language, "Jerusalem, my happy home;" and it might have been the associations by which we were surrounded that rendered the song so sweet to me, yet I never heard it with so much pleasure, though I could understand but the one word which rings so pleasingly in the Christian's ear.

From the school-room we adjourned to the chapel, where Dr. Dwight preached in Armenian to a congregation of the village, assembled with the school for the Thursday evening lecture. Ignorant of the words, it was natural for me to study the countenances of the audience, and observe the earnestness with which the truth was received, the interest of all in the services, and the remarkable similarity between this evening meeting and those in our religious circles at home. The fez or red cap, with a tassel, on the

heads of a few of the Armenians there, was the only peculiarity in the dress of the audience, and the services were just the same as we would have at home.

After the service, I met several of the Armenians in the parlor, gentlemen of the village, who are pleased to attend the instructions of the missionaries, though they have not yet left their own church. One or two young men had been in America, and asked me eagerly after friends they had made. And when they had retired, what a precious hour, or two or three, we had with those missionaries, speaking often of home and blessings there to be found, but much more of the work in which they are now engaged, the ripe field in which they are already reaping a rich harvest, and the bright hopes which the future holds out to the faith and toil of the laborer. Here I was in the midst of a circle of ladies and gentlemen, whose education, intelligence, manners, worth, to say nothing of other attractions which always give a charm to society, would fit them to grace any circle, as happy in their seclusion as if their highest ambition were reached; not ascetic in their feelings, nor canting about their work, as if they thought they were specially devoted, but cheerful and contented, showing no other than that gentle, lovely spirit which marks the intercourse of intelligent Christians in all lands.

The next morning I breakfasted with the Rev. Dr. Goodell. He preaches in the Turkish language, and is also largely engaged in translation, a work for which he is well fitted by his long residence in the East. His genial flow of good spirits, strong sense,

Cemetery. Stealing grave-stones.

and earnest devotion, constitute a delightful element in the Mission.

Returning from Haskeuy the next morning, we landed above Pera, and came up through the largest of the many Turkish cemeteries that lie around the city. Tall cypresses in groves were standing in the midst of the graves. A head-stone with a turban on it marked the graves of men, and a stone without the turban the graves of the females. These stones are lying scattered about the ground, which had much the appearance of being neglected. Here and there a group of women sat about a grave, as if, like Mary, they had come to weep there; and it is grateful any where to see signs of love, even if it is love in tears. I wanted to bring away one or two of these broken turbans in stone; which, indeed, were nothing more than round heads, like marble cannon balls; but I was told that the Turks are very jealous of any such liberties, and would be greatly offended at the attempt. Some years ago a clergyman from America helped himself to two of them, and had them secretly put on board the ship in which he sailed. After he was at sea a storm came on, and the sailors, who had discovered these bits of stolen tombstone, attributed the storm to the sacrilege which had been committed. In the night they quietly dropped them overboard, to the great disappointment of their possessor; and as the storm soon blew itself out, the sailors were confirmed in their theory of its cause and cure.

Dec. 16. It is Friday. It is the Turk's Sabbath, if they have any. Nothing that I could see or hear

gave any indication that it differed from other days. But to-day the Sultan goes in state to the mosque, to pray. This he does to be seen of men; to set an example of devotion and submission to God before all his people. It is the time when he is to be seen, and almost the only time.

He does not repair to the same mosque on every occasion, but now to one, and now another, that he may not confer the honor of his company upon any in particular, and so make it the mosque of the city. But it is announced on the morning of Friday where the monarch of Turkey will condescend to say his prayers, and the route from his palace to the temple is at once thronged with the crowd of his subjects who will now behold the king in his glory. We heard that the procession would take a course some two miles from us, and mounting our horses, dashed off, single file, through the narrow, muddy streets, threading our way sometimes with great difficulty. We met the fat son of the Pasha of Egypt riding in a European carriage drawn by two horses. He is here endeavoring to get the Sultan's daughter in marriage. We were obliged to stop and let him pass slowly by, or we might have had a collision. Outside of the city, and on the banks of the Bosphorus, the Sultan has reared a new and magnificent marble palace, on which he has lavished all that the modern art of Europe and the more luxurious imagination of the Oriental world can suggest. It is not yet completed; and we were allowed to wander through its halls and chambers, and admire the costly furniture and splen-

did ornaments with which his Eastern taste has embellished the most sumptuous palace in Europe. But we shall lose the show of the day unless we hasten on. We may ride by this palace now, for the Sultan has not yet taken up his residence here. When he is at home, every horseman, as he passes the palace, must dismount and walk by. This was the rule, and may be yet; but I was told that the British Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, being arrested as he was about to ride by the Sultan's residence, immediately entered, and insisting on seeing his highness, denounced the order as insulting and intolerable, and secured its relaxation, at least, in his own case. We came into the midst of a dense crowd, who yielded to us, as we were Franks and on horseback, and riding through them, we stood at the head of the street which the royal procession was to pass. A strong guard kept back the crowd, and no one was allowed in the street which the Sultan was to take. We were just in time. A company of soldiers, preceded by a band of music, marched by as we came to a halt; and then the chief officers of state, in splendid dress, and mounted on noble Arab steeds, rode slowly along, their horses prancing, as if proud of the pageant of which they formed a part. Three horses richly caparisoned, were led—beautiful creatures, belonging to the Sultan. Then came a body of Janizaries on foot; and in the midst of them, on a magnificent black horse, sat Abdul Medjid, the Sultan of Turkey—a pale, thin-faced man, of middle age, but worn with care and vice, of which he is the miserable victim,

with a downcast visage; and apparently unconscious that thousands were gazing at him, he rode slowly on. As he passed within a very few feet of me, I had a fair opportunity of seeing the expression of his face. I pitied him. His dress was rich, but not showy—a black cloak, secured by a girdle, and a single diamond blazed on his breast. A sword hung by his side, and his feet rested in golden stirrups. He looked neither to the right or to the left. No cheer, no mark of respect from the people greeted him as he passed.

The Sultan is now about thirty-five years old. His private character is said, by those who have the means of knowing, to be exceedingly profligate. With a mind ill at ease, and a constitution enervated by sensual indulgence, he will hardly survive his empire, tottering now to its fall, and only held up by the bayonets of foreign and detested powers.

It was raining hard when we rode to the bazaars of Stamboul. The eaves of the houses pitch far over the lower stories so as to leave only a small space in the middle of the street uncovered; and this was often in the very line of march we were compelled to take, so that the rain poured down upon us sometimes in torrents. We dashed on with all the haste we could make, often encountering dangers from collision, and the horse of one of the company unfortunately ran down a stand of fruit which a poor Mussulman was trying to sell. The accident made no small stir, which was finally settled by the payment of a few piastres, probably more than the man would have earned at his traffic in the course of the day.

Covered streets. The women.

We were out of the rain the moment we entered the bazaars; streets of shops but a single story high, more like large closets than stores, are covered over, with windows in the roof to admit light. The proprietor of each establishment sits cross-legged and smoking, apparently quite indifferent whether any one buys or not, and an assistant stands ready to display the goods, to boast of their qualities and amazing cheapness. The narrow streets or passages between the rows of the stalls are crowded with purchasers, chiefly the vailed Turkish women, who seem to take pleasure in using their musical voices in haggling about prices; while their ever-roving eyes are watching the merchant-man, and especially his Frank customers, if any of them are near.

Yet within these rooms—so small that a tenth-rate shop-keeper would not think them adequate to his business in New York, more like cobblers' stalls than the stores of merchants—are fabrics and goods of untold value; piles of India shawls, and rich embroidered silks, and robes of splendid color, that would be the glory of any establishment in Broadway. Each street is confined to a distinct branch of merchandise, and this practice is more common in European cities than in America. The customer stands in the street and examines the goods as they are laid out on a bench before him, and if he wishes to see more samples than are there exposed, he may step in and have the whole interior laid open to his inspection.

We were in the shawl department, and the merchant very politely invited us to walk in; a smaller

room was behind the front, and here were piles of costly robes, that would be a modest fortune, exposed in all their tempting brilliancy and beauty, while the prices were stated at the highest conceivable mark. We made him an offer, something like a third of what he demanded, and the shawl was ours in a moment.

On we wandered through long rows of jewellers' shops, admiring the gems that are to glitter on the arms and breasts of the fair women of the East; gold and silver wrought in forms of beauty to make beauty more attractive, and diamonds in clusters, constellations sparkling with living light, set and unset, which were offered to us as if we had bags of gold to leave in exchange for these precious stones. One street was wholly occupied with drugs, the odor of which was not unpleasant. We returned to the fancy departments, and made some further investments in embroidered bags, a few drops of the ottar of roses, etc., and then sought our horses, which had been tended at the entrance for the couple of hours we had devoted to this entertaining stroll through the bazaars of Constantinople.

Antonio now brought us, after a long ride, to the slave-market. On one side of an open square was a row of boxes or stalls without windows, and the doors closely shut. As we came up, a man in European dress stepped up and asked, in French, if we would look at the girls; and immediately opened the door of one of the pens. Instead of seeing half a dozen beautiful Circassians, whose charms have been the theme of so much poetry and prose, four or five

No whites. More wives.

African women, dark as night, fat and funny, jumped up, and laughing merrily, desired us to buy them. Decidedly we had no inclination to make the purchase; and the dealer, seeing that we were merely gratifying our curiosity, slammed the door, and turned on his heel. Other men on the ground had a supply of these Nubian women for sale; but if there were any whites in the market, we were told that Franks are not allowed to look at them. As they are bought only for the harems of the Turk, the profaner eyes of the European must not see them before or after they enter that impenetrable retreat. These are brought to the market by their parents and friends, and often are children of the most respectable families in their own country, who are thus disposed of in the way of marriage perfectly consistent with the Oriental ideas of domestic happiness, however it may be revolting to ours. I had quite an argument with a Turkish merchant on this subject. He would not admit me, of course, into his harem; but the door that led into it was frequently left open, and never failed to disclose one or more of his wives, who disappeared after we had exchanged glances. I told him that one wife was enough if she was good, and too many if she was bad. He replied, that if she was good, the more of the same sort the better; and if she was bad, he must get a good one to console him for his disappointment in the other. He said he had six, and loves them all, and they love him; and not one of them wishes to leave him. My arguments were all wasted; and I left him to the enjoyment of the field and the harem.

Slave boys. Shooting a wife.

Slavery among the Turks is about the same as adoption into the family. The boy, bought of the trader, rises to the rank of his owner, becomes a member of the state, may be an officer of the government, take the daughter of the Sultan to be his wife, and aspire to the throne. But the power of the master is absolute over the slave; and the lordly Turk, not the Sultan only, but his ministers and his rich subjects, surrounded with their harems of fair women, bought with their money, and brought here in the budding loveliness of youth from the vales of Georgia and Circassia, do not hesitate to gratify their unbridled passions at any sacrifice in the exercise of their unlimited power. Not long since, one of the Sultan's present ministers accused one of his wives of stealing a trinket that belonged to another. She denied the charge with the warm indignation of injured innocence. In her youthful beauty she stood up before him as he sat on the crimson divan; and the whole bevy of his wives gathered around to see the trial of the accused, now trembling before her lord and master. She could only assert her innocence, while he repeated the charge; and drawing a pistol from his girdle, shot her through the heart. The frightened women fled from the shocking scene, as she fell bleeding and dead at the monster's feet. How common these things are, no man can say; but that such things are not uncommon, even at the present day, there is too much reason to fear.

Dr. Dwight very kindly consented to be our guide to make a visit to the Howling Dervishes. Their

Turkish pun. Cook-shop.

chief place of worship, if such a name may be given to the horrid orgies we witnessed, is over at Scutari. Two or three caiques were needed to convey the party across the Bosphorus, and we had a charming excursion among the shipping, and always getting new and more beautiful views of the wonderful sights that surround this unrivaled bay. Our boatman was a humorous fellow, and asked us if we would have a chibouque, at the same time handing his pipe. Dr. Dwight answered, "No, but chabuque," which means *quickly*. He took the pun, dropped the pipe and pulled away, laughing heartily, and soon landed us at Scutari.

It was early for dinner, but we should not return till late, and having a desire to taste the quality of a native cook-shop, we found one, and ordered the best the house would afford. We were led up a pair of rickety stairs to a dirty floor overhead, and sat down on low stools around a table a foot high. Through an opening in the floor we could see the process of cooking going on below. The men who had charge of this operation cut up the mutton into bits an inch square, and running a wire through twenty or more of them, hung them over a kettle of burning charcoal. Several rows of these bits of meat were thus suspended, and while the process was going on, a dish of soup and a mixture of stewed squash, cabbage, onions, and garlic, were brought up, and at length the broiled meat, called KABAWB, and the most popular of dishes, was set before us. As this was very fair, and cooked in a primitive way, we had no difficulty, after season-

ing it for ourselves, in making a dinner. The soup and the stew we left for those who might follow us with stronger stomachs.

Thus fortified we set off for the Dervishes, whom we found after a walk of half a mile. Their place of meeting stands back from the street, a very plain and unpretending building. At the vestibule we were requested to put off our shoes, as we must in entering any sacred place of the Mohammedans. The room we entered was low and unfurnished, about forty feet square, and a railing running around three sides of it a few feet from the wall. The worshippers only entered within the rail. In the middle of the other side, on a beautiful mat of long and dyed wool, stood the aged Sheikh, or high priest of this singular people. As each one came in, he kissed the hand of the Sheikh, and then took his stand in the order of entrance near the rail. When the whole number expected had arrived, two of the oldest men knelt opposite to each other in the centre of the room, and rising, began a low murmur, a deep guttural sound, which was taken up by all who were standing around. Swaying their bodies back and forth, swinging their arms in the same way, sinking down and springing suddenly erect, as if performing gymnastic exercises, all the while ascending in the scale with their noise, which soon assumed a howl, painful and even fearful to hear. It was shocking; yet the novelty of the scene made it endurable. As the violence of the action and the howling increased, some of them frothed at the mouth and gave signs of being possessed with

the devil, or some other evil spirit. I looked up at the wall, and there were drums and rude cymbals, which they might use to increase this din now swollen to a roar. And there, too, were knives, and steel rods, and instruments of torture, which, in the frenzy rapidly gaining on them, they might seize aud plunge into themselves or others. For the space of an hour, and a long, tedious hour it was, they kept up this howling, using no form of words, unless it was an unintelligible repetition of the Moslem cry, "God is great and Mohammed is his prophet." They were now reeking with perspiration, and the noise was lessening from the exhaustion of the fanatical devotees, when the Sheikh stepped forth into the midst of the room, and all was silent while he lifted up his hands and prayed. He called upon God to bless the Sultan, and to endow him with wisdom, strength, and long life. He prayed for the government and people, and closed with an *Amen*, which he often repeated in the course of his prayer. One after another of the Dervishes then approached him, knelt, rose, received his patriarchal benediction, and retired. The old man returned to his mat, and children were brought in to be healed of their diseases by his miraculous power. The first was a babe not two years old, wound up, after their fashion, in many folds of cloth, so that it can move neither hands nor feet. It was placed on the floor upon its face, and the Sheikh, who would weigh certainly one hundred and seventy-five pounds, placed one foot across its legs, and then carefully raising the other, placed it on the middle of the back, and

stood with his whole weight upon the child. He stepped off cautiously, and the servant took up the babe, which seemed to be unharmed by the pressure. Another was brought in and served in the same way, and another. Then children of five and six years old entered, kissed his hand, prostrated themselves, and after he had planted himself upon them, they jumped up and ran out, as if pleased with the operation. Adult men, who appeared to be infirm, followed, and received him on their backs, and some of them on their breasts. No instantaneous effect for the better was to be observed, and I have no reason to suppose that there was any thing more in the thing than a delusive notion that this man had the power of healing, through the very extraordinary and hazardous experiment of treading disease under his feet.

When this was over, a few of the Dancing Dervishes, dressed better than the Howlers—the most of whom appeared to be a low class of people, and quite shabby at that—took the floor, and went through their performance. They are sometimes called Whirling Dervishes, and this is much the more appropriate term, for they merely turn slowly round and round on one heel, with extended arms, and revolving about their chief, who stands in the centre of the room.

This exhibition of the Howlers was less frantic than was often witnessed in former times. Then they were known to seize burning iron in their hands, and to thrust red hot hooks and wires into each other's flesh; some would be carried off fainting, and others in fits. I was told that not long ago a party

of them began their orgies on the deck of a steamer when coming from Trebizond, and getting wild with excitement, they drew their knives and began an indiscriminate murder of all they could lay their hands on. The officers of the vessel, being armed, fell upon them and dispatched them on the spot. These people have a convent at Scutari, but they perform at Pera and in Stamboul, receiving any contributions that spectators may be pleased to give them.

In the evening I called on a lady from New York, who has married and settled here at Pera. Pipes and coffee were served, and when I declined smoking, the lady insisted, and offered to join me. There was no resisting this; and her husband giving her a delicate cigarette, she smoked it beautifully, though I confess I was thinking all the time "what would they say at home" to see her with a cigar in her mouth, and me with a pipe four feet long.

There is very little intercourse between foreign ladies residing here and the Turkish women; but the prejudice of the Turks is gradually wearing away, and they meet more frequently now than formerly. Several ladies of the American Mission called a short time since upon the wives of one of the high officers of state: they were courteously received, and treated with great hospitality. It was painful to our ladies to discover the utter destitution of all intellectual culture in those Oriental women. They seemed to be merely grown up children. The questions they asked were frivolous; for instance, "Have you husbands that you like?"

No social life. Origin of veils.

Among themselves the Turks have no *social* life. Their enjoyment is altogether of the selfish and individual kind, and every man would be happier in the idea that his neighbor had never looked on the face of his wives, rather than that his treasures are admired. This is said to be the origin of the practice now universal among the Eastern women, of wearing a thick vail. A man who had got possession of a beautiful wife, kept her vailed, lest his more powerful neighbor should tear her away from him by fraud or force. Yet I pitied the poor creatures whose soft black eyes, looking wishfully out of that impenetrable shroud, expressed the sense of confinement and degradation to which they were hopelessly doomed.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Firman—The Seraglio Palace—Audience and Throne Room—Harem—Armory—Bedchamber—Kitchen—Stables—Mosque of Santa Sophia—Tombs of the Sultan—Shores of the Bosphorus—Europe and Asia—Giant's Mountain—Egyptian Sailors—Allied Fleets—Kandali—Bebek—The Missionaries and their Work.

To visit the mosques and the Seraglio Palace a firman or permit must be had from the government, and that is to be paid for roundly. An officer or two must attend with his sword and staff, and they must be feed well. Then at every mosque and other sacred place you visit there are servants to be feed, and if a party get through the day's excursion for forty dollars they do very well. Mr. Brown, the Dragoman of the United States Legation, kindly procured for us a firman, and sent his own *cevasse* to lead us. The government sent another, so that we were well provided with an escort. Several ladies joined our party, and added largely to the pleasure of that delightful and interesting day.

Where the Golden Horn sets up from the Bosphorus the old city of Byzantium stood, and Mohammed II. selected this unrivaled site for his palace, and laid out the grounds, and prepared a residence that had no equal in the Eastern world. Armed sentinels admitted us by the great pavilion, which is called the

Porte—a gate, and from this the Ottoman Empire takes its name. Fifty men are the usual guard at this door. We were at once in the midst of a vast court-yard (the whole palace grounds are three miles in circuit), and passing across it we were conducted into the palace. A flight of stairs brought us to the audience-chamber, a wide apartment, carpeted and surrounded with a rich divan. The throne room was furnished with chairs and sofas, showing a conformity to Western customs. Another and another chamber, and we entered the Sultan's bath—luxuriously fitted up, but without some of the contrivances for comfort which poorer people enjoy. A brass bar across a door we were passing, told us, or at least the guides informed us, that this was the entrance to the harem. No profane foot may cross that threshold. No man but the husband is allowed to enter the Turk's apartments for his wives. But a long gallery opening near we now entered, hung on one side with engravings, chiefly of Napoleon's battles; and on the other side, a row of windows looked out on the court. This is the hall in which the hundred and fifty wives of the Sultan are daily assembled for the amusement of their common lord. Here each one of them may exert her art to win his favor; and it is said that he drops his handkerchief at the feet of the one who has been the most successful. Through this hall we were led along to the private armory of the Sultan, and while admiring the pistols, swords, dirks, yataghans, cimeters, sabres, etc., of elegant workmanship, adorned with gold and precious stones, my attention was called to an

adjoining apartment, the Sultan's bedchamber. Two janizaries with bayoneted guns stood before the open door, and permitted me to look in, but not enter. It was reported among the company in the other room, that *gentlemen* were not allowed to go in; and the ladies, presuming on their privilege, hastened to step in, but the crossed guns of the guards brought them to a sudden halt on the threshold. We could see the magnificent couch and its gold and crimson damask canopy, and the sumptuous furniture of the chamber, where the most uneasy man in the Turkish empire has often sought in vain for sleep, that comes unwooed to him who earns it with the sweat of his brow, and does not wear a crown.

In the gardens of the palace, and near the water's edge, are many beautiful but small cottages, which from time to time have been erected at the desire of one or another of the Sultan's favorite wives. Fitted up according to the taste of each fair inmate, we could see in the low windows that open on the walks that they were very elegant, and very Oriental. The Sultan has the range of them all, as cages in which his pet birds are confined. And then we gathered some flowers; for in the last of December the roses were in full bloom in the open air, and every thing was fresh and green as May. Underneath the palace was the kitchen, and fires going as if an army were to be fed from the great ranges and furnaces on which the dinner was even now cooking. Some of the pastry was served to us, and proved to be excellent, though we did eat it in the kitchen. Von Hammer says that

there are nine several kitchens, and that forty thousand oxen are yearly killed here and cooked, two hundred sheep daily, one hundred lambs or goats, and 850 fowls. But the Sultan does not reside in the Seraglio; he is at one of his many palaces along the Bosphorus, and the cooking now in process was merely for the retainers of the palace. His future residence will be in the marble palace on the Bosphorus.

A thousand horses stand in the royal stables, which we passed on our way out; and the harness and trappings, covered with jewelry, are displayed in a room over the stalls.

It required an hour to look through the old armory, containing one of the rarest and richest collections of helmets, greaves, breast-plates in form of stars, guns of strange patterns in use before locks were invented, and implements of war now obsolete, but terribly effective in their day, and very curious now. The stacks of arms all ready for use were fast diminishing by the daily demand for the war; and probably some of the poor fellows that came on the steamer with me were by this time equipped from this armory and marching to the field. In a gallery was a collection of the famous swords of successive Sultans, from the splendid Damascus blade of Mohammed II. Here, too, are the keys of all the cities of Turkey, mounted with gold, and deposited in token of their fealty to the Porte. For days one might be amused and instructed among these extraordinary gatherings of ancient and modern times. But we are now to enter upon a very different scene.

Mosques. Splendid columns.

The first sight that fixed our eyes as we came into the harbor was the dome of St. Sophia shining radiantly in the light of the rising sun, its four proud minarets gleaming at its side. We are about to enter its courts. Its history is a tale of more than tragic interest, but we must not stop to tell it now. It was built by Justinian, the Emperor, and completed A.D. 538. The world was made to pay tribute to this temple, dedicated to the Divine Wisdom, and so named Santa Sophia. We come to the door and take off our shoes; for no foot that has trod the unhallowed earth may stand in these sacred precincts. By a winding path, in total darkness, we feel our way up by the tower, and come into the gallery for the women, from which we look down on the interior of the temple. The vast area startles us at once; but we soon begin to admire its proportions, and then to contemplate the wonderful variety and beauty of its pillars and walls. Four huge columns support a glorious dome, and four more hold semicircular cupolas on each side. These columns are of porphyry, and once stood in the Roman Temple of the Sun. Those green granite pillars supporting the gallery once adorned the temple of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians. There are forty columns, some of serpentine marble, some of Egyptian granite, and others of white marble, with rose-colored stripes, and all of them plundered from the temples of paganism; so that this temple is sustained by the pillars of "Isis and Osiris, of the Sun and the Moon at Heliopolis and Ephesus, of Pallas at Athens, of Phœbus at Delos, and of

Cybele at Cyzicus." The walls are of polished marble, and the paved floor is covered with Turkey carpets and mats. Overhead and around on the walls are inscriptions from the Koran, instead of paintings, and the place is shown where the gold letters and stars are made to conceal a picture of the Virgin Mary, which was an ornament of the temple before Mohammed wrested it from the Christians and defiled its courts with his Moslem troops.

We will go down upon the floor of the mosque and mingle with the worshippers. They are not numerous now, for it is not the hour for prayer. But here and there a devout Mussulman on his knees has his Koran before him, on a little bench inlaid with mother-of-pearl. He is reading from it in a wailing kind of strain. There is one of the Ulemas, or teachers of the people, sitting upon a mat, and expounding the Koran to a group kneeling around him. These steps lead up to the platform where the Sultan ascends to pray when he comes to this mosque. Hark! the Muezzim, or crier, has gone up the minaret, and with a loud voice, to be heard by all in the vicinity of the temple, he calls upon the people to leave their work and come to prayers. They obey the summons; and hastily washing themselves at the fountain in the court, they enter and kneel, and rise and kneel, and touch their heads to the floor, taking the various attitudes which every Mohammedan must go through, however frequent his devotions.

From St. Sophia we went to several other mosques of more or less distinction, but none of them so dis-

tinguished as this in history, nor so gloriously adorned with the spoils of other temples and works of art. We also visited the tombs of the Sultans. A small temple—a mausoleum—we entered, and were impressed with the solemn stillness that reigned in the midst of the most gorgeous decorations which could be gathered over the remains of the dead. An immense sarcophagus contains the bones of the present Sultan's father. It is covered with black velvet, and surmounted by a cap and feathers; and before it are standing immense candles, or imitations of them. Near to his side are small coffins, covered and enriched with ornaments, containing the ashes of the mother and sisters of the Sultan. A great number of small lamps are suspended over the bodies, as indeed there are long rows of similar lamps in all the mosques, which, when lighted, would shine as distant stars over the immense space they are expected to fill.

In all the mosques were great piles of merchandise, boxes and bales, stowed away in the galleries. These were taken by the priests having charge of the holy places, who keep them here for safety, the owners paying for the storage. They are perfectly protected, even if the people should break out in an insurrection, for no Mussulman would invade the sanctuary for the sake of plunder.

We found, on our return to our lodgings, that our friends had been much alarmed on our account during the day. It was reported that an outbreak had occurred, in consequence of the government having yielded too much to the demands of Russia; and

that the priests had excited the faithful to insurrection. In the morning, word was sent to our hotel that it would not be safe for us to go over to Stamboul, but we were off before the messenger reached us; and we saw nothing, during the whole excursion, that looked like a disturbance.

At Tophane we found a caique and a couple of stout fellows to row, and we set off, on a bright morning, to make the trip up and down the Bosphorus. The *poetry* of boating is to sit down in the bottom of a caique, with a book or the friend you wish for company, and be pulled gently along these enchanting shores. There is no other water in the wide world presenting so many and such beauties in the reach of twelve or fifteen miles.

After passing the new mosque of the Sultan's mother, and then the new palace of the Sultan, which, a few years ago, we could not venture to pass without lowering our umbrellas, we come into the midst of villages, and country-seats—*kiosques*—of the wealthy Turks, so placed upon the water's edge, and so near to each other, that they form, for long distances, an unbroken series. They are not more than two stories high, and the upper windows are protected by the lattice blinds—*jalousies*—behind which the women may be peeking out at us as we are passing, but we can see nothing of them. The water is deep, and the channel runs so near to the shores that the bowsprit of a vessel sometimes intrudes without ceremony into the very bosom of the family. The summer palaces are surrounded by beautiful gardens,

and where the shores rise rapidly, they hang, as it were, over the houses, and disclose their fruits, flowers, walks, and towering cypresses, to the admiring eye of the passer-by. Fable and history have made many of these scenes famous. The tomb of the great Turkish hero, Barbarossa, is here; and a little further up we come to the spot where was a tree, called the laurel of Medea, planted by Medea on landing with Jason, on his return from Colchis. Here, too, was the church which Constantine erected in honor of the Archangel Michael; where Symeon the Stylite received the adoration of the multitudes while he lived for years on the top of a column more than a hundred feet high. The lovely village of Bebek, now a missionary station, was once the seat of a splendid Imperial palace; and it would be hard to imagine a more beautiful situation than this and the village on the opposite shore. Just above it is the castle of Roumelin, at the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, and near the spot where the strait was bridged for the passage of the army of Darius. On the hill where the castle stands is a rock, on which the Persian monarch sat and beheld the progress of his army across the water. The shores of Europe and Asia come within half a mile of each other, and the castles on opposite sites take their names from the continents on which they stand. We ran into one bay, and then around a beautiful headland into another, and then, borne by the current, we skim over upon the Asiatic shore, and are soon back again under the banks of Europe. The Franks have settled more on the latter, while the

The fleets. Northern gate.

former is covered with summer palaces of the Sultan and the rich Turks, who have made paradises here for themselves that fairly rival any that Mohammed ever promised them. We went ashore at Buyukdere, and wandered among its fairy-like gardens and villas, and then sailed through the Allied fleets—the English, French, Turkish, and Egyptian men-of-war, which were now lying at anchor near the mouth of the Black Sea. Landing again on the shores of Asia, we climbed the Giant's Mountain, whence we could see the Euxine, the Bosphorus, and Marmora, all at once, with the cities and villages, palaces, hanging gardens, mosques and minarets, castles and towers, and the mightiest fleet that now floats on the sea.

I left my companions and wandered off on this hill in Asia, and thought of the wonderful events that had passed along the waters now lying near and around me. From the voyage of discovery made by Jason in quest of the Golden Fleece, through the twenty-four sieges that the city of Constantine has sustained, down to the present moment, when the fleets of the two mighty empires of the West have come here to mingle in the fray between the Crescent and the Cross. This is the northern gate of Constantinople, as the Hellespont is the south. There are no fortresses here to guard this entrance, and these wooden walls of France and England are needed now. If these powers, or one of them, had possession of these waters, the gates would be locked and barred against the world. I sat down and wrote these lines in full view of this exciting and magnificent spectacle; and then, as I looked

down the Bosphorus and off into the Sea of Marmora, stretched like an ocean away under the sinking sun, I strove to look into the future, to see what this grand alliance with its fleets and armies will achieve, standing here, like a great destroying angel, with one foot on sea and one on land! One chapter more remains to be written of Turkey, the bloodiest and the last.

I came down the hill through a deep ravine, and found the crew of one of the Egyptian ships along the hillsides, with kettles hung over fires, washing each other and their clothes, for there were many waters or much water there, and they were having a general frolic on land. We once more embarked in our gay little boat and pulled off for the fleet, running under the bows of a Turkish three-decker; all hands were in the rigging or on deck, and they were going through the drills of naval service—an animated spectacle—a thousand men or more hurrying through the ship, aloft and alow, with boldness and more skill than I had given the Turkish sailor credit for. We had letters to introduce us to the Admiral of the British fleet, but warned by the sun that this day of beauty would have a close, we pulled along. We kept nearer to the Asiatic shore on our return, realizing all one's dreams of Oriental scenery. Close by the tower of Asia, on that shore is the "Valley of the heavenly water," which the Oriental poets celebrate in their glowing verse. And what poetry has left unsung, plainer prose has essayed, for the village of Kandali is thus described by a matter-of-fact writer, who professes to deal only in sober truths:

"It seems suspended in the vault of heaven like a beacon of beauty to the earth, sending its rays of light wide around, over the heights and depths of the European and Asiatic shores. Many a traveller has described with enthusiasm the walks along the Bosphorus, and attempted to represent in words the picture of the magic-lantern which both its shores present in many-colored variety; but few Europeans have admired the beautiful panoramic view of the Bosphorus from this magic-lantern of Kandali; and no one has yet attempted to paint from this spot the double union of nature and art, of grandeur and grace, of the majestic and beautiful, which the Bosphorus here offers to the eye. Vain is the attempt to describe the separate or collective beauties of hills and dales, of bights and bays, of meadows and springs, of dark cypress groves and light rose-beds, of roaring currents and lisping springs, of golden kiosks and marble fountains; this confusion of flag-bearing masts and towering minarets, of cupolas floating in air, and caiques cleaving the waves, of currents and counter-currents, of mountains and lakes, through which the mariner at each new turn of the shore finds himself transported to a new sea encircled by magic banks. This succession of the seven magic caldrons, in each of which, as in that of Medea, ancient nature appears restored to her youth and in new graces, is beheld from the magic-lantern of Kandali. In the corner of a kiosk, with his back to one of its columns, the traveller looks down on one side on the dark Euxine, and on the other on the gay Sea of Marmora, without moving his

body, and simply turning his head to the right and left. The land and the sea, Asia and Europe, appear together before him in the bond of tranquil beauty, and from this spot the eye is master of two continents and two seas, while resting simultaneously on the Thracian and Bithynian shores, the Cyanean rocks, and the Islands of the Blest."

On our way down we stopped at Bebek, about five miles above Pera, on the banks of the Bosphorus. Here is the boarding-school for young men, in the house of the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, who received me cordially, and conducted me at once into the room where the youth were at their studies. Thirty-five are in the Armenian and fifteen in the Greek department, which is under the care of the Rev. Mr. Riggs. The most of them have learned to read the English language, that they may have access to the literature and science which no translation yet affords them; and the course of study carries them on into all those branches of education which are pursued in the highest academies of our country. Chemical and philosophical courses of lectures, illustrated with experiments, are given, and nothing seemed to be wanting for a thorough education. And what is even more worthy of mention, the young men appear to be wide awake to their advantages, and pushing on with ardor, showing how highly they appreciate their opportunities. During their vacations many of the students go out into the interior, and sell or give away good books, converse with their countrymen from door to door, and make themselves useful while they are yet in training for

positions of still greater influence. The American Board (under whose care are all these missions) makes provision for the support of only forty pupils; but so many urge their suit for admission, and so hard is it to deny them when they come, that Mr. Hamlin has devised and carried out a manual labor system, by which he provides the means to sustain ten more. With great ingenuity and tact he has set in operation various mechanical operations, by which the lads are enabled to produce articles for sale that yield them material aid. Among these trades is the manufacture of lasts for shoes, which are made in a lathe, as in America; and lately he has started a steam flouring-mill, which promises to be a great establishment in this country; already he has been offered a large price for it by the chief miller and baker in Bebek, who perceives at once its great superiority over the bungling machinery by which he has hitherto made his flour.

The evening was spent with the Rev. Mr. Riggs and family. He has long been engaged in the mission to the Greeks, and some of the most important translations have been made by this indefatigable and able scholar. Here also I met the Rev. Mr. Schauffler, and passed the night at his house. His efforts are made chiefly among the Jews, and he is now preparing books for their use in Hebrew Spanish. The three families of Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Riggs, and Mr. Schauffler, are here associated in the same village, which is delightfully situated, a healthful location, and surrounded by an interesting population. They

Hon. G. P. Marsh. His opinion.

are doing good in a way that is telling efficiently on the people.

The Hon. George P. Marsh, the American Minister at the Porte, and who is now retiring with distinguished honor, and the admiration of all the Frank residents here, after having been familiarly acquainted with this work for the last four years, spoke to me in terms of strong commendation of the mission at Constantinople. He said the people in America have no idea of the work going on, nor of the influence it is destined to have upon the country. No man can visit the stations—three in number, Pera, Haskeuy, and Bebek—without *feeling* that he is in the midst of a great moral movement, that is telling on the future. I felt this deeply in the Mission Chapel at Pera, where the Rev. Mr. Van Lennep was preaching in Armenian, and perhaps still more when I went from one family to another with Dr. Dwight, and conversed, through him, with men, women, and children, who are as familiar with the truths of religion as persons of the same age and condition in America.

CHAPTER XX.

COASTS OF ASIA MINOR.

Departure from Constantinople—Our Passengers—Women apart—Turk with his two Wives—Merchants and Merchandise—Smyrna—Islands of the Sea—Scio—Samos—Nicaria—The Harem in Trouble—Patmos—Rhodes—Colossus—Turkish Concert of Music—On Shore—Deserted Streets—Library—Sail again—Meet Vessel out of her Way—Tarsus—Italian Mountebanks—Jew and Greek Pilgrims—New-Year's in the East—Boston Rum—Alexandretta—Latakea—Fearful Scene—Isle of Cyprus—Venus—Cyprian Wine—Scriptural association.

Dec. 25. The setting sun was gilding the dome of St. Sophia when we embarked to depart from Constantinople, as did its morning beams when we came to anchor in the mouth of the Golden Horn. The steamer *Imperatore* was very slow in getting under weigh. The lamps were flashing among the trees in the Seraglio gardens before we left, and strains of rich music came floating over the water, as if a festival was there. Night settled on us while we yet lingered, as if loth to leave the scene. Along the shore and up the city, the lights were now sparkling like jewels on the breast of beauty. At eight in the evening we weighed anchor, and bade a reluctant farewell to the city of the Moslem. The upper deck of the steamer was spread with mats and carpets, and a sail stretched over like a tent for the deck passengers, of whom we had some fifty or sixty. The women were

separated from the men by a railing. Folding their babies in their bosoms, they covered themselves up with blankets, and tried to be comfortable. The men sat smoking their nargalee, quite at their ease, with the prospect of an out-of-door passage of days and nights before them. At sunset, five of them stood up in a line and performed their evening devotions, bowing always toward Mecca, kneeling and then bending forward so as to touch the floor with their foreheads, then rising and prostrating themselves again, and all this in profound silence. Of some thirty or forty on deck at this time but these five prayed at sunset. Among the cabin passengers was a genteel Turkish merchant, with his two wives, and each of them with a babe. He was dressed in a rich scarlet long-coat or gown and full blue pantaloons, a girdle encircling his waist. Sometimes he wore the red fez, and sometimes the turban. His wives were closely vailed whenever they left the state-room; but as its door was just opposite to mine, and often suddenly thrown open by the motion of the ship, I had several forbidden sights of the charms which the master of these vailed women hoped to conceal. Their beauty was nothing to boast of, and their vails quite superfluous in the way of protection. The most of the time they were deadly sea-sick. With the help of two Nubian slaves the fond husband carried them up on deck, for the sake of the air; and the poor things suffered all but death itself, their babes creeping around and over them, as they lay on the mats, helpless and miserable.

Many of our passengers were traders who had been buying goods at Constantinople, and were now returning to the interior of Asia Minor, having their stores in great leathern sacks, all ready to be loaded on camels, at whatever seaport they should land, and we were to touch at several on the way. They began to trade among themselves, and shawls, robes, slippers, and a hundred commodities were drawn from the abyss of these bags and exchanged owners. Early in the morning, after a stormy passage of three days, we arrived at Smyrna, and renewed our acquaintance with the missionaries, and the Messrs. Van Lennep, a family of great worth and respectability, the head of which has been for a long term of years the Consul of the Netherlands at this port.

December 27. Our steamer *Stamboul* left Smyrna at ten o'clock in the evening. In the night we passed the island of Scio, the scene of massacre and famine during the Greek Revolution. In the morning, Samos was on our left when we came upon deck; and for a long time we ran in sight of it. Then we passed Nicaria, where Icarus, the son of Dædalus, fell, when flying from Crete, with his wings of wax. Other islands were constantly in sight. At nine o'clock in the evening, when too dark for the vessel to run with safety, we came to anchor between two of them. We were greatly disturbed during the night by a commotion in the harem. The two wives of our Turk had a fearful quarrel about the children; but the husband went in and soon calmed the excitement, giving us, however, a specimen of domestic peace which must

Patmos. Rocky isle.

prevail in the household where there are more wives than one.

Then PATMOS hove in sight—the Patmos of the Revelation. It is little more than a cluster of rocky peaks, that rise abruptly from the eastern waters of the Mediterranean, and wear perpetually a dreary frown of barrenness. It was anciently numbered in the group of the "Sporades," or Scattered Isles, famous in classic history. It then bore its scriptural name; but those islands are no longer grouped into one geographical cluster: each is called by a separate name, and claims for itself a distinct individuality; ancient Patmos has become the modern Palmosa. The island is small, sterile, and neglected. Its circumference is measured by fifteen miles; and this short strip of coast is composed of a succession of high, bluff capes, that are difficult of access, and perilous to the mariner. Between these promontories, however, are several inlets of the sea that would form good harbors, if they were ever needed to be occupied. As yet, there is but one to which the scanty commerce of the island has ever invited vessels to resort.

At the edge of the bay which forms this haven is a little, noiseless town, built upon a broad, high rock. Anciently, Patmos had no city even as large as this. The island was always so desolate and uninviting, that it was hardly ever used for a better purpose than as a place for convicts, banished thither under the authority of the Roman government. Its general repute among the ancients was not unlike that of Van Diemen's Land among ourselves. St. John was ex-

iled to its bleak, bare shores during the latter portion of the reign of the Emperor Domitian, because of his preaching the Gospel. "I, John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." While under the sentence of Roman tyranny, he there recorded the prophetic Revelation, as it glowed with heavenly inspiration before his enraptured vision. "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass; and he sent and signified it by his angel unto his servant John: who bare record of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, and of all things that he saw. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand." At this day there is pointed out to the traveller a natural grotto, which is supposed to be the spot where he saw the "glory that was revealed." Near the place a small church now stands, connected with which is a college where the ancient Greek is taught in its early purity.

Upon the summit of the mountain on which the town is built stands an old monastery, commanding in its situation and majestic in appearance. It contains a large library, in which are many valuable books, together with an interesting collection of curious ancient manuscripts.

Dec. 28. Early in the morning we found ourselves

on the northern coast of Lero. The Archangel Isles, desert and barren, lay around us. After the storm abated we passed Calymno and came by Cos, which showed a beautiful range of hills, fertile fields, and a smiling town, with minarets rising from the midst. We passed several small islands, sparsely inhabited; the people being engaged chiefly in diving for sponges. In the distance the wind-mills, and fortifications, and minarets on the shores of the island of Rhodes, rise to view, the old town stretching upward on the hills. It was just at sunset; the clouds hung in great glory in the west, presenting a picturesque and exciting scene as we ran between the castles of St. John and St. Michael. Near where the great Colossus of Rhodes once stood, stretching its giant limbs from rock to rock, we came to anchor in a small bay. This Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world, a statue of brass one hundred and fifty feet high, and each finger larger than a man, was thrown down by an earthquake fifty-six years after it was set up. Then it lay here more than eight hundred years, when the brass was sold to a Jew, who carried it off on nine hundred camels.

We could not go ashore, as we were assured there was not a decent place in town for a stranger to stay in. Remaining on board, I visited in the course of the evening the encampment of the Turks on deck. Beneath a sail, which was spread as a tent over their heads, they had gathered for a sort of concert of music, with rude cymbals, wires drawn over a round head—somewhat resembling a drum—a sort of fiddle,

and a hand-organ, and some other instruments. A few of them made harsh discord, to which the crowd around listened apparently with great enjoyment. The Turks who were not engaged in the musical performances sat cross-legged and smoking; while in the background the vailed women clustered as near the scene as possible. The steam from the crowd, and the smoke of their pipes, rendered the place quite insupportable; and I was glad, after the box had been passed for a contribution, to make them my donation and escape.

Early the next morning numerous boats came off to the vessel, bringing the most delicious oranges, and —what we had not had before—sweet lemons, resembling the orange in shape and somewhat in taste. We went ashore, passing under the site of the Colossus. Landing in the midst of the fortifications, we passed along into the street of St. John—a deserted town, where the old walls of the stone houses are still standing, with their curious architecture and ancient escutcheons cut in the stone on the outside.

It was silent as Pompeii; now and then we met a vailed woman or a boy, who seemed to be wandering as if lost in the wilderness of a vacant city. An artist sat by the wayside sketching a Gothic gateway to an ancient palace. The pavements, worn by wheels, showed that we were in streets that had been once busy with the stir of life, but that generations once here were now passed away forever. Up the heights we wound round an old wall to the ancient church of St. John, now a mosque, with a fountain, cypress, and

some palm-trees, broken columns standing, strange pavements, and curiously-carved doors.

An old priest sat at the door of what professed to be a library. We walked in and chatted with him, but found his literary stores to consist only of a few manuscripts and books—a melancholy collection, but quite in keeping with every thing we saw in this once interesting and important city, once the residence of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, adorned, fortified, and defended by them, as history tells us in some of its most glowing chapters.

December 30. With fine weather we made good time to-day. In the middle of the afternoon we saw a vessel in the distance, with signals of distress flying. We turned our course and bore down toward it, and found her to be a Turkish schooner, bound to Beyroot; had lost her way, had no compass, and wanted to be set right. She had about fifty Turks on board, who sent up a shout imploring us to come on and give them the direction. We complied with their request, and the rickety concern stood off upon its course.

December 31. We reached Marsina, on the coast of Asia, at nine in the morning, and put into a small bay. A dozen vessels were laying at anchor, and a few mean houses stood upon the beach. The town itself lies back of the hill. After breakfast we went ashore, and found a caravan of camels reclining on the beach; they had brought down the produce of the interior country, consisting chiefly of cotton, and were now to receive for their return freight the western goods which had been brought by our ship.

Turkish cannon. A performance.

The ancient city of Tarsus lies about five hours distance over the hill. This is the place from which Paul came, and to which Jonah attempted to flee. It is now celebrated for its furnaces and foundries, where cannon are cast for the Turkish government. A large number of them were lying upon the beach, ready to be shipped by the next steamer for Constantinople.

It is a miserably tedious way they have on these steamers, of running only in the night and lying in port all day. The arrangement is made for the sake of the trade the steamer keeps up with various points on the coast, as it goes around the Levant. To kill the time which hangs so heavily on all hands, after the freight had been discharged and received, a performance was given by an Italian family of jugglers and mountebanks, making the tour of the Mediterranean, and giving exhibitions at all the important places at which they touched. The world is very much the same all over. But I doubt if they ever had a more picturesque and varied set of spectators than they had to-day. First and foremost a settee was placed near the mat on which the performers were to stand, and on the settee were the four American travellers occupying "the front reserved seats." On the floor sat a row of turbaned Turks, smoking, and trying to look as if they had nothing to do, and didn't care what was going on. Some of them had stuck their pistols in their belts, and rigged themselves with more taste than usual. The Greeks, with white kilts and the red fez, were behind the Turks. Twenty Jews on their way to the Holy City, now

Mountebanks. Pilgrims.

came up and stood looking on. The firemen and crew in their dirty clothes, were on the rigging or the machinery—any where to get a sight over the heads of the passengers. The man who was to give the entertainment now stepped forward, leading a little girl, both of them dressed in tights, and went through various feats of agility, which were received with demonstrations of applause by the assembly. The girl took two tumblers of water, held one on her mouth and the other on her forehead, her head being turned backward, and thus balancing the glasses, she crept through the rounds of a chair and a dozen hoops, without spilling the water. It was a long, trying, and painful experiment. The man balanced a gun by its bayonet on his teeth, and while thus holding it discharged another gun. Then he put the girl on the top of a pole, and resting the other end of the pole on his teeth, whirled her in the air. Then he pressed the bayonet point in the middle of his forehead, and gave a whirl, but suddenly seized it, for, contrary to his expectations, it bored a hole into his skull, and the blood ran out on his face. He bound a handkerchief over the wound and went on with other feats, till we had seen more than enough. A collection was taken up, and Turks, Greeks, Jews, Americans, and all hands contributed, to the great satisfaction of the manager.

I found that many of the Greeks and all of the Jews were making a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. It is easier to be a pilgrim now than it was before the days of steamers. Some of these Jews are

very old, very dirty, very drunken, and are going to Jerusalem to die there. One of them, a bloated, blotched, and beastly drunkard, complained to the captain this morning that some one had stolen all the rum from a bottle he had with him. The others assured the captain that the old sinner had drunk it all the night before, and knew nothing of it in the morning.

These Jews esteem it a great privilege to die at Jerusalem. But, like all other mortals, they put the evil day afar off, and set out to the Holy Land only when there is no hope of their living any where. Some of them die on the way. But if they have contributed a certain sum—I forget the amount—to the synagogue at home, they have a certificate of that fact with them, and it secures them a support and burial wherever they may be taken sick in their journey, the world over, if they come to a synagogue of Jews.

January 1, 1854. A New Year! At anchor this morning in the harbor of Alexandretta, on the coast of Asia Minor.

Sabbath morning! A forlorn and dreary place we are in to celebrate the New Year and the Sabbath. But the God of the rolling year is with us, at sea, at home, or in the distant lands of the East. Our thoughts are away with those who wish us a Happy New Year; whose faces we can not see, whose lips we shall not kiss to-day, whose voices, glad and gladdening, we shall not hear. God bless them all, and make them happy! Their prayer for us we know it is;

our prayer for them it shall be, now and ever. Happy New Year to you all, six thousand miles from us, but just as near to God as we.

We are lying half a mile from the coast, where six houses and as many cabins are planted. Barren and rugged hills rise high, receding rapidly from the shore. A gap in the mountains opens a passage to the town, which lies an hour or two beyond. The hills have no flocks, and the shores seem to have no inhabitants. Silence reigns over the face of nature as if the land were under a curse. Christianity once flourished here, and all these ports were filled with ships—the ships of Tarshish—and the commerce of India was gathered here. Now the half-savage Turk and the wandering Arab, with their camels—the "ships of the desert"—keep up a small traffic, and an occasional vessel touches on its way to more favored ports. Our vessel was gayly trimmed with flags in honor of the day. The crew rigged themselves in holiday attire after the freight had been put ashore. Among the rest were half a dozen barrels marked "Pure Boston Rum;" these will be carried, on the backs of camels, far into the interior of Asia, and the heads of the people, to do its work of ruin. I have seen but little drunkenness since I left Europe. The men on board the ship are strongly tempted to drink, and a shop is open all the time for the sale of liquors, but I see few of them touching it. The captain, however, is tipsy to-day; he has been ashore this morning, and finding two or three consuls there, has had a refreshing time. But these natives, who are bringing

coal on board from a vessel in the harbor, are wild with the excitement of their work, and carry on like semi-devils, pulling and hauling, shouting and laughing; yet they are not intoxicated. But such a ragged set of tatterdemalions it would be hard to match in the New World, and, I think, in the Old. Speaking of liquors reminds me that brandy is often used in France with coffee; but on this steamer I first met with the use of rum in tea! It was offered to me, and, for the experiment, I tasted the villainous mixture, and it was fairly nauseating.

The firemen went ashore with their guns, and ranged the hills, bringing back but a single animal, and that one quite new to all on board. I thought him like an American wood-chuck, though twice as large. Since that time I recognized his likeness in a work on Natural History. He was the Syrian coney, the animal mentioned in the Scriptures.

Here we parted with our friend, the Turk, with his two wives. It was a relief to be rid of him, and even more, to be delivered from his wives and children, whose cries and quarrels had disturbed us night and day. The Turk pressed my hand tenderly to his breast, and wished me health and prosperity in all time to come. The women toddled out of the cabin and over the side of the ship as if they were of no more account than the luggage of the husband and master.

Jan. 2. In the course of the night we ran through a very rough sea, the vessel rolling awfully, making us all sea-sick, and at nine in the morning we made the roadstead of Latakea. A few houses

A boisterous bay. Rough time.

only were on the shore; but there appeared to be great numbers of olive-trees, and a little way back we could see the cupolas and domes crowning some low mosques, and here and there a minaret pointing to the sky. A town of some importance is scattered over the plain, which extends some two or three miles to the hills. Eight row-boats are pulling rapidly over the rolling billows toward the steamer, and we watch them, expecting every moment to see them upset by the waves. They manage them with great skill, and come alongside of us, shouting for passengers to take ashore. With yellow cotton handkerchiefs for turbans, blue trowsers, white tunics, and red caps, with all sorts of vests, belts, and petticoats, they were a motley and merry group. I coaxed some of them to stand on the seat of the boat, and let me have a fair view of them. At the step-ladder they struggled for the first chance to board us; and those who could not get up, cried out to the passengers, and offered to take them off. Some forty or fifty of our Turks and Greeks went ashore. In the course of an hour, and while we were putting off the freight into a lighter, the wind, which had been high, rose to a gale, and there was danger of our driving on the beach. We signaled to the town that we were starting, and then commenced the struggle of our passengers to get on board again. Boat after boat came off, but was beaten back by the increasing gale. Some of the larger skiffs, but heavily loaded, pulled desperately, now poised on the crest of a tremendous wave, and then lost to our view so long we thought they

Woman fainting. Some left.

would never rise again; but on they came till one after another they reached us. The first brought, among others, a woman, who, the moment she was safely deposited on the deck and the awful exposure was over, fainted away. The husband and son of another of our female passengers had gone ashore, and as they did not return, she wrung her hands, wept, beat her breast, tore her hair, prayed, and finally wrapt herself in a blanket, and gave up to despair. When the objects of her anxiety finally reached the vessel, they treated her concern with perfect contempt, and were only pleased at their own escape from the sea. The step-ladder, rendered useless by the violence of the billows, was extended over the side of the vessel as a platform, which the passengers in the boats were to seize as they rose on the top of the waves. The boatmen, improving the opportunity to extort higher fare from those whom they brought aboard, would seize them by the legs, pull them back into the boat, and hold them fast until they had received as much as they wished, when they would assist them to get on board. After the steamer had started we saw two or three more boats coming off with passengers, but it was too late for them to reach us; and the gale increased with so much fury that we were obliged to hurry off, and leave them to their disappointment. Doubtless they returned, as did the many boats that were around us, to the shore in safety.

January 3. Through the most violent storm that we had ever encountered on the Mediterranean, we

made our way across to the island of Cyprus, which we reached early in the morning; and, to our great joy, found ourselves once more in smooth water. A long range of bleak sand-hills gave us no promise of the isle of beauty we had hoped to see, in the spot where Venus was born of the foam of the sea, where her temple stood, and where her worship, more than elsewhere, was for many years maintained. The fable that has associated Venus and her worship with this island was, doubtless, suggested by the voluptuous pleasures of the inhabitants of Cyprus. Stretched along the shore now stands the city of Larneca. A few minarets, but no towers of any size, rise from the farther side; behind it, lofty hills swell into domes, with a regularity almost unnatural, yet doubtless suggestive of the style of architecture common in the East. We went ashore and wandered through the streets of this town. The houses are but one story high, and have court-yards surrounded by mud walls; the roofs are made by laying poles over the rafters, then covering them with earth, and finally sowing grass upon the top of that. The streets are narrow and muddy, and are constructed with a raised side-walk wide enough only for one person to walk upon. Camels were trudging through the muddy ways, or in their stables eating chopped straw, their common food. A merchant on whom we called, inquired of us concerning the missionaries whom he had seen in Palestine and Syria; for he had been a dragoman in the East, and had frequently accompanied travellers in their journeys through those countries. One of

Cyprian wine. Paul preaches here.

the officers of the ship, with whom we had come ashore, was in search of the Cyprian wine, so famous in ancient as well as in modern times. After much search he found the merchant of whom he expected to make his purchases. His store was on the bare ground; in one corner was a pile of straw, chopped and ready for sale for the use of camels; in another, a pile of wood, which he sold for twenty paras—one cent—a stick; in addition to this assortment, a little earthenware completed the merchandise of the establishment. His wine was arranged in immense hogsheads around the wall; and the purchaser was allowed to taste the several qualities, which were drawn with a syphon. After the officer had determined the quality of the wine which he preferred to purchase, the man made every possible objection to his taking it, and insisted upon putting up for him a quality which he regarded to be decidedly inferior; so that it was a long time before he could overcome the various difficulties which the merchant suggested, and secure a couple of gallons of the sort he wanted for the use of the ship.

On this island, in Paphos, the Apostle Paul, then called Saul, preached the Gospel to Sergius Paulus. Here he encountered Elymas the sorcerer, and denounced the judgments of God upon him. Then, this isle was filled with Jews and heathen, and was covered with magnificent temples and abodes of wealth and pleasure. Now, it is comparatively deserted; and few, if any, vestiges of its ancient glory remain.

CHAPTER XXI.

SYRIA—MOUNT LEBANON.

Beyroot—Arrival—Reception—Disappointment—Engaging a Dragoman—Contract—Social Life with the Missionaries—Grave of Pliny Fisk—Mission Families—Arab Curses—Meeting an old Classmate—Ride to Lebanon—Sacred History—Almonds, Figs, Olives, and Kharibs—Fountains—Women wearing Horns—Sheep with large Tails—The House of my Friend—His School—Arab Curiosity—View from a peak of Lebanon—Tomb of a Druse Saint—Cedars of Lebanon—Superstitions—Excursion to the Nineveh of Syria—Ancient Inscription—Remarkable Features—Arab Race.

January 4. The next morning we arose with the light of day, and at sunrise "goodly Lebanon" stood before us. Beyroot—beautiful for situation—was lying on the shore, inviting us to the homes of friends who we knew would give us a cordial welcome after our weary tossing for ten days and nights upon the stormy sea. The missionaries met us at the wharf, and insisted upon conducting us immediately to their several houses. With great reluctance they allowed us, for the present, at least, to take up our quarters at the hotel until we should have completed the necessary arrangements for our journey in Syria. At Malta we had engaged a dragoman to come on and meet us at Beyroot, and have all necessary arrangements made for our immediate departure from this place. To our no small disappointment we found a

letter for us with intelligence that he had concluded to go with another party into Egypt, and that we must now look out for ourselves. But long before we reached the hotel we were beset by many, who thrust upon us their books of recommendation, and insisted that they were, of all the dragomans in the East, the very best, and could give us the most indisputable evidence of their high qualifications for the responsible trust of conducting travellers through the Holy Land into Egypt, or, indeed, into any part of the Eastern world. The American Consul, J. Hosford Smith, Esq., kindly gave us important assistance in the selection of a suitable dragoman; and, in the course of the day, we completed our contract, which was signed, sealed, and attested at the consulate, and became a legal document, binding upon us and upon the dragoman in any part of the land. By this agreement Antonio was bound to furnish us with travelling tents, bed and bedding, horses, camels, and daily provisions; the latter to consist of breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper, in quantity and quality becoming first-class passengers on board the steamers on the Mediterranean.

When these arrangements were completed we joyfully accepted the hospitalities of the missionaries. I was welcomed to the house of the Rev. Mr. Whiting, where, for four or five days, I had the calm repose and social enjoyments of a Christian home. He and the Rev. Dr. Eli Smith, Dr. De Forest, and Mr. Hurter, the printer, are laboring in their respective departments—the first, a faithful preacher of the word: the

second, translating the Scriptures; the third, teaching a female seminary; the fourth, publishing the Bible and religious books; and all of them, as they have strength and opportunity, laboring in various ways to promote the work of Christian missions.

In the burial-ground of the missionaries, near the printing-house and chapel, I found the grave of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, who died October 23, 1828, aged thirty-three years. He was the first missionary of the American Board in the city of Jerusalem. I afterward sought long and diligently for the grave of his associate, Levi Parsons, who died and was buried at Alexandria, in Egypt. Around the grave of Fisk were those of the wives and children of several of the missionaries—a precious deposit which has here been made of those who early perished in the service of God in this Eastern field.

Walking in the street in company with one of the missionaries, who understood the language of the Arabs, by whom we were surrounded, I heard one of them cursing another; and the missionary interpreted to me the language which he used. Even when an ass is the object of the curse, they say, "Cursed be the religion of your father, or of your father's father." "May God bless the father of your beard," is a common form of pronouncing a benediction upon a friend. The religion of an ass was something I had never heard of before.

Twenty-five years ago—ah! how swiftly roll the wheels of time—I had a classmate in college, of whom, had any one predicted then that he would ever

My classmate. Ahmoud.

be a missionary, he would have seemed to me as one that mocked. In intellect decidedly the foremost of his fellows, distinguished by the versatility of his powers and the range of his acquirements, with strong tendencies toward the political arena as the destined theatre of his future toil and triumph, we looked on him as a man to make his mark high on the scroll of his country's history. He was regarded as an enemy of religion; and of all the men in college, he was the last to be counted on as likely to yield to her persuasions and become her champion. Perched on the side, and nearly to the summit of Mount Lebanon, is a small village, Abeih, some five hours' ride from Beyroot, looking out from its nest upon the Mediterranean Sea. Here my old classmate, Rev. S. H. Calhoun, resides. He had heard that I was coming, and when, from his window, he saw the smoke of the steamer, he arose, saddled his horse, and came down. What a tide of emotions did that meeting raise! How strange the pathways by which we had been led; how passing strange that here, in Syria, we should, after such a separation, meet again!

Ahmoud, the Arab dragoman of the American Consul, mounted upon a handsome horse, with a sword by his side—a tall old turbaned fellow—appeared at our door this morning to escort us and a party of ladies, who were to accompany us, to Mount Lebanon, to make a visit to the house of my early friend, Calhoun. We mounted the horses that had been prepared for us, and rode out of the city through the narrow streets that were lined with aged prickly pears,

which grow in rich luxuriance, and yield a fruit used in great abundance by the natives. We passed through large groves of pines, set out by the order of Ibraham Pasha, of Egypt, and came upon the olive plantations, so common in the Eastern country. These are at least six miles in extent, and yield an immense quantity of oil for export. The land is owned by the government, but a thousand different persons may be owners of the trees; and the amount of a man's possessions is measured by the number of his trees. These olive-trees bear every other year, and all are barren during the same year.

We soon came to the village of Hadeth, well known as the place in which Assad Shidiak resided, whose early sufferings and martyrdom in the cause of Christ excited such wide-spread interest in the early history of this Syrian mission. Off at the left we passed the hill Deir el Skulah, on the top of which are the ruins of the temple where the worship of Baal was once observed. On the top of another hill, at our right, was the Greek Catholic convent, whose priests were, a year or two ago, in America, begging large sums of money, under the pretence of the great necessities of this convent, which actually possesses a rich valley and highly cultivated lands, yielding a large revenue, and providing abundantly against the possibility of want on the part of the lazy monks whom we met on our way. The Maronites, a hundred thousand in number, and the Druses inhabit this region of country. As we advanced we came in contact with so many objects mentioned in Scripture, that we began indeed

Women's horns. Sheep with large tails.

to feel that we were now on sacred ground. The almond-tree, the fig, the mulberry, the olive, and the vine were all around; here, also, was the kharib, which yielded the pod said to be the same as the "husks which the swine did eat," mentioned in the parable of the Prodigal Son. We came now to a fountain, before which a wall of solid masonry and an arch had been built, with the water pouring through an orifice. Women were there drawing the water with pitchers or jars, which they brought on their heads and carried away in the same manner. Now, for the first time, we saw women with horns, giving us at once the illustration of Scripture, where it speaks of "the horn of the righteous being exalted," etc. These are sometimes made of silver, or brass, or tin, but more commonly of baked dough, and vary from eighteen inches to two feet in length. They are fitted with a pad to rest on the top of the head, and may be elevated to any angle which is desired. A light vail is thrown over the horn, which descends from it to cover the head and shoulders. In seasons of sorrow this vail is depressed as a sign of mourning, and in times of joy is raised. On the hills which we are now climbing are frequent flocks of goats. The sheep, of which also we saw great numbers, grow to an enormous size, and have tails which weigh from ten to twenty, and even forty, fifty, and sixty pounds. In various parts of Asia Minor, the tail of this sheep grows to such immense proportions that it is no uncommon thing for the shepherd to place a little carriage behind the sheep, for its tail to rest upon; and

I was told that here it often becomes so heavy as to break from the body: it consists of an enormous lobe of fat, which is used instead of lard; and I afterward ate cake that was made with it. The sheep itself, when well fatted, will weigh two hundred pounds; and great care is taken in fattening the animal in order to make it attain its greatest weight. It is fed until it is unable to walk; then the food is brought to it and put into its mouth, and even after it is unable any longer to stand upon its feet, they continue to feed it as it lies upon the ground. As long as it will eat they endeavor to coax its appetite with whatever nutriment it will take.

Night overtook us as we were ascending the hill, and it was quite dark before we reached the house of our friend Calhoun. The village in which he lives stands upon the side of Mount Lebanon, commanding a wide view of the Mediterranean. The houses, built of stone and a single story high, usually stand with their backs toward the mountain, while the roofs are covered with earth, and either sown with grass or rolled hard with a round stone, which we often saw lying upon the tops of the houses for that purpose. Mr. Calhoun lives in a house at least two hundred years old, for which he pays about thirty dollars a year rent. Its simplicity and antique appearance impressed me with its peculiar fitness for the residence of a missionary in the East. Hard by his dwelling is the boarding-school, in which he has eighteen young men under his care, pursuing a course of education not only in the Scriptures, but in all the sciences

necessary to qualify them for influence and usefulness in the world. Some of them have already been fitted as teachers, and have gone out for that purpose among their countrymen. I examined these students in philosophy and chemistry, and was astonished at the degree of knowledge they had attained, but even more at the inquiries which they addressed to me, in reference to scientific subjects, of which they had read in the newspapers that had come to the mission from America. They were anxious to know if it were true that a man had ever walked in America like a fly, with his feet against the wall and his head toward the floor. When I assured them that I had repeatedly seen the performance, they were highly gratified, and requested an explanation. Accordingly I stretched myself upon a bench, and to their infinite amusement illustrated the process. When I came to leave the school, they crowded around me, covered my hand with kisses, and begged me to come and see them again.

The next morning, with Mr. Calhoun, we made an excursion to one of the loftiest summits of Lebanon; from which forty villages, vast plains, and the sea itself, are at once brought before the eye. From this spot, call Mutaiyer, or the Flying-off Place, we saw the cities of Sidon, and Sarepta, and Tyre. This point right before us is the place where Antiochus met the Egyptians at sea, and vanquished them. All this is the land of the Canaanites, out of which they were never driven. A spot could hardly be found in the whole range of Lebanon from which so many points

of interest in sacred and profane history are to be taken in at a single view. A short distance off, we visited the tomb of a Druse saint, consisting of four square walls of stone surmounted with a low dome. Within were the oil cans and lamps that were burnt over his head every night, when he was first buried, and afterward not so often—their theory being that the soul visits the grave of the body for a considerable time after it is buried, and then takes possession of the body of some one else that is born into the world, thus becoming his regular successor. The old doctrine of metempsychosis and the new theory of a Boston divine, were made the subject of discussion as we stood over the bones of this saint.

On the eastern side of the hill is the valley of Dahmour, through which the river pursues a meandering course toward the sea. The heights of Lebanon above are covered with snow; and the ridges, which are many miles in extent, and are remarkable for their form and height, form the backbone of the range. The cedars of Scripture are fifty miles from here—a grove not more than a quarter of a mile in circumference, carefully guarded by the Maronite priests. Some of them are claimed to be twenty-five hundred years old. None of them are cut now; and there is a superstitious notion prevalent, that if any one boils milk with the wood, it will turn to blood, and that if any one takes away part of the tree without leave, he will be visited by a fearful sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird are associated with Mr. Calhoun and his wife in their interesting labors in this mission

at Mount Lebanon; and, secluded as they are from society, I have met in none of my visits in the East any families who seemed to be happier in their work than they. I parted from them with tender regret, blessing God that he puts it into the hearts of any of his children thus to deny themselves for the sake of giving light to those who sit in darkness.

Jan. 7. Dr. Eli Smith proposed an excursion to the "Nineveh of Syria." Mr. Whiting, Mr. Bird, and Mr. Eddy, with some of the ladies of the mission, joined us. Two young ladies, natives of the land, who had been brought up in the family of Mr. Whiting, rode on white donkeys, and dressed in the native costume, with white vails falling over their shoulders, made a striking feature in our party as we set off on our horses for a ride on the shore of the sea. We passed the spot where it is said that St. George killed the Dragon, an event so famous that it is celebrated in painting and sculpture in churches dedicated to the saint. Over an ancient Roman bridge, and along a road that still bears the pavement which those conquerors laid, and round milestones which they set up, and which still lie or stand, marking the miles to Beyroot, we came to a narrow pass, where a spur of Mount Lebanon crowds close to the sea. Just above is the mouth of the ancient river Lycus, and still farther up are the ruins of Akfeh, where was once the temple of Venus, and the scene of the original fable of the death of Adonis. The river afterward took his name, and at every return of the anniversary of his death the waters were tinged with his blood. Dupuis sup-

poses that the red color was produced by an artifice of the priests; but it is more likely that the anniversary came at the rainy season, when the red soil of Lebanon would be washed down and tinge the stream. This river springs out of a cave in the side of a precipice several hundred feet high.

The only passage for an army from the north to come down upon Syria and then upon Egypt, or for the Syrians and Egyptians to go up, would be along the shore of the sea; and here the mountain presses upon it so closely that a narrow passage, easily defended, is left, and to make it in the face of opposition, would be quite as great an exploit as to force the gate of Thermopylæ. The armies that in ancient times have been here, have therefore left in the face of the rocks records to mark the event. These have been engraved upon brass tablets and let into the rocks, or tablets have been cut into the face of the precipice, and the letters carved in the stone. Some of them are Roman, and others Arabic; some are Assyrian, and others Egyptian, with figures and characters that distinctly mark each of these people. The brazen plates have been removed, and in some cases the inscription of a succeeding conqueror has been made in the rock from which it was taken. On one of them, the figure of a man with a raised and extended arm is holding a ball. The winged globe of Egypt is frequent. It is thought that the Assyrian and Egyptain armies were here at the same time. The Egyptian hieroglyphics are supposed to relate to Remesis, the Sesostris of old.

Seated on the stones near the sea-side, and in the midst of these monuments of the days of Sennacherib and Alexander, we took our lunch, a missionary picnic, and talked of the scenes that must have transpired on this eventful spot, when the armies of the South and the North contended here for the right of way.

Our return was signalized by an adventure with a drunken Arab, who, mounted on a fine horse, rode up to our party and challenged any body to run a race with him on the beach. He became so intolerable in his talk, that we were finally obliged to gratify him, to get rid of him; and one of us, the best mounted, gave rein to his Arabian steed, and away went the two like the wind. The beach was hard and smooth as a threshing-floor. The horses were full bloods, and splendid creatures; and as this was the first horse-race I ever saw in my life, and the animals were running for the pleasure of it, and neither of them was required to go faster than he pleased, I enjoyed it greatly. Of course, our side beat, and the crest-fallen Arab, left behind, soon left us altogether. These full-blooded Arabian horses give us an idea of the poetry of motion. They move as if they deserved wings, seeming to spurn the earth, and with their long limbs prancing so gracefully, that we were sure they enjoyed the field and the saddle as much as their riders. In the ship in which we returned to France was one of them on his way to Lamartine, who had sent out to Syria for an Arab steed. One of the missionaries had a horse which might have been

bought here for fifty or sixty dollars, but he would bring a thousand readily in New York.

Spending several days at Beyroot, I had frequent opportunities like this of seeing every thing of interest in and about it, and was largely indebted to the American Consul and the missionaries for their attentions and aid. The town is very ancient, and the columns that are now lying as a foundation under the wharf on which we landed, show that it has once been a city with imposing edifices. Agrippa built a theatre, and Titus here gave splendid spectacles, in which gladiators fought, and Jews, whom he brought from the ruined Holy City, were slain. Now the houses are mostly very plain, built of stone, and the streets narrow and gloomy, with a path in the centre for camels, who require a soft road to travel. The city rises gradually from the shore, and on the hill are extensive gardens and orchards, in the midst of which are handsome villas overlooking the sea. Behind the town, and away to the north, the majestic heights of Lebanon are always in view; not alone venerable for the associations they stir, but solemn in their hoary grandeur, terraced and tilled to the summit, teeming with villages, flocks, and herds.

CHAPTER XXII.

SYRIA AND PALESTINE.

Punctual Dragoman—Leave-taking—Evil Eye—Khan Khulda—Sarcophagi—Cross a River and lunch under a Palm—Mr. Calhoun joins us—Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope—Singular Facts—Jonah's Tavern—A roving Englishman—Escape from Drowning—Approach Sidon—Orange Groves—Jackals—Tents pitched—Rev. Mr. Thompson welcomes us to Sidon—The Vice-Consul—Night on the Wall—Old City—Leave in the Morning—Horde of Robbers—Ancient Aqueduct—Sarepta—Tomb of Elijah—Tyre—Elders in the Gate—Rabble—Streets—Hovels—Sea-side—Columns under Water—Walls—Dinner—Night in Tent—Alarm—Ras-el-Ain—Acre—Oriental Tavern—Safura—Cana of Galilee—Nazareth—Convent—Hospice—Missionaries.

Monday, Jan. 9. Antonio was punctual. Of very few men in the East, to say nothing of the West, could this complimentary observation be made. But he was in such haste to be off, that he sent for our luggage on Saturday evening—and I make no doubt he broke the Sabbath badly in packing—that he might be ready to set off at nine o'clock this morning.

Our party was now to consist of four American travellers, with Antonio the dragoman, Achmet the cook, Habib the servant, and four muleteers, with their mules to carry the tents, provisions, and the baggage of the party. We were mounted, but not well. We had made plenty of stipulations with An-

tonio on this head—and had made two or three excursions on horseback by way of testing the animals—and he had made fair promises to provide horses whose virtues were beyond suspicion, and their perseverance unto the end of the journey unquestionable.

Alas for all human promises! A Syrian dragoman's word is no better than any other man's. But a large committee of the Arab citizens of Beyroot were present in the court of the hotel where we met for the start, and they were unanimous in the opinion that a finer set of horses could not be procured in their country; and as we were impatient to be moving, we gave the word, and were off.

We called at the doors of our missionary friends, whose hospitalities we had been enjoying for several delightful days, and bade them farewell—a reluctant farewell; and received from them at parting various little creature comforts in the way of eatables, such as we should find refreshing in the wilderness, beyond the substantials that Antonio had provided.

Several of the gentlemen, Dr. Smith, Mr. Whiting, Mr. Bird, Mr. Hurter, and Mr. Eddy, were mounted, and rode out with us through the gardens, and half an hour beyond the city, along the field of sand which is gradually covering the hill and approaching the city. Dr. Smith told me it had advanced 2500 rods since he came to Beyroot. Nothing grows upon it but a species of wild onion, and the colycinth, a small melon, which we could see lying like lemons that had been dropped by a passing traveller. Under the shade of an old sycamore tree we halted, and embrac-

ing our brethren of the mission, took leave of them, and they returned to their work while we pursued our journey.

Our horses were decorated with beads and shells attached to their head-gear, to protect them from the *Evil Eye*. It was the first time we had come in contact with the *charms* so common among savage and semi-civilized people; and we had not expected to be making use of them at any time to shield us from the powers of darkness. I laughed at them when Antonio explained their use, and he said that he had no faith in them, but the others had, and would have them.

Three hours from the city we come to khan Khulda, where is a fountain and a stopping-place for travellers. Strewed over the ground were a great number of huge sarcophagi, hewn out of stone, the covers of some lying near them. They may have been deposited here in a cemetery, and this idea is confirmed by the fact that a little way up the hill we found several tombs cut into the side of the solid rocks. A city, whose sepulchres remain to this day, has doubtless once stood upon this spot. The living and their abodes have disappeared—the houses of the dead remain.

Not long after leaving Khulda we crossed the river Damur, and, on the southern bank, dismounted for lunch. Habib spread mats upon the sand, and happily under the shade of some noble palms; for, winter as it was, we found a shade agreeable in the heat of the day. From his ample stores Achmet produced cold chickens and various relishes, with abundance

of fine oranges, which made a repast fit for a king. While we were eating, a party of Arabs, with half a dozen camels, crossed the stream as we had done, and pursued their journey, taking no notice of our party. We are on ground that is famous in history. Antiochus the Great and the armies of Ptolemy fought, 218 years before Christ, and the Egyptians were defeated, with terrible slaughter, on the spot that now furnishes us a table in the wilderness.

We were speaking of these events when we saw in the distance, and coming down the hill, the man of all others whom we had desired to bring with us on our journey, my old friend Mr. Calhoun. He had left his home at Abieh, on Lebanon, and rode down, expecting to intercept us on our way to Sidon, and, if possible, to accompany us into the interior. A white turbaned Druse was riding a mule by his side, and in a few moments after we had spied them they dashed into the stream, and joined us at our repast. The Druseman was a neighbor of Mr. Calhoun in the mountain, and was very willing to be employed in our service, if we would take him along. We hailed the arrival of Mr. Calhoun with gratitude and joy. We had endeavored to persuade him to join us before we set off, as his health required that he should leave his work and travel for a while; but he feared that the weather might be unfavorable, and that he should suffer from the exposure. But he was now with us, and we thanked God, and took courage, as Paul did when he saw his brethren at the Three Taverns.

Off at the left, on the brow of the hills, is the vil-

lage where Lady Esther Stanhope led so strange a life, and died so miserable a death. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Sidon, the only European, except the British Consul, who was present when she was buried, gave me many particulars of this extraordinary woman. By many she was regarded as insane, and doubtless she was on the subject of the personal reign of Christ. Of noble family and handsome fortune, she forsook her friends and home in England, and here, on the southern slope of Lebanon, established her residence, waiting for the coming of the Lord. The eccentric missionary, Wolffe, was a great favorite of hers, and while he was here, she kept two horses ready saddled and bridled, which were washed every day with soap-suds, and always stood in waiting for her and her friend to go forth and meet the Lord, whenever it should be announced that he was coming. Here she secluded herself from the world, refusing to see strangers, unless they came with such introductions as seemed to impose a necessity upon her of receiving them. She died alone. When she was so far gone as to be unable to move, her servants plundered her apartments, even carrying off her jewels before her eyes; and some of them made themselves rich by the trade into which they entered with the property of Lady Esther.

On the shore of the sea we came to a rude house of refreshment called Jonah's Tavern. It is the spot where tradition says that the disobedient prophet was cast up by the great fish. Antonio asked me if I had ever heard of the story of Jonah and the Whale, and

The whale story. On his own hook.

as I did not appear to be well informed on the subject, he related the circumstances as a tradition he had heard of a man being swallowed by a whale, and making his escape at this place. He made sad work of the facts, but satisfied his hearer. Crossing a bold promontory by steps cut into the rock, making a difficult and somewhat dangerous pass, we came down again upon the sandy beach, and pushed on toward Sidon, which we could see on a point of land before us, but receding as we approached.

We fell in with a young Englishman, whom Mr. Calhoun had often met in Lebanon, and who was a sort of missionary on his own account, wandering among the Arabs, and depending on the good providence of God for his daily bread, refusing to have any connection with the missionaries, but often resorting to them when in straits. We invited him, as he was travelling in our direction, to fall into our party; and we even offered him a mule to ride, for the poor fellow was afoot. But he declined all our advances; and after walking by the side of us for an hour or two, fell behind, in company with two or three of the natives, who were bound to Sidon. A little son of Mr. Thompson came galloping up the beach from Sidon, bringing us the salutations of his parents, who had heard that we were coming, and they had sent him forward to conduct us at once to their house. He was our guide over the river Auly, and probably it was owing to his knowledge of the stream that we were able to ford it in safety. This we did; but the young Englishman, coming on about

half an hour afterward, attempted to cross very nearly at the same place, lost his footing, got into a deep hole, where the water was far beyond his depth, and he would have been drowned but for the timely aid of the natives who were with him, who got him by the hair of his head and drew him out. Now we are on the great Phœnician plain. We are near the city of Sidon; and for a mile or more we rode through splendid orchards of oranges, loaded with fruit, and tempting to the eye—like apples of gold, most beautiful. The sun was setting; and Sidon, the ancient and once glorious, was lying between us and his going down. All these fields, now teeming with groves, were once covered with the magnificent city, and the spurs of Lebanon, which here come down almost to the sea, were crowned with the villas of the Sidonians, whose merchandise was borne in ships to the ends of the then known world. The shades of evening drew around us, and the howls of the jackal began to be heard as we approached the walls of the city. Outside, and not far from the gate, our men had already pitched their snow-white tents, and were far along with their preparations for dinner when we arrived. The Rev. Mr. Thompson was there, awaiting our coming, and invited us all to his house. We were too many to consent to such a tax upon his hospitality; but Mr. Calhoun and I went in with him, leaving the younger men to pass the night on the tented field.

We learned at once that the inhabitants of the surrounding country were in a high state of alarm at

reports that a horde of Nablous robbers, a fierce and lawless set of men, were coming to embark at Beyroot for Constantinople to aid the Turks in the war. The whole region round about us was in commotion, and the people were bringing their effects within the walls, for protection from the approaching army.

The houses on this side of the city are built on the wall, and look off into the country. The gate was closed upon us as we entered, and we walked through the narrow and winding streets, dirty and broken, for a quarter of a mile, before we found the house of our kind host. He was formerly a missionary at Beyroot, but has recently established the station here, where he is greatly encouraged in his labors. I met no man in the East who is more thoroughly qualified for usefulness than Mr. Thompson. His contributions to geographical science have been valuable. His family—an accomplished wife, two sons, and daughter—received us with great warmth of hospitality, and, seated around their board, we soon forgot the fatigues of a long day of travel, and felt ourselves thoroughly at home in Sidon, by the sea-side.

While we were at table, the independent young Englishman made his appearance, having been drawn out of the water after he had sunk two or three times. Having no change of clothes, he made his way to the house of the good missionary, whose wardrobe was put at his service, and he joined us in the parlor. With as much faith in Providence as this youth, I thought he got this unexpected bath, and came very near losing his life, because he did not embrace the

opportunity the Lord provided for him of coming safely to Sidon with us. He chose to look out for himself, and so fell into the river. But he learned nothing, being too wise in his own conceit to be taught even by the Lord.

Ibrahim Nukhly, the Vice-Consul, called upon us in the course of the evening—a very polite and intelligent man. He had heard much of the disturbed state of the country, and thought it dangerous to travel, but still did not dissuade us from making the experiment. He offered us hospitalities if we would remain and visit him in his handsomely-furnished house on the wall, and not far from our friend's. The young men also came in from the tent, and were guided to Mr. Thompson's, so that we had quite an evening party, embracing friends from four or five different countries, who found mutual pleasure in this *réunion* in Sidon. Late at night I retired to sleep. My windows looked out upon the plain, in which was an ancient cemetery, with monuments of the dead lying and standing around. In one corner of it were the tents, in which my young friends were sleeping. The moon was shining brightly upon the peaceful scene, and over the groves of mulberry and oranges the mountains of Lebanon rose in the distance. I was immediately on the wall of the city, as the side of the house was but an upward continuation of the wall, and could at once perceive how Paul was let down by a basket from just such a house as this, and escaped from his enemies. It was my first visit to a city so old as to be mentioned in the book of Genesis

Story of the city. The governor.

and the Iliad of Homer. It was one of the boundaries of the Canaanites (Gen., x. 19), and though given to Asher in the division of the promised land, the Israelites never conquered it, nor its great rival Tyre. Shalmenezer knocked at its gates, and entered it in triumph seven hundred and twenty years before Christ, and the Assyrian and Persian ruled over Phœnicia for four hundred years, when Artaxerxes Ochus destroyed the city. Rebuilt, it was taken, 332 B.C., by Alexander the Great. But a greater than these mighty men had been in "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon;" and after his coming and his death, the successive armies of the Crusaders had marched along under these walls and on this shore on their way to the Holy City; and in A.D. 1111, King Baldwin I. planted the banner of the Cross on its ramparts. Before that century closed the Moslem had it again; but Saladin, after laying it waste, left it an easy prey to the Crusaders, and from that time onward it has passed through the hands of various conquerors. It is now, as is all this country, under the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey, who appoints the governor; and I learned that, for some years, the man who had held this office was one of the servants of Lady Esther Stanhope, who robbed her of her money while she was on her dying bed.

There are not more than six or seven thousand inhabitants in Sidon now. Its commerce is small, the chief exports being derived from the large and beautiful gardens and orchards of oranges, pomegranates, figs, almonds, etc., which adorn the environs of this

old town. The harbor is a poor one, not accessible for vessels of much draught of water. An ancient castle on the sea dates in the time of the Crusaders; and other ruins carry us back to a period long before their day.

It will be thought a weakness, but I could not sleep for a long time after retiring to my pleasant chamber, "the prophet's chamber on the wall." It was so strange to be here, in the midst of such old memories, that I lay awake to enjoy them instead of dreaming.

Jan. 10. I rose with the sun, and looked out on the tents of my brethren who were already astir, walking about Sidon and telling her towers. Mr. Calhoun consented to join the party, and to accompany us on our journey; and to add to our enjoyments still more, Mr. William Thompson, the son of our host, mounted his horse, and, with his father's blessing, became our fellow-traveller also. The fields and gardens were green as in June this morning when we started from Sidon. As we rode away from the city, we looked back and saw Mrs. Thompson and her daughter on the wall, to whom we waved a distant farewell, and then rode on under long rows of the tamarisk tree and groves of acacia. Half an hour from Sidon we came upon a broken column with a Latin inscription, recording the victories of Septimus Severus, and a few sarcophagi were by the way, just before we reached the dry bed of the river Sauik.

No sooner had we crossed it than we saw in the distance the expected horde of robbers from Nablous, who were reported to us as laying waste the country.

The robber horde. The Aga and officers.

The parties in advance were mostly on foot, with a few mules and several camels, on which women were mounted. A wild set of men they appeared to be, and of as many colors as the troops we had on the steamer from Smyrna. They gave us no friendly salutations, but fired their guns over our heads to frighten us, and went on in high glee, laughing and shouting as if they were off on a frolic. Soon we met the main body, three or four hundred, with banners flying, and long spears, and Crescent standards glistening in the sun. They were in admirable disorder, preserving only the appearance of being in ranks, but all pressing on in hot haste. The Aga or captain, handsomely dressed, was mounted on a splendid horse, and saluted us with great politeness as we passed him. His officers, also on horseback, spoke respectfully as we came to them; but no sooner had they gone by, than the rear of the army surrounded us, the musicians struck up their harsh discords, and all clamored vociferously for backshish. We were at their mercy completely, and probably they would have taken what we were unwilling to give, had not the Aga fortunately looked behind, and seeing what was in the wind, came thundering back with his mounted officers on their flying steeds, and swinging their battle-axes, and some of them drawing their sabres, charged in upon their own soldiers and drove them into the ranks, delivering us from their importunities, which were becoming more pressing than was agreeable. I told Antonio to give the musicians a few piastres, as they had sought honestly to charm us out

of our money; and then we left them, glad to have got by so well. Poor fellows! In less than six months the most of you will be rotting on the banks of the Danube: few of you will ever go rioting along these shores again.

Two hours from Sidon we crossed the river Zaherany—"the Flowery," a stream that bursts suddenly out of the mountains, and in ten miles of its course to the sea falls three thousand feet. An ancient Roman aqueduct conveyed the water from this river to Sidon, thirteen miles, over hill and valley. The cement is at this day as solid as the stone itself.

A large mound—the remains of ancient fortifications—stood near the sea, and when we had passed we came to the wide-spread ruins of a town, where literally not one stone had been left upon another. Even the foundations had been dug over to get out stone, that had been carried to Sidon. It is the Zarephath of the Old Testament, the Sarepta of the New, where Elijah dwelt with the widow whose flour and oil never failed, and whose dead son the prophet restored to life. His tomb is here, but there is no evidence that he returned from heaven to be buried in it. On the hill, at the left of us, is the modern village of Surafend; and the site of the ancient city of Sarepta is below. It is believed that, when our Lord was in these borders, the Syro-Phœnician woman of great faith came from Sarepta, out of whose daughter he cast the devil.

We turned off to the foot of the mountain, perhaps a mile from the shore, and under the overhang-

ing rocks found a place to spread the table—that is, to lay a cloth on the ground—and take our refreshments at noon. Near by was a large grotto or cave, in which two or three camels were feeding. It had doubtless served as a stable from the earliest times. We are in the midst of a mighty sepulchre! The whole hillside of projecting rocks is a place of tombs. They are cut out of the solid limestone, with an entrance about three feet square. We stepped into them, and found niches for the bodies, usually two or three in each tomb. The stone doors which had once swung in front had been removed. Before the door of each was a slight excavation, as if it had been made for a bed of flowers. At least five hundred of these tombs were here. It is about half way between Tyre and Sidon, and may have been the cemetery of one or the other, or both of these cities; or what is more likely, of some place between the two, that has now disappeared. Around the point of the hill, and on the southern side, a lofty precipice is *morticed* with holes to receive the ends of timbers that once supported a platform, on which assemblies have, doubtless, been gathered in the worship of Baal; for here was one of his high places, as these cisterns and altars, and pits to receive the blood that flowed from their sacrifices, abundantly show. Some of the excavations we can give no account of; but these steps in the rock that lead up to the altars, and the broken columns, and these Corinthian capitals that are strewed around, assure us that here was once a magnificent temple, in sight of the sea, the cities,

and the great Phœnician plain. After an hour's clambering among these rocks, in and out of the tombs, empty and furnishing nothing like an inscription or sign of the men who made them, we resumed our journey, and soon came upon the ruins of a temple where nine stones, like columns, are still standing erect, with confused heaps around them. The plain we are now traversing is tilled, and crops of barley and wheat are raised with remarkable success, considering the miserable system of cultivation pursued, and that no manure has been used for centuries.

A ruined khan was at the river Aswad, which we crossed near the remains of an ancient Roman bridge of a single arch, still firm, and likely to stand as long as it has stood before. From this point we see, in the far distance on our left, the summit of Mount Hermon, now clad with snow, as it is the whole of the year. It is part of a range of hills, twenty-five miles from the sea, and showing the loftiest pinnacles in Syria. Lebanon's highest point is 9500 feet above the sea.

Two hours this side of Tyre we cross the river Leontes, which rises at Balbec, and, by a winding course, finds its way into the Mediterranean at this point. An old caravansary, with immense stones in the wall over the door, would have furnished us quarters for the night, if we had wished to stay; but we pressed on, and were soon in sight of the once magnificent, now miserable city of Tyre. Twenty old men, with white turbans on their heads, were sitting at the gate, smoking and chatting, as we entered.

The long array of our party seemed to excite no curiosity; they merely looked up, and let us pass without a word. In all these Eastern cities we found this practice of "the elders sitting at the gate," indicating that they are men of some importance, not confined to the drudgery of business, but taking their leisure, and enjoying the cool of the day. Frequent allusion is made to the custom in the Old Testament. A rabble of men and boys in red caps were in the streets, but they made way for our procession. We took our course through the narrow and muddy channel in the middle of the path, left in this state for the feet of camels; and we never paused in our march till we passed through the town to the sea-side, and there pitched our tents. In the clear waters before us, lie in full view great masses of broken columns and capitals! They have been lying there for many centuries, silent and solemn witnesses of the former grandeur of Tyre, that once sat in her pride upon the sea. On this sand where we pitch our tents, and where nets are spread to dry, were her palaces and temples. This bay was once filled with the Tyrian fleets; "her merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth." But terribly has the prophecy (Ezekiel, xxvi. 4, 5) been fulfilled; and the evidence is before our eyes. A part of the old wall on the north side is still standing; and in it we observed hewn stones twenty feet long and ten feet thick—more stupendous, we believed, than could be raised by any machinery now in use. We are now on the extreme outward verge of a peninsula. This

was an island on which ancient Tyre stood in her magnificence and beauty. Alexander the Great connected it by a causeway with the mainland, and the sand has gradually accumulated on it till it is about half a mile in width. Tyre now, undeserving the name of a city, is nothing more than a mass of hovels, one story high, with dirty, crooked streets, and perhaps three thousand people in them.

We had time to visit the old church of Eusebius—a mere ruin, one large arch at the eastern end of it still remaining, and enough of the walls to mark the dimensions of the building, which Robinson and Smith suppose to have been 250 feet long by 150 wide. The vast columns of red Syenite lying around, were evidences of the former magnificence of the cathedral for which Eusebius wrote the sermon of Consecration, and which he describes as the most splendid of all the temples of Phœnicia. This was in the beginning of the fourth century of the Christian era.

The Consul, Yahab Akad, hearing of our arrival, called to pay his respects, and invited us to find lodgings at his house; but we had made provision already under our own tents, and declined his hospitality; and few would believe that we were in want of any man's hospitality, if they saw the dinner that Achmet had provided. It was ready when we returned from surveying the city, and I subjoin the bill of fare, with the remark that it was no better than on other days, and left us no room or right to complain. We had soup, of course, and then, in course, boiled chickens, boiled mutton, ham, cauliflower, salad, and eggs; pudding,

figs, nuts, oranges, and a cup of tea or coffee. This was our usual *variety*, with such changes as the markets in mud villages and no villages afforded.

This was to be my first night in a tent. Warm as the day had been, the winter nights were cold, and I expected to suffer some, sleeping as we did on the sea-coast, and in the midst of a high wind. Each of us had an iron bedstead and mattress, with sheets and blankets; and four of the cots just made the circuit of the tent, while the dinner-table—two boards laid across the portable legs—occupied the centre; and when this was cleared away, we had room for two more beds, so that six of us could sleep comfortably within the same curtains. The servants occupied another tent near to ours. I turned in before midnight, having many misgivings that the novelty of the circumstances would drive away sleep. The wind blew in upon me, and fearful of taking cold, I put up my umbrella, resting the handle of it under my chin, and thus fell quietly into the arms of the celebrated restorer of tired nature. How long I slept I know not, but was roused by terrific yells, as if an army of Indians was at hand. It proved to be more of the Nablous people on their way north, who arrived in the night, and were hastened on board a vessel in the harbor. This over, and it lasted an hour or more, I slept again, and heard no more till morning.

Early in the morning the tent was struck while we were at the breakfast-table, and we finished our repast in the chill air. The natives were around us in great numbers, and Antonio kept a bright look out on

them, lest they should make off with some of the "plunder" which was lying about while the morning exercises of packing were going on. Many of the children had sore eyes. After our attention was turned to the fact, we counted sixty who were thus diseased. Outside of the walls we stopped at a fountain, where the women of the city were drawing water, and carrying it away in pitchers on their heads. After they had given water to our cattle in primitive style, we were ready for a day's ride, and following the shore of the bay, we rode on in sight of the noble aqueduct by which the city was formerly supplied. In the course of an hour we reached Ras-el-Ain, or Fountain-head. Three or four large fountains of water, like immense living reservoirs, are here gushing up near to the sea-shore, and on the summit of a mound raised considerably above all the surrounding country. One of these lakes is a hundred feet across, and the other two are nearly as large. They are the most remarkable fountains in the world, and must be supplied by a subterranean river, that finds its outlet here. Carefully guarded by solid mason-work embankments, the water is carried off by aqueducts to irrigate the fields, and in times past it has been conveyed to the city of Tyre. This old aqueduct is now covered with vines, and the lime in the water, where it has leaked through or run over, has formed great stalactites, presenting a singular combination of natural beauty with the remains of ancient art. From this spot we could look back on Tyre, which had been supplied from these ever-gushing fountains, and think

of the wonderful changes that have taken place since she was the mistress of commerce, and held in her hands the keys of the world. How fallen! Is that Tyre, where Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great, and Greeks and Romans, have reveled in the pride of their power? So passes away the glory of man.

The Album Promontorium—the White Promontory—jutting into the sea, a precipitous bluff, is to be crossed by steps cut out of the white rock, and often very near to the edge of the cliff, which is guarded by a wall to keep the traveller from falling into the deep. On the Scala—the stairs we were ascending—we found two sick camels, deserted by the Nablous tribe, and left here to die. The ruins of Scandarum lie in our way after descending this ridge. We stopped at a fountain, over which is an ancient wall and arch, forming part of an aqueduct, from which immense stalactites, at least eight feet long, were depending. Ages would seem to be required to form them. Other walls and broken masses are scattered thickly about us, marking the site of a city of no small importance in former times. So complete is the desolation, so forsaken of man and apparently of God does the whole region appear, it requires a strong act of faith to believe that wealth and luxury have once been in all their pomp and pride where now not even a bat or an owl resides.

Off on the hill to the left of us stands a single column crowned with a capital—the solitary fragment of some temple that once stood on that commanding site. The village of Nakurah is the next that we

pass; and now we come to the tomb of Helena, and Antonio amuses us with the echo that returns from the blank walls of the square, brick, tower-like building. We ascend the heights of Nakurah, and our whole party, on horseback, form side by side in a line, while Mr. Calhoun, who has often been over this ground, calls our attention to the salient points of contemplation in the wide-spread prospect. We are looking down on the ancient Megiddo, and over a long stretch of country that falls off into the plain of Esdraelon. That ridge at the south, toward which we are now journeying, is Mount Carmel, with its convent on the western extremity, near the sea. That blue dome away in the east is one of the mountains beyond Jordan, and here are the hills of Galilee and Samaria, and the Holy Land is before us, opening to our eyes from the north as clearly and as invitingly as to Moses when he went up to the top of Nebo. We did not know at that moment how God was saying to us as he did to Moses, "Thou shalt see the land before thee, but thou shalt not go thither."

We descended into the plain and met a party of Arabs, with camels, on their way to Tyre. They told us that the country beyond Acre was in an unsettled state, the Bedouins having come over the Jordan and spread terror among the villages. They advised us not to travel into the interior, but to keep along the coasts. We passed Zib, or Aczib, an old town by the sea, a few palm-trees and miserable hovels marking the site of an ancient city of renown, and one boundary of the tribe of Asher. Still farther on we

found more of the evidence of civilization than we had seen to-day, in the villa and gardens which Ibrahim Pasha had here prepared for a summer retreat. At great cost, to irrigate his grounds, he had caused to be reared a splendid aqueduct on high and beautiful arches, spanning a long reach of country, while the rows of cypress and groves of orange in full bearing, luscious to look at, and loading the air with their perfume, completed a picture that was refreshing after the desolation that we had been travelling over during the day.

Our muleteers had gone ahead with the luggage, and we gave them orders to halt a couple of hours beyond, and be ready for our coming. Acre, famous in ancient and modern times for its fortifications and repeated sieges, was our destination for the day; but it was doubtful whether we could reach it before sunset, when the gates would be closed. Antonio and young Thompson, being better mounted than any of us, were dispatched to make all haste to the town to learn what they could of the Consul concerning the state of the country, and to bring us word to our encampment, a couple of miles out of the walls. The rest of us rode leisurely on in the setting sun, speaking of the wonderful fact that the man Christ Jesus should come into the world, and make this little country in the East the scene of his labors, and here, in this comparatively obscure and unimportant part of the world, give utterance to those simple yet sublime truths that have been working their way steadily onward, ever since, over the whole earth, exalting other lands to the loftiest pinnacle of human prosperity and

Lose our way. Hovels of the poor.

glory, while this, the first recipient of that truth, has become as the basest of kingdoms. The bread of the children has been given to the dogs. The children have perished, and the Gentiles are blessed. The sun was gone, and the twilight soon disappeared, and the darkness was around us, before we knew that we had lost sight of our muleteers, who should have pitched the tents on the plain we are crossing. We pushed on rapidly till we came to the road that turns off to Acre, and were then sure that we had lost them. We were too late to get into the town, and without shelter for the night. We shouted at the top of our voices, and Achmet heard us not, and no response from Habib came to our relief. In the distance we could hear the barking of dogs, and thinking they would be near some human habitations, we put off for them. Following the sound, we were not displeased when we found them, though the dogs set upon us furiously. A few wretched hovels were there, in the midst of some olive-trees, and we made up to the only light we could see. The house had but one small room in it; and there, on the ground, was the family, herding with their donkeys, and, of course, with fleas and vermin that make a Christian man sick to think of. We had been in the saddle for twelve hours, and were scarce able to sit much longer, but we preferred to ride twelve more to encountering the perils of such a shelter. The old man who came to the door at our call could give us no account of the mules, but we learned from him that we were not far from a famous khan Abdullah Pasha had erected.

Our men had probably found it, and turned in there for the night. The khan was situated at a place called Behjeh, which, being interpreted, is a "place of joy," and such it proved to us, for in fifteen minutes after hearing of it, we galloped over the plain, dashed into a large inclosure and through an open portal into a court a hundred feet square, in the midst of which was a noble fountain, and by its side our beautiful tent already pitched, and the dinner over the fire in front of the door! Habib was as delighted to see us as if we had been delivered from the dead. He and Achmet had been despairing of our safety, for they knew we must have passed them, but how we should find out our mistake and return, they could not imagine.

This is an Oriental tavern we are in now. The hotel business is not conducted in this country on the commercial principles of the West. Some rich man, desiring to do a good deed to his fellow-men and especially to the stranger, devotes a portion of his money to the erection of such a building as this. A row of apartments one story high surrounds a quadrangle. They are divided into numerous small rooms, some for the beasts and some for the men, but they are all alike, and might be occupied in common without doing violence to the prejudices or tastes of the people or the cattle. A passing caravan may turn in and spend the night here, making use of the shelter without charge. Indeed there is no one to "keep the house," unless some man chooses to run his chance of selling food for the men or beasts; but the most of

travellers take these with them, and do not depend on the khan for supplies.

We were desperately hungry as well as tired with this extra long day's ride, and I took hold to assist in roasting the chickens and making the soup. Probably Achmet thought that too many cooks spoil the broth, for he evidently did not appreciate my services, or was afraid that he would lose part of the glory, if the dinner proved to be, what indeed it was, a great success. As soon as I perceived the unpleasant emotions my interference with his prerogatives was awakening, I desisted with the utmost cheerfulness, and patiently waited till his agony was over and dinner was served. It was eaten with such an appetite and a relish as no tongue that has not tasted can tell. But where are the delegates we had dispatched to Acre? Bedtime came early, but they came neither early nor late. Our snug little beds invited us to repose, and nothing loth we turned in, after our good friend Calhoun had commended us to the care of a better friend on high.

Jan. 13. With the early morning Mr. Thompson and Antonio returned. They had reached the city before sundown, but the gates were shut ere they had completed their business, so that they could not get out. The Consul had entertained them hospitably, and with the first light they had come to relieve our anxieties. Immediately after breakfast we mounted and rode over the plain two miles to the city, and by the mound of Richard Cœur de Lion. The Consul, G. Jemmal, met us. He rode a beautiful Arab mare

that curveted around us with the playfulness of a cat, and seemed to be proud of displaying her limbs and fleetness. He led us through the gate and by the narrow, dirty streets to the massive fortifications on the land side and the sea. Although the works have been repaired since the British bombardment in 1840, we can see on all sides of us the evidences of the cruel ravages of war in the shattered walls of houses and broken towers. The modern history of Acre is familiar, and its ancient story runs back through the fortunes of Napoleon and to the Crusaders, and then away into the wars of the Canaanites, who never yielded this stronghold to the tribe of Asher, within whose lot it fell.

This day's journey was even more interesting than any that had preceded it. Our ride was at first across the plain, with the Carmel ridge on our right and mountains of Galilee in front. Often would we start up the fleet and beautiful gazelles, who bounded away with almost the swiftness of birds; and we had no idea of making fools of ourselves, as some travellers have done, by giving them chase. Now and then we passed a shepherd with a flock of poor sheep, or a plowman with his team of two oxen, one in front of the other, dragging the rude plow through the earth, the surface of which was only scratched by the operation. Our path led us over a hill country, that was covered with a low growth of scrub oak; and Antonio remembered it as the spot where he was seized, when a boy, by a party of Bedouin Arabs, and carried into captivity, from which he fortunately escaped after

two or three years' servitude. I afterward had reason to know that he had great apprehensions of falling again into their hands. Over this hill, we came into another and a fertile plain, where the peasant people were at their work plowing and sowing. But in the wretched condition of their agricultural implements, they can do but little toward deriving what they ought from the land, which, under proper cultivation, might be made to yield a support for a vastly greater population than now possess it. We passed two or three villages on this lovely plain, wretched hovels, where the inhabitants seemed to be scarcely above the beasts that were among them; and when we had rode for an hour or more beyond any human habitation, we met two men and a woman trudging along by the side of two loaded donkeys. We asked them, Where is CANA? At first they answered promptly, they did not know of any such place. We found, as other travellers have recorded, that these people are afraid that strangers are seeking their villages with hostile intentions, and they try to deceive them whenever they ask for information. I doubt if they were disposed to lead us astray, for we soon learned from them the course in which it lay; and others, whom we met shortly afterward, gave us the directions, and we soon came out upon the charming plain of Safura. On our right is the Dio Cæsarea of Josephus, an imposing village, crowning the summit of the hill; and on the left, at the foot of the mountain as it slopes gradually to the plain, is Cana of Galilee—the scene of our Lord's first miracle. Just across the range of

hills in front of us is Nazareth; and we can perceive how naturally the Saviour would walk over in two hours to this village to attend the marriage of a friend. Not a human being is there now. The scattered remnants of the buildings that once stood here—perhaps the same stones that made the house in which the water was made wine—are in confused heaps, an utter ruin. We asked an old Arab whom we met what place it was, and he answered KA-NAH.

In full view of this interesting sight, but on the other side of the plain, near the ruins of a khan, we spread our mats to lunch; for here was a well, and we had rode long without finding water for our beasts. This is called the "Well of the Bedouin Woman." Here we observed the many-colored soils of Palestine —red, brown, and whitish, side by side, and as distinctly marked in their division as if crops of various grains were growing on them. As we lay on our mats I strove to imprint the scenery of this lovely vale upon my mind for a pleasant memory. Its beauty, at first view, had made me break out in exclamations of delight; and the truthfulness of Hebrew poetry, in which this scenery of the Holy Land has been celebrated, was exceedingly impressive. The range of hills at the northeast lie between us and the Sea of Tiberias. Capernaum was just over there, where the mightiest of the Saviour's works were done. We are now in the tribe of Zebulon, and at the head of the valley is Napthali. We mount again and climb the steep hill on which is the village of Safura, and along the ruins of an ancient church, through wretched

streets, sometimes so narrow that the mules with their loads on their backs could not get along, and we had to search for wider paths for their passage. The inhabitants, on the tops of the low hovels, watched us suspiciously, and now and then threw stones at us after we had gone by. We were not sorry to get out of the town, that has no other claim to our interest than its traditionary reputation of being the residence of the mother of the Virgin, whose conception without the taint of sin has been incorporated into the faith of the Romish Church. Emerging from the village, we come out on the eastern side of it into a valley strewed with the skeletons of dead animals—a little Jehoshaphat that we hastened to get away from, the stench and the sight being equally disgusting. An hour or two more, and we were on the hills that surround the city of Nazareth. We followed a winding, but pleasant path, over which the Lord of Glory had often walked in the season of his youth as well as in later years. In the hollow, and on the slope of the hill at the west—for we had come around the town before we could look down upon it, lay the city of Nazareth! A secluded place; the vale is not half a mile across, and the horizon is completely bounded by these hills. In this city our Lord spent all the early years of his life—silent and sad, the only man of virtue in this wicked place. Often has he stood—a boy, a youth, a man—where I now stand, and looked off upon that great plain and those sacred mountains that rise around us. This was not the scene of his glory, but of his secret

preparation for his glorious work. And if we were affected powerfully by treading in the footprints of Socrates and Plato, how much more when we knew that a greater than either of them, even the Son of God, had often been here.

We rode down the hill and up a little way on the other side. As we approached the city we passed a fountain, and a host of ragged boys and girls about it, near the Greek Catholic church, erected on the spot where it is said the angel Gabriel announced to the Virgin Mary that she should bear a son. A dozen old men were sitting at the gate of the town as we entered, and they kindly pointed out the way we should take to find the lodgings which a servant whom we had sent before us had engaged. We passed on through the winding streets till we reached the Latin convent, on the spot where Joseph and Mary lived. Attached to it is a Hospice, or hotel for pilgrims. We entered the stone doorway into a paved court, and passed up stairs to a large chamber, furnished with divans across both ends of it, and a table running the whole length. In a few minutes one of the monks appeared, welcomed us with politeness, and proceeded at once to arrange rooms for our accommodation, while our own servants set about preparation for dinner. A notice, posted on the wall, informed us that pilgrims, on their way to the Holy City, were allowed to stay for three days, without charge, in these comfortable quarters—paying only whatever it might please them to give. A limit to the time allowed was very wisely assigned; for the quietness and

comfort with which they were surrounded might tempt many to remain longer than was desirable for themselves or their host. In the evening Mr. Calhoun and I walked out to find the missionaries of the Church of England, who are laboring in Nazareth. The head of the mission, an English clergyman, was absent, but we found where his two German assistants were dwelling. We ascended a flight of stairs on the outside of a one-story stone building, and on the roof was a prophet's chamber, in which they were lodged. How richly primitive was this! They were not at home; but we learned that they were meeting some of the natives for religious instruction in a house not far off. We crawled through a low stone doorway into a court-yard, and entered a small, dirty, smoky apartment, where eight or ten filthy Arabs were sitting on the floor, with their teachers in the midst of them. A cup of oil, having a wick hanging over the side, was the lamp with which this gloomy room was partially lighted. A pan of coals stood in the middle of the apartment; there was no chair or table of any sort in the house. Yet in this disagreeable place we found these devoted men engaged in giving instructions to these inquiring Arabs, whose whole appearance indicated exceeding interest in the subjects to which their attention was turned. When these good Germans understood who we were, they desired Mr. Calhoun to address the natives in some words of religious instruction, which he delivered with much feeling, and which they seemed to understand and appreciate. One of these Germans, Mr. Hooper, had recently

Poor team. Dangers ahead.

come to Palestine, and had brought out with him, from England, various agricultural implements, and among others some American and English plows, designing to introduce among the people, as soon as possible, some improvements in agriculture, and in other useful arts. He told me it was impossible for him to find a yoke of oxen strong enough to draw one of these plows through the light soil of that country.

With many strange emotions we walked by moonlight through the narrow streets of this ancient city, on our way to our lodgings passing the shop that is still pointed out as the one in which our Lord worked at the trade of a carpenter, while he dwelt in Nazareth. When we returned to the Hospice, we found the Consular Agent, Saleh Saely, who had called to pay his respects, having heard of our arrival. He had also received intelligence of the ravages which the Bedouins were making among the villages on our way, and he strenuously resisted the idea of our going forward. If we ventured it, however, he advised us to employ a guard of armed men. To this we consented. He agreed to find those whom he could endorse as reliable, and to have them on the ground in the morning. This arrangement completed, we retired to our bedchamber in the convent. It was well furnished with large iron bedsteads, and abundant clothing—better, we well knew, than any one our Lord slept in during the many years he was a dweller in Nazareth; and better, Mr. Calhoun assured me, than any one he had ever slept in while in Syria.

January 13. We rose early in the morning, and

Monks in chapel. The convent.

visited the chapel of the Latin convent, to which is attached the Hospice in which we had been lodged. We found the monks and the people engaged at their morning devotions, in a chapel under ground, the latter being upon the spot where the Romanists insist that the Annunciation was made by Gabriel to the Virgin Mary. Thus the Greeks at one end of the town, and the Latins at the other, claim their respective places as the veritable sites of this event. One of the monks led us along amidst massive stone walls and through cold halls, showing us the extensive apartments and various relics which had been gathered in this sacred place.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAND OF PALESTINE.

Civil War breaks out—Bedouins from beyond Jordan—Guards employed—Leaving Nazareth—Looking on the Plain of Esdraelon—Scripture History—Scenes on the Plain—Party of Bedouins—Fulah—Jezreel and Shunem—Gilboa—Saul and Jonathan—A new Guide—Invited—Cross the Kishon—Women at the Fountain—Berkeen—Wretchedness of People—Sleeping with a Horse—Quarrel with our Host—Swearing a Debt—Villages—Plain of Dothan—Joseph's Pit—Samaria—Nablous.

In the morning we held a council of war. Further intelligence had been received of the disturbed state of the country. It was now definitely known that a civil war had broken out in Palestine: two families, long hostile, had seized the present as a favorable moment to revive an ancient feud, and to fight it out when the government has higher aims than the settlement of a petty quarrel between rival chieftains of barbarous tribes. They had called upon the Bedouins over the Jordan to give them their bloody aid; and these men, the terror of the mountain, the desert, and the plain, were haunting the roads, plundering the traveller, burning villages, murdering men and women, and filling the land with confusion and dismay. To return was dangerous; but we were assured we might pursue our journey two days farther, to Nablous, without much apprehension, as the Bed-

ouins were chiefly beyond. It would be wise to take an escort of two or three armed men, whose presence would prevent an attack, although it would be impossible to resist effectually in case we encountered a large body of the robbers. Yielding to this counsel, we engaged two men who had often acted as guards for travelling parties, one of them a sheikh of decided character, who agreed to conduct us safely to Jerusalem.

It was a fair, bright, winter morning, and as delightful weather for travelling as could be desired. With varied feelings, yet all of them exciting and intensely interesting, we mounted our horses in front of the convent, and prepared to take our departure from Nazareth. A great crowd of the inhabitants assembled, curious to see a party of strangers, and many of them begging for *backshish*, the universal cry of the east. The monks wished us a good journey, and the boys cheered us as we set off; but the Consul, who had expressed great anxiety for our safety, bade us adieu with much reluctance, and fear, rather than hope, was expressed in his face. A caravan of twenty camels was coming in, as we rode out, by a broad, smooth path toward the plain. At a gushing fountain by the wayside, we gathered the whole party, and watered our cattle, counting up our numbers, and calculating the chances of making a successful journey. Ascending the hills that surround the town, after following a pass for some distance to the south, we stood upon a height that commanded a wide and magnificent view of the great battle-plain of Esdraelon. This precipice has been called the Mount of

View of the plain. Battle-fields.

Precipitation, as if it were the height from which the men of Nazareth sought to hurl the Son of God. But it is too far from the city, and we place no faith on the tradition that identifies it. But look off on this glorious prospect. Mount Carmel stretches to the sea on our right, Mount Tabor rises dome-like on our left, Gilboa and the lesser Hermon are before us; and such a throng of scriptural and sacred associations come on the soul, as no spot of earth on which I had ever stood could awaken and gather. This plain is famous in the story of Elijah and Elisha; of Deborah and Barak, and Sisera fleeing before them with his chariots of iron; of Saul and Jonathan slain on the high places of Israel, in sight of us; of the Shunamite mother and her dead boy revived; of Jezreel and Jezebel; and the vineyard of Naboth; and a host of persons and scenes in ancient, and even in *modern* history; for here Napoleon fought a pitched battle with the Mamelukes. We can see the village of Endor, whence came the witch to meet Saul; and Nain, where the Saviour raised from his bier and gave back to his mother the dead son of the widow. A hundred passages of sacred story are made palpable, as we observe the location of these villages, and the mountains, and see the routes by which the old prophets made their journeys, and the walks of the Saviour when he dwelt among men, and went about doing good. We descend into the plain, where the people are plowing, in their wretched way, the light soil. No fences divide this wide level into farms; and we can not discover any marks by which one

man's portion is distinguished from another. The path is straight, and leads us on, hour after hour, with little or nothing of incident to diversify the day. A fierce-looking Koord, well mounted and armed, came up to us, and offered to join us, as an additional guard, for a small consideration; and we enrolled him in the corps. He soon had an opportunity of displaying his courage with the rest of our brave soldiers. About noon we espied in the east, at the distance of a mile, a party of eight or ten Bedouins, riding in single file, and coming toward us. They rode up to a mound on which were the ruins of the ancient village of Fulah, and there, at a respectful distance, reconnoitred us; but our spy-glass gave us the advantage of them in this operation. With their long spears glittering in the sun, and their guns swung over their shoulders, they were formidable in appearance; but our party, now seventeen in number, with more than twenty horses and mules, was not to be attacked without danger, and they did not come near. The guards, Arab-like, displayed their courage and horsemanship by cutting great circles around us on the plain, leveling their guns at us while at full speed, and showing off to the hovering enemy what antagonists they might expect if they left their lurking-place.

At our left, and not far from the route we are taking, in full sight is Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, with its square tower, from which our friends Drs. Robinson and Smith surveyed the plain. Here Ahab and Jezebel had a summer palace, and Naboth had his vine-

yard which Ahab coveted. We are looking on the scene of Jezebel's massacre, and mark the way by which Jehu came to do his work of judgment. A wide vale lies between Jezreel and the site of Shunem, from which a view is had of the plain away to Mount Carmel; and we observe the course which the Shunamite mother took when she rode thither in all haste to summon the prophet Elisha, on the death of her son. What a simple and living reality is imparted to the story when we read it in sight of the mount and the village, on the plain where the reapers were at work, where the boy complained of pain in his head—"My head! my head!" and was carried home to his mother. We are now riding along the foot of Gilboa, and must be near the fountain where Saul and Jonathan pitched their tents on the eve of their last battle, while David was hovering around them. And as we looked upward to the hillside where the king of Israel and his sons were slain, we read the words of lamentation—"The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions."

We were now approaching the southern side of the plain, which is about eighteen miles across, and were directing our course to the village of Jenin, where travellers usually find quarters for the night. As we approached the village of Mukeibeleh the people, in rags and dirt, a sorry looking set as one would wish to meet, came out to see us. A wild Arab young man on horseback came dashing by the village, and reined up in the midst of our muleteers. He had a loose aba or cloak around him, confined with a girdle, and a fez on his head, with so many rags in his clothes, and such a crazy look in his eyes, that we were far from thinking him a valuable acquisition to our society. He soon learned that we were going to Jenin, and immediately invited us to change our route and go with him to Berkeen, a village where the inhabitants, he said, are Catholic Christians, and his father is priest. At Jenin they are all Mohammedans, and now, excited by the breaking out of the war, it would be unsafe for us to lodge there. It seemed to us that we should be quite as likely to be taken in by this story as by the people of Jenin, but as the course he proposed would give us a route onward rarely traversed, we gave heed to his counsel, and kept to the westward for half an hour, and then crossed the river KISHON. This ancient river, famous in the history and poetry of the Scriptures, which fought against Sisera and his host in the battle of Deborah and Barak, was here so shallow that we forded it without any difficulty. One of our mules played us a trick not unusual with these provoking beasts, and actually took

the liberty of lying down in the middle of the stream. It happened that this animal was loaded with our travelling kitchen and hardware furniture, which did not suffer from the wetting as other baggage would have done. It was no small trouble to get him up, and out of the water in which heroes had perished before him. This celebrated stream has its source, I was told, in a fountain near Jenin, and is dry during a part of the year, so much of the water is led off from the fountain to irrigate the plain. No sooner were we on the other side of the Kishon, than we were led by our new guide through groves of olives, and up from the plain of Esdraelon into a gorge of the mountain. Following a stony and very winding way for an hour, we pushed on, overtaking the people who were returning from their day of labor on the plain below. We came to a fountain far down in a vast excavated limestone rock. The women were gathering around it at even-tide, bringing their water-pitchers on their heads, and stepping down to the water, filled them and carried them away in the same primitive fashion. I was carried back to New Testament times, as these Oriental scenes passed before me. On the top of the hill at whose base was this fountain, was a miserable village of perhaps fifty or sixty houses. Asaad, our Arab guide, had rode on in advance to prepare for our coming, and the ragged villagers were out in full costume to meet us. The children were perched on the roofs of the low rude hovels, a picturesque group of nearly naked boys and girls, not half covered with a single garment. And a

woman crept up out of a door not three feet high, and stood before us with only a single garment on her, and that so loosely hung, that she was more naked than clothed. Daughters of Judea, have ye come to this?

Asaad had secured for us the best house in the village: he said it belonged to his father. It was cleared of whatever furniture it might have had, and put at our service. It stood in a yard that was used by night for the cattle, and was in a more filthy condition than would be the yard to any decent man's barn in our country. The house had but one room in it, about twenty feet square. The half of it was covered with a floor of cement, on which the family dwelt, while the other half was appropriated to the use of cattle when they were housed. It was the forlornest place that I had ever entered to lodge in. On the cemented part of the floor we arranged our six narrow beds, just covering the whole space. All the horses but one were accommodated in the yard. Mr. Thompson's pony, being uneasy, insisted upon occupying with us the only room we had, and we yielded to the importunities of the beast and took him in. Being established for the night, we strolled among these people. They appeared to be wretchedly poor, and to have nothing to do. The children, by scores, were at play; the boys and girls in separate parties. I called some of them to me. The girls were partially covered with dirty garments; their nails stained of a dark color, and their arms and faces marked with a kind of tattoo. Some had bracelets of brass, and beads on their arms; and their heads were

Wretched race. Table in the stable.

surrounded with ornaments of tin, or brass pieces, put together like a string of coins. One had a brass button sticking to the side of her nose. They laughed, and giggled, and ran off, half foolish and half wild, with a vacant expression, like simple natives of a country in which a stranger, for the first time, appeared.

Into the yard of our house, at evening, came the horses and cows, and goats and sheep, to be fed. A large number of the men and women of the village assembled there, and sitting upon the ground, looked on while preparations were making for our dinner. Wretched, degraded, beggarly, they seemed to be. It is distressing to know that Palestine is so far down in the scale of humanity. Not one in a hundred of its people can read; and the women are scarcely more decent than the brutes they are living with. Many of the men are not so decent as that. The vileness of much of the native population of the Holy Land, at the present hour, is such as may not be described. It seemed to me that this village was as miserable a specimen of humanity as could be seen out of the interior of Africa.

Our table was spread just in the rear of the horse, and it was covered with as excellent a dinner as one could wish to have at home or abroad. The evening we spent in reading over the stirring pages of Sacred History, recording the events that have made all this region so memorable. One after another of our party dropped asleep; and I sat alone, making these notes, and marveling that at last I was to sleep in a stable

in the country where my Lord and Master was born in a stable and cradled in a manger. Commending myself to His care, who, now that he has a throne and a crown, is not unmindful of his native land, and of those who love him, I slept too.

A clap of thunder waked me. A sudden storm had burst upon us. The rain was pouring in torrents. A stream of water was running across the ground-floor, bringing in the filth of the yard, and passing out at the other side. A cup of oil, fastened against the wall, had a lighted rag hanging over the side, and this was shedding a murky light on the scene, which I sat up in my little bed to survey. The horse was eating out of his manger, and, now and then, neighing for his absent companions. Antonio, the dragoman, was lying in another manger, covered with a blanket, and snoring a chorus to the horse's call. Happy fellows were my five friends around me, sound asleep, undisturbed by the war of elements outside, or the hoarse music within. I strove to imitate their good example; but the surroundings were unfavorable, and it was not an easy matter for me to forget myself into their condition. The odor of a stable is not pleasant for a bedchamber. The otto of roses is sweeter. But I had worse places to sleep in afterward.

In the morning, reports were brought to us that the whole country around was beset by the Bedouins, and that we would probably encounter them if we undertook to press on. It was said that the shiekhs of the various tribes were holding a council, with a

Sudden arrest. Swearing a debt.

view to settle the disturbances, and that in the course of a few days peace would probably be restored. On the whole we determined to make our way, if possible, to Nablous. We got off at nine o'clock, and had rode but a few minutes beyond the village, when Asaad, our host, came rushing after us on horseback, without saddle or bridle, having mounted in hot haste. Riding up to us in high excitement, he declared that Antonio had come off without paying for the lodgings of the party, and that unless the matter was settled at once he would rouse the people and take satisfaction for the wrong that had been done him. Here was a pretty quarrel on hand. Antonio was called on for his statement, when he protested that he had paid the full reckoning, and that this was only an attempt to extort more money from him. Asaad raved, stormed, swore, and tore his hair like a maniac, when he found that Antonio denied the charge, and refused to give him any further compensation. As the two men offered their word against each other, there seemed, at first view, no mode of settlement. But Ishmael, one of our guards, directed Asaad to take off his fez, and laying his hand on the top of Asaad's head, directed him to swear, by the holy New Testament and the forgiving God, that he had not received a piastre from Antonio. One of our servants—a Druse—demanded that he should also swear by his eyes. Asaad, professing to be a Christian, swore both the oaths without hesitation; and it was then agreed, on all hands, that he was entitled to his money, which we required Antonio to pay. Whether it was the

first or second time he had paid it, we had no means of knowing.

A village we left on our right hand, called Kefr-Kund, and shortly after reached the plain of Dothan, where Joseph was let down into the pit by his brethren and afterward sold into Egypt. Did we find the pit? We found one, dug out of the solid rock, as if for a cistern. It was evidently very ancient. No water is in it now; and, for aught I know, it may have been there from the time that Joseph was let down into it—or one just like it—in this same neighborhood. Some travellers would identify it beyond a doubt.

A round old stone house, on the top of a hill and in the midst of the ruins of a village, attracted our attention. Inquiring of a few naked men, who were plowing, we were told it was Dothan. The remains of an aqueduct were standing at the foot of the hill. The village of Erahbeh was off on the summit of another hill at our right; and, by a beautiful opening between the hills in front of us, a great road leads toward the plain of Sharon. This is the route for the caravans in going to and coming from Egypt, and is the way by which Joseph was carried off into that country, after he was sold by his brethren to the merchants of Midian. Our way was gradually uphill, till we came to the large village of Ajjeh, where was a tower, evidently more ancient and indicating a higher civilization than the rude houses below and around. The people seemed alarmed at the advent of such a company as ours, and fled as we ap-

proached. This place commands a view of a lovely valley, more highly tilled than any that we had yet seen, in the very heart of Samaria. It is covered with fields of grain all the way up to the crown of the hill. Instead of fences, large stones are laid, at short intervals, in lines across the field, marking the division of the ground belonging to different persons; and we were struck with the propriety of the early laws against removing landmarks—"Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark." On an adjacent hill, and higher up, is the village of Fahmeh; at the foot of it, another hard by is Im Fahmeh; and across the plain is one still larger than either of the others, called Gebaah. This had been plundered by the Bedouins a few days before we passed; many of the houses were destroyed, and some of the inhabitants murdered. In one of the villages, not very far from our route, no less than a hundred lives had been destroyed within a very few days before we came by. The village of Sileh is situated on the verge of a large and beautiful valley, abounding in groves of olive, and more picturesque in its landscape than any scenery which we had passed to-day.

Half an hour beyond it, we came to the hill of Samaria. Terraced as it formerly was to the summit, and crowned with the magnificent palaces of Herod, this city must have been, in the days of its glory, one of the most magnificent in the Eastern world. We rode up by a very steep path, and examined the ruins of the ancient palaces, of which the columns are still standing, and rise from the soil as if they had been

but recently planted in the earth. The ruins of the Church of St. John the Baptist stand upon the brow of the hill below the village. Tradition attributes this church to Helena, but it is more likely to have been built in the time of the Crusaders. The sepulchre of St. John the Baptist is said to be here, and hence has arisen the story that this was the place of his execution. We learn, however, from Josephus that John was beheaded on the east of the Dead Sea. Near the summit of the hill we found a number of marble columns—some fifteen or twenty—still standing erect, and others lying upon the ground. On the westerly side is the famous colonnade which once surrounded this side of the hill, and may have been the approach to some magnificent temple or palace. At least sixty of these columns still stand near each other, while others are scattered at intervals around. Fragments of many are also to be seen on other parts of the hill. This splendid colonnade must have been more than two thousand feet long. The dogs barked furiously at us from the tops of the houses as we rode through the streets; but their incivility was even less than that of the people, who treated us rudely, and threw stones at us as we passed. They were a wretched set of people; the women filthy and ill-clad, with their naked and dirty breasts exposed without a sense of shame to the eye of the stranger. And this is Samaria—once the proud city of the proud Herod—the scene of unparalleled splendor, revelry, and voluptuous sin! On those plains below us lay the Syrian army besieging the city, when they were startled by

the voices from heaven and fled in wild disorder, leaving their stores of provision to be the prey of the starving people.

Coming down from the hill, we pursued our journey over a rough and intractable path, which we were obliged to take to avoid two parties of Bedouins fighting each other behind the range of hills we had to cross. But we groped our way along as well as we could, and toward night made our entry into the walls of Nablous, the ancient Shechem or Sychar. It is a strong city, of eight or ten thousand inhabitants. The houses are chiefly of stone, many of them lofty, and the streets narrow, and the whole town surrounded by a wall, so that it might be defended against a considerable force. The people have a bad reputation even in this country of bad people. The Nablous "robbers" was a term that seemed to be applied to the inhabitants generally. But we were favorably impressed with the men who sat in the doors of their shops as we passed, and gave us respectful salutations. The city is long and narrow, and we rode nearly the whole length of it before we came to the house of Auded Assam, a Protestant Christian to whom we had been directed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LAND OF PALESTINE.

Our Quarters in Nablous—The House-top—Scripture Illustrations—Place of Retirement or of Proclamation—Solomon's Idea—Manners and Customs without Change—Rumors of Wars—Hostility to Christians—Ebal and Gerizim—Blessing and Cursing—History of the City—Jacob's Arrival—Congress of Israel—Sabbath Services—Samaritans—Synagogue—Ancient Manuscripts—Ascend Mount Gerizim—Place of Burnt Sacrifice—Holy Ground—View of Salem and Region round about—Descent—Women at Dinner—Eastern Salutation—The Guards back out—Muleteers mutiny.

By the time we reached the house of Assam, a crowd of the natives had gathered about us, with offers of their assistance, and we had no little trouble in driving them off, so fierce were their efforts to strip the mules and carry the luggage into the house. Up narrow, dark, and winding flights of stone stairs, we were led to a large chamber which opened upon the roof of the house; and yet this was not the top, for another short flight of steps conducted to still another room. As this building was on the highest ground in the city, our quarters commanded a view of the town and the surrounding country; and whichever way we looked, we saw places that were associated with the most interesting events in sacred history. Even before we had become settled in our lodgings, we were studying the geography of the land in which we were now strangers and pilgrims.

Our promenade is on the roof. But our host immediately prefers a request that we will be as circumspect as possible in our observations, for we overlook the houses of his neighbors, and they are chiefly Moslems, who resent the eyes of men when directed into the dwellings of their women. A parapet about three feet high surrounds the edge of our roof, and this is pierced with small holes, through which one can see without being seen. Instantly I was struck with the force of two or three apparently conflicting allusions to the house-top in the Sacred Scriptures. In the Acts of the Apostles, chapter x. 9, we are told that "Peter went up upon the house-top to pray"—which implies that it was a place of retirement—and so it may readily be, for the access to it from below may be easily closed, and the wall that surrounds it would exclude a person kneeling or lying from the view of the neighbors. Again, in the gospels it is said, that what is spoken in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-tops; as if the greatest publicity would be thereby given to the proclamation. And such would be the fact, for the inhabitants of the cities and villages seek the tops of the houses for air and recreation more than the streets; neighbors converse from one roof to another, and a cry upon the house-top would be heard over a far larger part of the town than if made in the highways. Solomon says in Proverbs, xxi. 9, "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house;" and as if he felt the force of the illustration, or the peculiar distress of a man afflicted with such a compan-

ion, he repeats the observation, in the same words, a few pages farther on in his book—chapter xxv. 24. In some seasons of the year, and indeed in any season, a man may make himself comfortable on the flat roof of the house, surrounded with a wall, and especially in the "corner" to which the king specially refers; for here he could readily protect himself from the storms, and in fair weather it would be a very pleasant abode. But no man can make himself comfortable, or hide himself from the storms, however "wide" may be the house which he has to share with a brawling woman. A very sensible remark that was of Solomon. Many of the houses in the smaller villages are covered with earth and sown with grass, which, however, in time of drought, would speedily wither; and this explains the allusion in three portions of Scripture to the herbs or grass on the house-top. "Let the wicked," says the Psalmist (cxxix. 6), "be as the grass upon the house-tops, which withereth afore it groweth up: wherewith the mower filleth not his hand; nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." Still other roofs are made by laying branches and then leaves over them, or straw, with more or less earth; and these could be easily removed, as in the time of our Saviour the friends of the paralytic man broke up the roof, and let him down to the spot where Jesus stood. From age to age the inhabitants of these Eastern countries go on building their houses as their fathers built them; and, with the exception of the mosques and monasteries, the same style of houses prevails now that was seen in these lands two and three

Lying by. Civil war.

thousand years ago. The same remark applies to the manners and customs of the people, which undergo no change. This renders every day of residence in the East an instructive commentary on the Bible, its fidelity and beauty being brought out in delightful relief by every thing that meets the eye.

In this upper chamber, on the roof of the house, our beds were spread, and Antonio proceeded to make us comfortable for a day or two. To-morrow was to be the Sabbath, and we were to lie still, though it was very much against the wishes of the dragoman that there should be any interruption in the journey on that account. He paid for his mules and horses by the day, and as it cost him as much to rest as to ride, he preferred to keep moving. But he was soon reconciled to the idea of lying by; for we had not reached our chamber before we began to hear of the ravages of the Bedouins from over the Jordan, who were infesting the country, and filling it with alarm. The whole country around us was in their possession. They had, for a week or two past, been plundering the villages, and robbing travellers; murdering men, women, and children, and cutting off all communication between Nablous and Jerusalem. The war had just broken out between the Turks and Russians; and it was regarded by all the Moslems here as a revival of the old war between the Crescent and the Cross. They knew nothing of any distinction between the Christian allies and the Christian enemies of the Turkish government; but looked upon every Frank or Christian, every man in European dress, as

a foe, whose destruction was a very agreeable duty. This was the state of feeling at this moment, as we found at Nablous. Our host, a conscientious, good man, was very uneasy about our safety, even in his house; and he would have been very glad to see us safely in some better place. But as we were thrown upon his care, he would be faithful to the traditional laws of hospitality, and in spite of the repeated intimations we had of the unfriendly feelings of the Mohammedans around us, he resolved to protect us to the extent of his power. Under his roof, and in the hands of a kind Providence, thankful for the preserving care we had so far experienced, we lay down and slept, and awoke, refreshed and strengthened, on the morning of the Sabbath.

It was a glorious day among the hills of Judea. The morning sun was gilding the dome-like summits of Ebal and Gerizim—the mountains of blessing and cursing. The valley between them, at the upper end of which is the city, is not more than five hundred yards across. How vividly did the scenes of Old Testament story come up before the mind as we stood on the top of the house, in full view of these sacred hills. Ebal is on our left hand, and Gerizim on our right. On Ebal the altar of the Lord was reared; great stones covered with plaster; and on it "all the words of the law were written." No iron tool was to be lifted up in erecting this altar; but whole stones, and large, were to be used. There are enough scattered over it now to build a temple. Here, upon these two hills, the bases of which come almost

to touch each other, the tribes were gathered; six standing on Ebal, and six on Gerizim; while the Levites read the curses from Ebal, and the blessings from Gerizim, and the multitudes of the people responded to each of the words with a loud Amen! "Cursed be the man that maketh any graven or molten image, an abomination unto the Lord, and all the people shall say, AMEN." Some have thought that Ebal has been cursed with perpetual sterility, while Gerizim has been more fertile. Such appeared to us to be the present aspect of the mountains. They are less than a thousand feet high; and while Ebal is covered with rocks and loose stones, forbidding cultivation, the other hill was tilled to its summit.

This ancient city has figured in history from the time when Jacob came from Padan-aram, and pitched his tent before Shalem. It became the capital of the kingdom set up by Abimelech in the time of the Judges, and the men of Shechem dealt treacherously with him, as they have done with many others since his day. They set men to lie in wait on these hills, to rob all that came along that way, and this narrow pass would afford them a fair chance to stop and plunder the traveller. It was here that the congress of the tribes assembled in the time of Rehoboam, and the new monarch of the revolted tribes made it the capital of his kingdom, but afterward yielded to Samaria, though it was for many ages the chief city of the Samaritans, their temple and their worship being confined to this holy hill, Gerizim, whose sides we will soon ascend.

Mr. Assam, our host, brought a request to our missionary companion, Mr. Calhoun, to hold a religious service in his house this morning. He complied with much cheerfulness; and about forty men assembled and listened with close attention while Mr. Calhoun expounded the Scriptures to them in the Arabic language. They sat on the floor, in the Eastern manner, and the women occupied an apartment separated by a curtain from the one we were in, so that they could hear without being seen. Though we could not understand a word that was said, it was a matter of some interest to watch the effect of the earnest words of the speaker upon these people of a strange tongue. I knew the power of the preacher in his own language; and he has now been so long accustomed to speaking the Arabic, that he is probably more at home in it than in his own. His words told upon the hearts of the assembly, and the tears they shed were silent but impressive tokens of their strong emotion.

A remnant of the ancient Samaritans still lingers in Nablous. After our morning service, we walked out and found their synagogue, a low building, which we reached by passing underneath the basement of one or two houses, and up a narrow lane, till we came to a platform, where the priest was smoking with several of his friends around him. At our request, he came down and led us through the court—in which a large apricot-tree was standing, loaded with fruit—and unlocking the door of the synagogue, he requested us to take off our shoes, which we did; and in our

stockings we walked in. The room was low and arched, with heavy, gloomy walls. A few lamps were suspended across it, and book-shelves, on which were scattered copies of parchment. At one side of the room was a platform with a single step, and behind a curtain, in a recess, were kept the sacred records.

The old priest asked us various questions about Paris, and London, and America; and whether there were any Samaritans in our country, or in any of the countries through which we had passed. He manifested but very little interest when we told him that we knew of none. He spoke of the Jews—whom they hate as of old—and said that the Messiah was not to come of Judah, but of Joseph; and denied the correctness of the interpretations which have been given by modern commentators on the ancient records. He then inquired of us if we would give him a present for showing us the old manuscript which they claim to be 3460 years old. We assented to his terms, and he stepped behind the curtain and produced it. It was on wire rollers, and had an ornamented head-piece to the box which inclosed it. The whole was covered with a rich silk embroidery, and kept with great care. As it was brought out, a few Samaritans, who had come in with us, laid their hands reverentially on their breasts, as if deeply affected with veneration for the ancient manuscript. We sat down, Turkish fashion, upon the floor, and examined it. If it is as old as is pretended, it must be the most remarkable preservation on earth: but

we had no faith whatever in the story. The venerable priest, with his long, white beard, discoursed upon it, to our very slight edification, as we did not understand a word he said, unless it was interpreted by Mr. Thompson, who was our medium of conversation. The natives, with fixed eyes, listened as long as it was open. We gave the old man a half-dollar, according to agreement, and then, at his request, doubled the donation. The door-keeper and two or three others clamored also for a present; and after all had been about half satisfied, we took our departure.

I must add, that some scholars regard this manuscript as undoubtedly very ancient, and therefore of great value. As this sect will doubtless soon become extinct, those who believe in its importance have suggested the expediency of taking measures to secure it from destruction.

Taking a lad with us for our guide, we walked out of the city, to wander for an hour or two among the scenes of sacred interest that skirt this remarkable and venerable town. It was natural that we should wish to go from the synagogue of the Samaritans to the hill on which they had worshipped from the earliest ages of their history. Even now, and four times in every year, they march in solemn procession, reading the law as they go, and ascend to the summit of Gerizim and perform their worship, not without the shedding of blood. It was, therefore, with strong and strange emotions that we took their line of march, and on the Sabbath-day, when, more than on any

other, we could feel the contrast between our own and the ancient Jewish forms of religion, we wended our way out of the upper gate. The path led us through well-tilled gardens, and among various fruit trees, to a large fountain where several women were washing clothes. They made themselves merry with our appearance, and we were pleased to see that they ventured to enjoy themselves by the inspection of strangers. The winding path up the hill, to avoid the steepness of a more direct ascent, was rough, but in twenty minutes we arrived at the ridge, and then bore off to the eastward toward a wely, or tomb of a saint. A short distance from this was a hole in the ground stoned up, perhaps six feet deep and four across; ashes and brands were lying in it, the memorials of recent sacrifice. For although we have the impression that even in Judea there is no more sacrifice for sin, and the day has long since gone by when the blood of bulls or of goats is shed in the worship of the God of heaven, it is true that this remnant of the ancient Samaritans come up hither, and once in every year, at the Feast of the Passover, they slay and burn seven lambs at the going down of the sun! They lodge all night in tents upon the mountain and descend the next day. Again they come on the day of Pentecost, and at the Feast of Tabernacles, and on the day of Atonement; a people over whose hearts is a double vail, and who will doubtless never have it removed. A little further on we came to the foundations of a large fortress or temple, the walls of it about ten feet thick and made of immense stones.

We were ready to believe that this is the ancient temple of the Samaritans; but Dr. Robinson determines it to be the remains of a castle erected by Justinian. There is no use in disputing Dr. Robinson and his friend Dr. Smith; and when we have their united opinion, the two witnesses put an end to all strife. I have consulted books many, of foreign and domestic production, to aid me in forming opinions on Palestine antiquities; but modern travellers are disposed, as a general thing, to consider the "Researches" of these gentlemen as exhausting the field of discussion. Certain it is the Samaritans themselves attach no sacredness to these ruins; and their tradition would undoubtedly have preserved the identity of these stones with those of their temple, if such were the fact. We examined with much attention a number of flat stones, on the west side of the walls, lying on the ground, under which we are told are the twelve stones brought up by the children of Israel from the river Jordan, and with which the altar of the Samaritans on this hill is said to have been built. Now they are buried under these; and here they are to lie until the Guide, the Saviour of the Samaritans—not the Messiah of the Jews—appears.

And then we came to the Holy Place—the Most Holy—a broad flat rock, like a threshing-floor, level with the surrounding earth, and sloping westward to a cistern into which the blood of sacrifices may have flowed. No one of their people now treads upon it unless he first takes off his shoes. Wherever they now pray, they turn their faces toward this sacred

spot. Doubtless their temple stood over this rock, and the site of its walls can be distinctly traced. In their zeal to have a monopoly of the holy places, the Samaritans show us on this height the spot where Abraham offered his son. As we stood among these memorials of this remarkable people, it was painful to reflect that they are perishing from among men, without the slightest evidence being given that any of them are brought to the knowledge of the truth. They are dwindling away, and one or two generations more will probably terminate their race. Dr. Robinson thinks there are not more than one hundred and fifty now left in their entire community.

The view is exceedingly interesting from this summit. On the rich plain below us are villages whose associations are with the earliest records of Israel's history. There lies Salem, the Shalim before which Jacob pitched his tent. Before us lies the plain on which Joshua gathered all the tribes of Israel, and gave them his dying charge, and made a dying covenant with them, and took a great stone and set it up under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And that stone which, Joshua said, *had heard* the words of the Lord, was to be a witness unto them lest they should afterward deny their God. Here came the children of Israel with the bones of Joseph, which they brought up out of Egypt; and "they buried them in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor:" and there is his tomb to this day. And every hill-top that I see on this bright Sabbath-day is not more lustrous with

this Eastern winter sun than with the imprint of the Divine presence, which faith discovers in all the mountains and valleys of this holy land.

And just here, at our feet, at the base of Mount Gerizim, is Jacob's Well—the scene of one of the most interesting and instructive incidents in the life of our Lord. We mark the route by which he was journeying along through this valley; how he would naturally pause about the middle of the day—the sixth hour—at this well, a mile and a half from the city, while his disciples went there to buy food; the woman of Samaria comes thither to draw water as he was sitting on the well, which was stoned up a few feet above the ground; and then followed that remarkable conversation, in which she says, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain"—the Gerizim, on which we are now standing. And then Jesus revealed himself unto her as the Messiah, "the Saviour of the world."

While we were on the ruins of the old fortress, and, from the map before us, were selecting the points of sacred interest in sight, an old shepherd, an Arab, came up, with his gun in hand, and spoke with us. He was tending sheep on the hillside; and his matted beard, loose and ragged garments, and generally forlorn appearance, gave us no flattering picture of pastoral life on the mountains of Israel. He carried his gun to protect himself and his flock from the robbers. And well he might; for even now, while he was speaking, a party of Bedouins rode in single file along the foot of the mountain; and the old man ad-

Selling us. Moslem beggars.

vised us earnestly not to venture in that direction, or we might fall into their hands. At a tomb to which we came on our way down, we met several of the natives, who also cautioned us against going into the plain; and we kept around the hill till we came near the city where some men were plowing. They were not so friendly as the others we had met; and as they supposed no one of us could understand their words, they said to the lad who was our guide,

"Why do you not take those Franks down toward the well? The Bedouins are there, and will plunder them."

The lad very properly told them they were his friends, and he wished to take them safely.

"But you would have a blessing if you would give them to the robbers; it would be a *meritorious* deed to sell the dogs."

Quite a number of beggars, Moslem as they were, did not scruple to take our hands and kiss them, while they begged us imploringly for alms. We scattered a few piastres among them, and made our way into the city.

On my way up stairs to our lodgings, I dropped in at the open door of a room where the women of the family of our host were at dinner. There were four of them sitting around a dish of olives, which were roasting over a pan of coals. One was an old lady, the mother of Assam's wife. She rose, and approaching me, kissed my hand. Two young women came forward and gave me the same respectful salutation. And then Mrs. Assam, a beautiful woman of

about twenty-five, in handsome dress—a yellow jacket, very open in front, embroidered tastefully, and a blue shirt of silk, with ornaments of gold on her head and neck—decidedly the most attractive woman it was my fortune to meet in the land of Palestine, approached me and took my hand, and pressed her lips upon it. All this was done with a gracefulness and simplicity truly charming. They knew that I was a guest of the master of the house, and they desired to show me their kind feelings in the midst of an ill-disposed and unfriendly people. As such, and as a specimen of Oriental manners, it was a delightful incident; and although we could not speak a word that either could understand, I sat down and conversed with Mrs. Assam in the language of signs, which are intelligible all the world over. Necessity is the mother of invention; and these telegraphic communications are rapidly made when we wish to exchange thoughts and have no words.

Ishmael was the name of the captain of our guard, whom we had engaged at Nazareth. He had certificates of his remarkable tact and courage in conducting travellers in all parts of the country; and we had no reason to doubt his fidelity and willingness to encounter all reasonable risks in our protection. We were sitting in our room on the afternoon of the Sabbath, expecting to set off on our journey the next day, when Ishmael entered and announced that he and his party had determined not to proceed any farther, as they had heard that the roads were perfectly impracticable, so many and so fierce were the Bed-

ouin Arabs who were plundering the villages at the south of us. In vain we offered them their own terms, and reasoned with them on the improbabilities that peaceable travellers would be molested. Much as they wanted money, and there are no people in the world more greedy to get it, they declined to go any farther with us, and we were obliged to give them a discharge. Our landlord, and friends of his in the city, called frequently to see us, and give us the latest news, as it was brought in by those who arrived in Nablous from the country; and the uniform testimony of all who came to us was, that travelling was now out of the question, unless we were under an escort strong enough to resist the attack of parties of Bedouins from one hundred to five hundred in number. Now I began to appreciate the counsel which Mr. Marsh, the American Minister at Constantinople, had given me—not to go to Palestine at all. He assured me that he had recently received such intelligence from that country, as to convince him that travelling was altogether out of the question; and he thought I had better go directly to Egypt, and leave the Holy Land till peace was restored. It seemed to us that our way was now hedged up, and we must either quietly stay where we were, or make some extraordinary effort for deliverance. At all events, we must not attempt to proceed to-morrow.

In the morning, the muleteers—to whom we had not communicated our intention of lying still for the present—sent a deputation up to our quarters, to say

that they were unwilling to proceed any farther toward Jerusalem, unless the gentlemen would give them security for the value of their property, in case their mules were carried off by the Bedouins. A panic was among them all. However willing we might have been to go on, there was no help for us now. The train would not start to-day. Our host was very decided in resisting our attempts at advance, though he would be greatly relieved when we should be fairly from under his roof. We heard every hour of discontent in the town; and we had reason to fear that some future historian of Nablous might have it to say, "the men of Shechem dealt treacherously with them." We sent our dragoman, and Mr. Assam went with him, to the governor's house, to lay before him our situation, and obtain a suitable escort. His Excellency was not yet prepared to see company, and our delegation returned to report progress. There was no farther objection to remaining as we were. Providence had evidently hedged up our way, saying to us very plainly, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Very reluctantly we yielded to the necessity of the case, and determined, since we could not do as we would, to do as we could, and to spend the day in looking at the objects of sacred interest in and around the town, hoping that by the morrow a way would be open for an escape.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAND OF PALESTINE.

Excursion to Jacob's Well—Taking away the Stone—Getting in—Measuring the Well—The Bedouins coming—Getting out—Mounting in hot Haste—Flight—Pursuit—Overtaken—Assault—Mr. Righter's Gallantry—He is wounded—Escape—Guides robbed—Return to Town—Appeal to the Governor—Contract with a Sheikh—Preparation—Party enlarged—Escape by retired Route—Plain of Sharon—Antipathies—Village Life—Fight among Muleteers—Maid at the Well—Reach Jaffa.

TOWARD noon we rode out to Jacob's Well. Our party consisted of Messrs. Calhoun, Thompson, Groesbech, Hill, Righter, and myself. The dragoman Antonio went as guide. Not apprehending any danger in an excursion so near the town, we had left our pistols in our room, and were now entirely unarmed. One of the people of the town, a poor fellow who hoped by following us to get a present, and the lad who had been our guide to Gerizim the day before, joined themselves to the party. Thus escorted, we set off to the well. No one of the places of interest in sacred history is more distinctly marked than this. The scriptural account of its location is so definite, the great value placed upon wells in early times, and the easy tradition that would preserve the name of such a spot, leave no room even for the incredulous to hang a doubt as to the genuineness of the locality.

All parties, Mohammedans and Christians, Jews and Samaritans, regard the place as identified. We were half an hour in reaching it from the walls of the town. Around the old well was a heap of rubbish, and a large stone lay over the mouth. Our guides attempted to lift it, and failed; but at my suggestion they put a strap around one end of it and pulled it out. We found that this was the opening through a platform over the well, and that the real mouth was not immediately beneath it, but about three feet to the east. Mr. Righter and I succeeded in squeezing ourselves through the mouth of the platform, and bent over the well. We had brought a line for measuring the depth, and attaching a stone to the end of it, we lowered it to the bottom. Just as the stone struck the bottom, the dragoman called out to us to make haste, as a band of Bedouins were coming upon us. I told him to tie a knot in the cord that we might determine the depth from the upper surface, and we would come up. It took us some time to draw the stone with the cord from the bottom of the well, which we afterward measured and found to be seventy-five feet deep. There was no water in it at this time; but our companion, Mr. Calhoun, who was here in April, 1839, measured the well then, and found water to the depth of ten or twelve feet. In March, Maundrel found fifteen feet. He describes it as covered by an old stone vault, into which he "descended by a narrow hole in the roof, and there found the proper mouth of the well, a broad flat stone upon it." Some travellers have stated the depth of the well to be a

Depth of well. Coming out.

hundred feet, and others, a hundred and five. It is not improbable that formerly the well has been deeper than it is now, and successive travellers have thrown stones into it, till the accumulation of rubbish in the bottom has diminished its depth.

Dr. Robinson examines the authorities in reference to the well, and considers the question as conclusively settled that this is the actual well of the patriarch, and that it was dug by him in some connection with the possession of the parcel of ground bought of Hamor, the father of Shechem, which he gave to his son Joseph, and in which Joseph and his brethren were buried. Here our blessed Saviour sat when wearied with his journey, and taught the woman and his disciples and the people who thronged from the city to hear him. Here, in full view of the mount on which the Samaritans worshipped, he discoursed to them on the worship of the only living and true God, and the way of access to him.

During all the time that we had been engaged in measuring the well, Antonio had been clamoring loudly for us to come up, insisting upon it that the Bedouins were near at hand. It was impossible for me to believe that there was any actual danger, and I proceeded to wind up the line around the stone, which occupied some little time. Then Mr. Righter and I emerged from the mouth of the well, and found our party already mounted and ready to start. Antonio, who was also upon his horse, told us to hasten, and pointed to the south, where I saw, but a short distance off, a company of Bedouins—some ten or twelve in

No time to lose. Antonio runs.

number—riding slowly in single file, with their lances at rest, and their guns slung over their shoulders. As we had not a weapon among us, and they would have been more than a match for us if we had, and as there were none of our party disposed to encounter the hazard of a skirmish with a party of armed Bedouins, fresh from the plunder of surrounding villages, and now prowling in the vicinity of Nablous, in hope of seizing upon passing travellers, it was evident that our only safety was, under God, in making our way as rapidly as possible toward the walls of the city. Yet even then I was disposed to hold on, and parley with the enemy, presuming that when they found out that we were Franks, and had no hostile intention, they would not molest us. But Antonio, coward as he was, and as all braggarts are, led off at full speed. Imminent as the peril was, it was positively amusing to see the figure this valorous dragoman cut, as he went like a streak toward the city. His horse was small, but tough and wiry, and the fleetest of the party. Now put to his speed, his frightened rider kicking his sides, his tail streaming in the wind, he ran as if all the Bedouins this side of Jordan were after him, and never halted in his flight till he was safe within the walls of old Shechem. The rest of us were soon following, as swiftly as our several horses would carry us. Unfortunately, I was mounted on one which had been selected for me on account of his peculiar gentleness and easy carriage, and following behind the rest, he refused to make any special effort to escape.

The Bedouins halted behind a spur of the hill, and one of their number was dispatched to overtake us. Looking over my shoulder, I saw him coming, in full leap upon me, with his lance balanced and ready to run it through my back. Mr. Righter could easily have pressed on and made his escape, but seeing that I was in danger of being left alone, and likely to fall into the hands of the enemy, while the rest were already so far ahead as to be sure of escape, with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, as rare in history as it is beautiful to record, he reined up, and fell back between me and the Bedouin, who was instantly alongside of us. Dashing by and wheeling suddenly in front, he called out to us to stand; and selecting my friend as his first victim, drove his spear into his side, then struck him twice with it over the head and back, evidently designing to bring him from his horse, and to detain him, and so the rest of us, till his party should come up. Mr. Calhoun, looking around and seeing our situation, returned, calling to the monster in his own tongue to desist. It was a fearful sight to see this black villain thrusting his spear into the body of my defenceless and devoted friend. I was within six feet of him, only waiting my turn, expecting the band to come up and surround us in a moment. Whatever may have been my feelings of alarm while we were pursued, they all gave way to calmness and composure when I considered myself and friend as captives in the hand of a savage foe, and entirely at his mercy. It was my expectation that he would dispatch my friend, and then fall upon me. The return

of Mr. Calhoun, and of Mr. Thompson who followed him, seemed to suggest to the Bedouin the necessity of calling for the rest of his party, who were but a few hundred yards from where we were arrested. Ordering us to remain where we were, he dashed off to his company, gave them the signal, and they sallied forth in pursuit. This was our only chance for a desperate effort to reach the town, and we made the most of it. Just as they came out from behind the rock where they were hid, the two native guides, who had been down to the well with us, appeared, and one of them laid hold of the horse of the foremost Bedouin by the bridle, and remonstrated with the robbers against assailing us. These circumstances fortunately delayed them for a few moments; for they fell upon him, beat him to the earth, pierced him with their spears, stripped him naked, and left him to drag himself home. This delay gave us just the time which we needed, in order to make good our escape; and there can be no doubt but that we availed ourselves of all the time that was allowed us, and by dint of hard riding reached the town in safety. Our doughty dragoman, who should have stood by us in the affray, had arrived some time in advance, altogether unconscious of the narrow escape that we had made, and of the peril through which we had passed. We were hardly there and safe when the lad who had followed us came rushing into our room, looking more dead than alive—his eyes starting from his head in fright. His red skull-cap had been pulled off by the Arabs; but as he had nothing else on him worth

stealing, they had let him go, and he had made the best of his way to us to report the miserable fate of his companion, who had fared worse in the hands of these pitiless robbers. In the course of the day we were called on by the friends of the poor fellow, who told us a pitiful tale of his sufferings in our service, and of the great loss he had sustained. They said that he had sold a gun that morning, and had the money with him, which was taken with his clothes. Not a word of this did we believe; but it was prudent to keep the peace with these Nablous people, and we did not care to be troubled with an example of Holy Land law. So we requested our worthy host to go and see the man, and pay him what was right. A few dollars made it a profitable operation for him, and probably hastened his recovery.

Our anxieties were now turned to Mr. Righter, the only one of us who had suffered personal injury. The spear had passed through his Mackintosh, his surtout, frock-coat, and under-clothing, inflicting a flesh wound just below the ribs on his left side. I washed it out with cold water, and applied a plaster, dressing it as well as we could, and wishing to conceal from our men, and from the people of the town, the nature of our adventure. There was alarm enough without our adding excitement to the flame. My friend complained of soreness in his limbs, and in the course of the day and night following he had some fever; but he rested better than could be expected, and in the course of a week was free from any ill effects.

We now sent a deputation to the Aga, or governor

of the town, invoking his aid to secure us a safe passage. He replied, that at present all the roads were impracticable; but he hoped, in a few days, the quarrels among the people would be settled, when he would send us out with an adequate escort. He had but two hundred soldiers, and these were far from sufficient to protect the town if the Bedouin Arabs should turn their arms against it. Rumors were also abroad of a threatened rising of the Nablous Moslems against the Christians; and, in the present wretchedly-distracted condition of the country, it was impossible to anticipate the issues of a day.

Our situation was now becoming a matter of general solicitude. Two of the chief men of the city called to express their sympathy with us in our imprisonment, and to offer all the protection their favor could afford. We treated them to pipes and coffee, which they received in silence, and enjoyed for a quarter of an hour, before a word was said.

In the evening a man was brought to us, who said that he had just arrived from Jerusalem; five hundred Bedouins, in roving parties, held possession of the intervening country; he had taken a way through the mountains, and had made the passage. We heard, also, of one or two villages more that had been plundered, and many of the inhabitants butchered. The reports, we had no doubt, were exaggerated; but after making every allowance for the public apprehension, which magnified the facts, we knew that the sooner we were out of the country the better; and, if we escaped at all, we must take our lives in our hands and flee.

A Turkish officer. Another move.

Abdullah Gunneh is an officer of the small Turkish force in Nablous, and a man of wide repute in the country. We were advised to apply to him to extricate us out of the difficulties which were thickening every moment. We sent for him, and he came to our room; a tall, solemn, silent man, with a heavy beard, a stoop in his shoulders, and nothing to indicate energy but a small, quick eye. Scarcely noticing us, as he entered, he sat down on the *divan*, adjusting his long, heavy sword, to his position, and looked on the floor. The pipe was offered him, and he took a few whiffs; coffee followed, and he drank the tiny cup without a word. Mr. Calhoun opened the business, which was to ask him if it was in his power to conduct us safely to Jerusalem, or to Jaffa; which places were equally distant—about the journey of a day and a half. He said that he could not do it by force. The highways were beleaguered by so many of the Bedouins, he could only hope to carry us through by his personal influence with those we might meet. We made a bargain with him to take a sufficient force to resist any small marauding parties, and to be ready to start at daylight in the morning.

The prospect before us was not the most pleasing, and the recollections of the day past were not composing to nervous temperaments, but we rested well, and taking an early breakfast, were on horseback before sunrise. We waited anxiously for the chief with his escort, but he did not come. At last he sent word that he had heard in the course of the night of so

much disturbance in the country, he could not insure our safety, and he advised the delay of another day. We had to submit; and we soon heard the same stories that the chief had received, of the sacking of a neighboring village by the Bedouins, who had cut the throats of forty men and two women. A long and gloomy day we dragged out, walking on the flat housetop upon which the door of our chamber opened, and looking on the sacred mountains near us, and up to the heavens wherein He dwells who alone can help us in this time of need. How often and how earnestly, in all this captivity, we asked him to deliver us, I will not say. In the evening the sheikh came again, and having reported that the road to Jaffa was comparatively secure, he declared his readiness to make a contract to conduct us there, and he would be responsible for all our effects. The contract was as follows:

"The reason of this paper is—I, Abdullah Gunneh, whose seal is affixed, agree to conduct Howadji Prime and his companions, six in number, with ten horsemen to Jaffa; and to make good all the loss of property which they shall represent on their conscience; and they shall pay me fifty piastres for each horseman, and one hundred and fifty piastres for myself."

Instead of signing his name to the writing, he covered the signet on his right hand with ink, and made the impression. Assam did the same with his, and the bargain was *sealed*.

January 18. We rose at four o'clock this morning and called the men, who were still sound asleep. It was an important crisis in our journey, and with many

misgivings we addressed ourselves to the day that was before us. Mr. Calhoun, with great interest and solemnity, conducted religious services in our room, and commended us and our absent families to God, who alone is able to keep us in the midst of enemies. While our breakfast was preparing, I walked on the house-top with Mr. Calhoun, and spoke of Abraham, and Jacob, and Joshua, who had been here in the midst of these hills and plains, and had trusted God in more trying circumstances than ours. The morning sun was rising over Ebal and gilding the summit of Gerizim, stealing along by degrees through the valley, speaking to us of the smiles of heaven, awakening in our bosoms hopes of a propitious day. We were about to set our faces toward the sea, not knowing what should befall us by the way, and exceedingly doubtful as to the issue of our journey. While we were at breakfast, word came from the sheikh Abdullah Gunneh that he was ready for us, and would be in waiting with his guard on the outside of the northern gate of the town. Our friends Assam and his family took an affectionate leave of us, commending us to the kindly care of our Heavenly Father; and it was with unfeigned gratitude that we returned to this amiable man our thanks for the great kindness which he had shown us during our painful captivity within his walls. He keeps a house for lodging travellers, and I can commend it to those who may follow me, as being without doubt the most desirable place of rest in Nablous. In addition to the price which Antonio paid him for the use of the rooms, according to his

The guards. The party.

bargain, we insisted upon his receiving a present from us, as some small token of our esteem for his faithfulness.

At his door we mounted our horses, and in single file, through the narrow streets of the town, wound our way out of the gate into the midst of the gardens and the olive trees with which the town is surrounded, and there awaited the coming of the shiekh and his men. We feared at first that, as he had not arrived, we were doomed to be disappointed, and might have to return and wait still another day. Soon, however, two men dressed as Bedouins, and armed with spears and guns, and with pistols in their girdles, rode up and informed us that they belonged to the party of the sheikh, who would soon make his appearance. Presently he emerged from another quarter of the city, having taken the precaution to assemble his guards from different directions, in order that the appearance of an armed body of men might not attract the attention of any of the Bedouins in the surrounding hills. He was a man quite above the ordinary height, a solemn Turk, with a heavy black beard, beautiful blue cloth dress, with a red sash confining the loose cloak, which he soon threw off, and left exposed his military dress. He wore loose blue trowsers, an elegant pistol girdle, richly embroidered, and a long heavy sword with steel scabbard. Decidedly he was a man of mark: his appearance was well fitted to command the respect, and, in case of an emergency, to render him formidable in the eye of an enemy. The soldiers whom he had brought with him were not in

uniform, but were dressed each for a specific purpose. One was his adjutant, and rode back and forth over the long line of our company, which was often in single file, and extended over a great distance; another, and the fiercest, was armed with a long gun, and a stiff, short dirk in his belt, and dressed with a white aba and white turban, and might have been taken for a priest but for his weapons and the fight which was flashing in his eyes and tingling in his fingers.

Just as we were ready to get under way, a large party issued from the city, on mules and donkeys, and in the gray of the morning, as they came out through the olive groves, in their various costumes, they presented an extraordinary, and, for some time, mysterious appearance. We soon learned that they were parties who had heard that an armed escort was that morning to set off for Jaffa, to accompany Frank travellers, and as they, like us, had been confined to the city for several days, waiting for a door of escape, they had determined to set off under the protection of our guns. Some of them were strolling musicians, having been wandering among the villages of Palestine and Syria, and were now on their way to Egypt, by way of the sea. Their musical instruments over their shoulders, had given to us the idea that we were to be reinforced by a number of armed travellers; and probably, in case of an emergency, we should have found their instruments quite as efficient as any weapons which they might have brought with them.

Our sheikh proposed to conduct us off from the

ordinary routes of travel, and by unfrequented paths among the mountains, to lead us to the plain of Sharon. In the course of an hour after we left Nablous, we halted on the western side of the hill of Samaria, which we had ascended from the east but a few days before. The villages of Keison, and Beitlid, and Raman were on the road that we took. The villagers came out to see us as we passed on. At other times, when they first saw us coming, they would flee and secrete themselves, as though they feared that we were an enemy about to invade their peaceful homes. The men who were at work in the fields were always armed with guns to protect themselves; like those who built the wall of Jerusalem of old, with a tool in one hand and a weapon in the other.

About noon the plain of Sharon opened to our view —the widest and most extensive in Palestine—stretching from Mount Carmel on the north, away to the Great Desert on the south, while the Mediterranean Sea is before us under the western horizon. We passed on the plain the village of Kulinsameh, in which were the ruins of an ancient church; and then south we came on to the village of Tireh, and striking off westward we halted, at four o'clock in the afternoon, at Miskeh, a village near Antipatris, where Paul was brought at night by the soldiers, from Jerusalem, on his way to Rome.

The houses of the village were low, and the roofs covered with grass. The people at first were alarmed as we came up, but after we had chosen a plot of ground, and proceeded to pitch our tents in peace,

they gathered about us; the chief received the salutations of the older men, who came near and touched heads, and laid their hands on their breasts, in token of friendship. They then sat down upon the grass, in a circle of some twenty or thirty, and lighting their pipes, passed them around from one to another, thus establishing an acquaintance at once. The women of the village were out at an ancient Roman well, eighty feet deep, and walled up with hammered stone. A crotched tree over the mouth of it, with a grooved roller in the crotch, answered for a wheel, round which a rope was passed. An earthen jar was attached to the rope; and when this had been let down, two women walked off with the rope to the distance of eighty or a hundred feet, thus drawing the jar to the surface. Righter and I stepped to the well, where a pretty maiden was standing, with her jar upon the platform, some four or five feet from the ground. She was rather scantily dressed for a fair girl of seventeen; having nothing on but a coarse sack, and a string around her waist, leaving her breasts, arms, and much of her lower limbs exposed to the weather. She let down her pitcher, others drew the rope, and when it came up full, she brought it to the edge of the platform and tipped it over to our lips, so that we drank as did Abraham's servant at the hand of Rebecca.

It was now even-tide, and we sat in the door of our tent at the close of a most beautiful day. It was hard to persuade ourselves that danger lurked in the midst of such a balmy clime. A shriek broke upon

our ears; and, running from the tents, we found two of our muleteers clinched in fight. Mr. Calhoun rushed between them to separate them; but as they both fell, he was brought down to the ground with them. I plunged into the *melée* to extricate my friend, imploring him to let them fight it out between themselves, rather than run the risk of losing his own life in the affray. One seized a tent-pin, and smote the other over the head; the other seized a mallet, with which the pins were driven in the ground, and rushed back to return the blow. I caught his arm, and Mr. Calhoun laid hold of the stick with which the other was about to renew the attack, and, with the aid of Antonio, we finally succeeded in parting the belligerents.

Our guards and servants built camp-fires in front of the tent, and stretched themselves on their mats around it, presenting a strange spectacle in the midst of the darkness that was now settling around us. As they lay on their backs, looking up at the stars in this clear, glorious night, I thought of the wise men of the East, and the pursuit of the science of astronomy in Arabia and other countries of the East, as natural to men who were accustomed to sleep out of doors, with their attention so constantly attracted toward the heavens. Mr. Righter suffered much in the night from the spear wound in his side; he complained of soreness in his bones, and had much fever, but no inflammation, and there was every prospect of his doing well. What a noble deed! What a beautiful deed! To throw himself, as he did, be-

tween me and a savage with a weapon of death in his hand! I long to tell of his devotion to my children. I know they will cherish his name, and repeat the story to those who come after them. History has told us of soldiers who have died for their commanders; of heroism in battle, when glory was to be gained by self-sacrifice; but here was no tie but that of friendship; no obligation, no expectation, but a magnanimous exposure of a friend, who devotes his life to protect me from death, and to give me an opportunity to escape while he was in danger of being slain. I rejoice that I had strength to resist any temptation to flee; and though unarmed, and aware that other enemies were at hand, was able to stand near my friend so long as he was exposed to the same danger.

January 19. We rose at five in the morning, having slept pleasantly, though waked occasionally by the various cries and calls of men, horses, mules, jackals, dogs, etc., by which the village and our tent were surrounded. Abdullah Gunneh and his men had by turns kept constant guard around us, determined to be faithful to his trust, and feeling that we were not yet in a place of safety. When we rose, the muleteers were hard at work in packing, and the soldiers impatient to set off. We present the appearance of a small army about to enter the field. Mr. Righter has slept well, and is decidedly better than last night. My fears are relieved about the results of his wound, though I should be still more pleased if the soreness in his bones would leave him.

It is sunrise on the plains of Sharon. In the midst

of our journey over this prairie, covered with flowers, which we often paused to gather, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a large party of Bedouins, handsomely mounted, with their spears at rest, and each with a gun across his shoulders, which he lowered and cocked as the whole body brought up at the side of our party. Fortunately they were friends of our chief, Abdullah Gunneh; and after he had exchanged a few words of friendly greeting with them, they suffered us to pass on. They were handsomely equipped, armed to the teeth, and a better-looking set of men than the Nablous Arabs whom we had met a few days before. Half an hour after passing them, we came upon the black tents of the Bedouins. The children were playing around them, the women at work, and cattle grazing near. There were few villages upon this plain, which was but little cultivated, being chiefly used for pasturage. As we were riding over the plain, the chief came up to Antonio, who was smoking, and said to him: "I suppose that pipe was given you by your father, who had it by a will from your grandfather, and that you mean to keep it all to yourself, and to give it to your oldest son." Antonio took the hint and handed him the pipe, from which he took a few whiffs, and returned it to its owner.

About two hours from Jaffa, we came to a magnificent fountain, rising in the plain, and sending out such copious supplies of water as to make quite a river, which flows toward the sea. Through gardens of oranges and lemon-trees, and prickly-pear hedges,

passing a large grave-yard, in which the women, closely vailed, were sitting over the graves of their departed friends, we approached the gates of Jaffa. Several large caravans of camels and traders were on the outside. We pitched our tent near to the quarantine ground, and proceeded at once to the Consul, Jacob Murad, who received us with the greatest cordiality, and insisted on our leaving the tents and taking possession of his villa, about half a mile from the gate.

We spent a few days in the villa of the Consul; when Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Thompson returned by the steamer, to Beyroot, and we waited for another to come on, in which we would take passage for Egypt. It was with great reluctance that we abandoned the idea of penetrating into the interior of Palestine; but all the information that we could gain from travellers who came in to Jaffa, confirmed the impressions we formed from our own observation, that it was unsafe to travel, and that we must defer our visit till a more favorable season. We walked out on the seaside, near the spot which is still pointed out as the place where abode *Simon the Tanner*, at whose house Peter was staying when he had the vision of the sheet let down from heaven by the four corners. (Acts, ii. 5).

There is nothing else of interest or importance in and about this city, which is now a seaport for Jerusalem, at which the steamers around the coast of the Mediterranean touch, on their way from Constantinople to Egypt. Mr. Murad, the Vice-Consul, was incessant in his attentions and kindnesses, of which we cherish a grateful and pleasing memory. His villa

gave us a quiet resting-place for a few days, while we waited to hear of a more peaceful state of things. Mr. Groesbeck, one of our party, determined to remain and take his chance of getting safely to Jerusalem. Messrs. Calhoun and Thompson returned, by steamer, to Beyroot. With my friends, Messrs. Hill and Righter, I went down into Egypt.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EGYPT — ALEXANDRIA.

Donkey-boys of Egypt—Mixed People—Alexandria—The Square—Ruins of Alexandrian Library—Bastinado—Paying Workmen—Penny a Day—Cleopatra's Needles—Alexander's Tomb—Pompey's Pillar—Catacombs—Women with Children on their Shoulders—Flies on their Eyes—Ophthalmia—Tyranny—Recruits—Funeral Customs.

One day and night by steamer brought us to Alexandria from Jaffa, and five miserable days saw us in a vile quarantine on the shore of Egypt. The American Consul, Mr. De Leon, and friends to whom I had letters, strove to release us from the "house of bondage," but in vain. We must serve our time. And we did. On the morning of the fifth, a pompous little doctor pronounced us fit to go at large.

At the door of the prison the donkey-boys—a "peculiar institution" of this country, as the dogs are of Turkey—rushed upon us in a body, and shouting in broken English and French the praises of their beasts, fairly thrust them on us, while attempting to thrust us upon them.

I fastened my eye upon the best looking one of the lot, and nodded to the boy who held him. He followed me outside of the gang, and I straddled the little creature, and went tearing along the streets,

ALEXANDRIAN DONKEY-BOYS.

the boys running behind and thrashing the donkeys. Meeting all sorts of people, Greeks, Arabs, and Franks, soon we came out on the magnificent Piazza of Alexandria.

But were we really in Egypt? We look out of the windows of our hotel, but we see only a modern city. Impatient of our confinement, we leave the house to find the world of the past. In the court below we are set upon by the boys with their donkeys. They press into the doors: they pull, and shout, and shove, till you are tempted to strike them in self-defense. Again we are astride of these little animals, whose gait is ambling and easy, so that a child or a lady is at ease on their backs. "Now stick close to him," said I to my boy; to which he replied, "Me no *stick* him now: me stick him when he lazy."

The Library. Its ruins.

At the head of the square, some three or four hundred workmen were digging up the ruins of a mighty edifice which for centuries had been buried. Old Egypt was rising from its grave. It is said to be the site of the Alexandrian Library. The Ptolemies founded and fostered it, and placed over its doors this inscription: "The nourishment of the soul;" or, as Diodorus has it, "The medicine of the mind." At the death of the second Ptolemy it had within its walls 100,000 volumes, and afterward nearly 1,000,000. Here the Seventy made the Greek translation of the Old Testament under the direction of Ptolemy Philadelphus. To enrich this library no cost, nor toil, nor fraud was wanting. To borrow books and not return them, though a sore evil, is not a modern one. Ptolemy Euergetes took advantage of the famished Athenians and borrowed their beautiful originals of Sophocles and Æschylus, and Euripides, and returned them copies, with an immense sum in money as a small compensation for the treasure he had secured. Julius Cæsar set fire to the Egyptian fleet, and the flames, spreading to the houses on shore, reached and laid in ruins that portion of the library which was in the museums. The remainder, in the Temple of Serapis, was exposed to the storms of war, and perished in the midst of those calamities which came down on this city under the Caliph Omar. That fanatical chief gave up the library to the flames, declaring, as he issued the order, "If these books agree with the book of God, they are useless; if not, they ought to be destroyed." So the books were used for fuel in heating

Poor laborers. Bastinado.

the baths of the city, of which there were then four thousand.

Workmen were now busy among these ruins. Walls of brick and mortar, the mortar thicker and harder than the bricks themselves, and the walls twenty feet wide; mighty arches to support the building and the marble floor still here; and in the midst of the superincumbent earth, great masses of molten glass and stone, showing the work of ruin to have been done by fire. Mingled in the mighty ruin, I saw them disclosing beautiful Corinthian capitals and handsome white marble columns, in wild disorder strewn over each other and through the pile, melancholy remains of grandeur, on which successive generations have walked, unconscious of what was hid below. The laborers, men, women, and children, were at work; some of them with barrows, and others with baskets, even little children who could carry but a few handfuls being as busy as the rest. As we were climbing over and among the ruins we came upon a couple of fellows in a fight, beating each other's faces, biting, and pulling hair. Presently the overseer, with a thong of solid leather in his hand, appeared. At the sight of him the fighting ceased. At the nod of the overseer, and without the need of a word, two men seized one of the fighters and stretched him on the ground. With his heavy whip the overseer laid twenty tremendous blows across the poor fellow's hips and back. One held his hands and another his feet while the bastinado was applied; and when the victim writhed in his pain and wrenched his feet from the hands of

him who held them, the overseer came down with the same severity upon the one who had thus let go, and beat him till he caught his legs again and held them more firmly to the end of the punishment. The other fellow, without waiting to be called or seized, threw himself flat, and took the beating without squirming, jumping up as soon as it was over, and resuming his work as if nothing had happened.

It was now noon. At a given signal, the whole body of laborers left their work, and coming out into the street, sat down in a long row, as miserable a set of people as could be found at work any where. A man with a list of their names, an ink-horn by his side and pen in his hand, came along with another who had a bag of money. They paid this ragged company their daily wages, which in the case of the men were about two cents a day, and the women and children a penny or less, even lower wages than are mentioned in the New Testament as the price of a day's work. How it is possible for any population to keep soul and body together on such hire it is hard to understand. While this was going on, their dinner was brought to many of them. It consisted of a soup made of beans and onions, or a few olives roasted; scanty as well as miserable fare. The work now going on was at the expense of the government, and these wretched fellahs, without decent and sufficient food, are worked under the lash to the last point of human endurance.

There are but two monuments of antiquity now standing in Alexandria, and to one of these we now

bent our steps. *Cleopatra's Needles* are as famous as the Queen herself; but these well-known shafts were never erected by her authority, and ought not to bear her name. One of them is lying on and under the sand, where it fell from its pedestal. The other is standing one hundred and fifty feet from it—a single shaft of red Syenite, about seven and a half feet through at the base, and tapering like a pyramid to its summit, which is sixty-three feet from the ground. The sides are covered with hieroglyphics, which mark the names of Thothmes III., B.C. 1495, and Remeses the Great. Formerly these obelisks were at Heliopolis, and were brought down to Alexandria by the Romans, to add to the embellishments of this city. The one that is lying prostrate—a mute emblem of Egypt—has been given away by the government to England and France; but neither is disposed to carry it off. Indeed, the hieroglyphics are so defaced by time, that it is hardly worth the cost of transportation. It would not be strange if the other should soon fall by its side, for the base of it has been hacked off, and the substructure worked away, till it seems strange that it retains its perpendicularity. This is the site of the *Cæsarium*, or Temple of Cæsar. The palaces of the kings were in the same quarter, and their tombs, and this must have been the most splendid part of the city. Here the Ptolemies were buried; and it is said that the body of Alexander the Great, in a gold coffin, was brought hither from Memphis. The natives point us to a tomb which they call Alexander's; and, after a long delay to get the key, we

were admitted into a little edifice, like a private chapel, where we were called to look down into an empty sarcophagus, and believe, if we could, that the body of the conqueror had once been there.

Through rows of the tamarisk, and by the stately palms, we rode out to a mound on the southeastern side of the town, overlooking the lake Mareotis, and the forts Constantine and Napoleon. There, on this height commanding the city and a view far out to sea, stands, "solitary and alone," the column of Diocletian, or popularly known as Pompey's Pillar. One must see it to appreciate the striking beauty of a single pillar of polished red Syenite, rising ninety-eight feet and eight inches from the ground to the top of the capital. The column, without the pedestal and capital, is an unbroken block of granite, nine feet in diameter, and seventy-three feet high. How such a shaft as this could have been raised to its present position, our knowledge of ancient art does not enable us to say. If it should fall, who could restore it to its pedestal? Such a calamity was feared a few years ago, the curiosity of travellers and the cupidity of the natives having led them to break off pieces of the foundation, and to dig out the cement, until there was actual danger that the column would fall. The Pasha put an end to this Vandalism, and repaired the injury. But the face of the monument has been injured by the itching for notoriety, which has induced European travellers to inscribe their names on it with paint, in a strife to see who could write their names the highest. Smart travellers have ascended the pillar by

means of a rope ladder, carried to the top by a kite, and there, on the capital, which is slightly depressed to receive a statue, these unromantic people have had a picnic, or written letters to their friends. The folly and danger of such an experiment were so evident that the semi-civilized Pasha forbade the refined and prudent Europeans to expose themselves in this exploit again. The Greek inscription on this celebrated pillar proves that it was reared by the Governor of Egypt to the memory of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, who took the city A.D. 296. But Pompey's name has been associated with it so long, it will cling to it forever.

The catacombs of Alexandria are on the sea-side, an hour's ride west of the city. The way is lined with the hovels of the Arab population. Women with faces vailed, and breasts exposed, their lower limbs loosely covered with a ragged cotton garment, carried naked babies astride their shoulders or on the tops of their heads: they seemed unconscious of danger. Many of these children had black patches of flies about their eyes, sucking the sores. The mothers did not drive the flies off, knowing that a new set would take their place, and make matters worse.

Near the water's edge we entered the catacombs, and stood in silent astonishment before these ancient subterranean structures. Through many successive chambers, under portals of skillful workmanship, and fitted up to receive the bodies of the dead, we followed our guide with torches, and surveyed the most interesting monuments of the former greatness and

magnificence of Alexandria. All this was once a suburb of the city, and gardens and villas covered the surface, while underneath the silent dead reposed in these splendid tombs. We were led along into a vaulted and circular chamber, which seems to have been a temple, with niches, like chapels, at its side. The Doric architecture of the portal differs from the sculptures that are found on the monuments of Egypt. Returning from this excursion we met two or three funeral processions. I have been curious in all countries to inquire into the rites and customs that belong to the dying and dead. Here in Egypt, as the sick man is about to expire, a friend turns his face toward Mecca, and closes his eyes. As he breathes his last, the attendants cry, "Allah! there is no power but God! To God we belong, and to him we must return! God have mercy on him!" The women rend the air with their shrieks, his wives and children crying, "Oh my master!" "Oh my camel!" "Oh my lion!" "Oh my glory!" and wailing-women, or hired mourners, come in and assist in the lamentation. They bring instruments of music, and add to the hideous sounds of woe with which the house is filled. The same scenes are common in all the East when the spirit leaves the body. My rest was broken by these howls while at Nablous, and when first roused from sleep, I thought there must be a general alarm of fire in the town. In Egypt it is common to bury the corpse on the same day of the death; and a superstitious dread prevails of keeping it in the house over night. But if the death occurs in the after part

The body. The bier.

of the day, the mourners remain around it, and keep up the lamentations all night; for they do not bury after sunset. The body is thoroughly washed, the nose is stuffed with cotton, and the corpse is sprinkled with camphor and water, and dressed, according to the circumstances of the deceased, in white or green colors, cotton or silk, and covered with a shawl. The body, thus arrayed for the grave, is placed upon a bier, without a coffin, and the procession is formed as we met it in our ride to-day. A few poor men, Mr. Lane says, mostly blind, walk on ahead, and chant, in a melancholy strain, the universal Moslem cry, "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Then come the relatives and friends of the deceased, and some of the priests or holy men, bearing some emblem of their order. Three or four boys, bearing a copy of the Koran, come on chanting a song descriptive of the last judgment. Then the bier is borne on the shoulders of men who frequently relieve one another of the load, and even persons who are casually passing, lend a hand, and thus do a good deed. The women follow the bier, with disheveled hair, and wailing piteously, the immediate relatives being distinguished by a blue cotton band about the head, and tied in a knot behind, the ends hanging down. A rich man goes to his grave in more pomp than this. Three or four camels precede him, loaded with bread and water, which are given to the poor at his tomb. His horses are also sometimes led in the procession. The body is taken to the mosque, when the Imaum, or priest, stands on the left side of the

The priest. The angels.

bier, the attendants behind the priest, and the women behind the men, when the priest performs a funeral service, in which he offers prayers for the soul of the departed, and even for his body, that the earth may be kept back from pressing against his sides. Responses are made by those standing around, and when the ceremony is over the procession forms again, and moves to the grave-yard. In the case of a person who can afford the expense, a brick vault is prepared with an arched roof, and so spacious that the dead may be able to sit up in it when the two angels come to examine him. A form of instruction is addressed to the dead after he is laid in the vault, teaching him what he must say when the angels come; for it is believed that they will visit him in his tomb, to learn of his faith and his fitness to be taken to Paradise. The men wear no kind of mourning-dress, but the women put on blue or black vails, and stain their arms and the walls of their chambers of the same color.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

Egyptian Steamers—Omnibus—Canal—Women on Shore—Mounds and Ruins—Managing the Craft—English Captain throwing his dead Child overboard—Funeral—Atfeh—The Nile—Overflow—Boolak—Caravan—Cairo—The Streets at Night—The Streets by Day—Citadel—Mosques—Mamelukes—Palace of the Pasha—The Sphinx and the Pyramids.

We ride in an omnibus from the hotel in Alexandria to the Mahmoodeh canal. We go by steamer to Cairo. Next year we may go by railroad from one city to the other.

If that is not sufficiently modern and common-place, wait patiently a few years and you shall hear of the cars for Gaza and Jerusalem. The omnibus runs over to the Red Sea, and a ship canal is already projected.

The fare to Cairo was fifteen dollars, the distance one hundred and sixty-six miles, the time thirty hours. The steamer was to be off at eight o'clock in the morning, and we were on board in good season. The boat was short and clumsy, the managers Egyptian, and the management ludicrous always. In their native costume, with white turbans, loose jacket and vest, with belt and big pantaloons, the hands on board made noise enough for a man-of-war. On the bank of the canal, in the midst of pleasant villas and gar-

dens, and near the lake Maroetis, we can see the new railway stretching into the south, and a locomotive practicing on it, by way of preparing for a trip to the Pyramids. At nine o'clock we were actually off, when a carriage came in sight, with a party who must be taken on board. We came to and took them in. One man tumbled into the canal in his haste and awkwardness, but he was soon picked out and dried. The captain sits on a plank across the bows of the boat, with a large tin horn in his hand, through which he issues his orders, and often calls to the natives on the shore. In one of the villas we are passing, a bevy of women, nearly a dozen of them, are behind a screen on the piazza, making themselves merry. Although we can get only glimpses of them through the blinds, we are glad to think that they are having something to laugh at, poor things! shut up like prisoners, lest the profane eyes of us innocent travellers should see them.

The country is flat as a floor, and nothing occurs to relieve the monotony of the view, unless we see the fellahs gathering grass for fuel—the grass that "to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven"—or sitting on the ground by the side of their conical mud huts, that look more like large ant-hills than small houses. The wind is now so high that we raise a sail to help the steamer on; the confusion and uproar it occasions would not be greater if we were clearing the decks for action with an enemy. We come to villages of mud huts, with palm-trees rising in the midst, holding their green heads far above the filth and misery at their

base; where the men and donkeys are huddled together in heaps of ordure, the smell of which loads the breezes as we pass. Children nearly naked, and some of them quite, come running along the shore and stretching out their hands, imploring us to throw them something to eat.

This canal we are now passing through is a great work for modern Egypt, and was made as the Pyramids were, by the mandate of a tyrant and the blood of the people. Mohammed Ali made it in a year, setting two hundred and fifty thousand men at work, who scooped out the earth with their hands if they could get no tools, and twenty thousand of the poor laborers perished in the work. But what of that to the master? He wanted the canal, and did not want the people after it was done.

On my passage down this canal, the overland passengers from India were in the boat with us, and among them several officers of the British army, returning with their families. One of them, Captain ——, had his wife and three children. The oldest of the children, a boy of three years, had been sick on the journey, and died as they came on board at Cairo. It was wrapped up in a shawl and laid on the table in the cabin, where, in the course of the day, it became offensive to the passengers. To my surprise I was called on to perform a funeral service, but was still more astonished when I learned the intention of the father to throw the body of his child into the canal. I assured him that in four or five hours we would be in Alexandria, and the child could be decently buried

there. He said he preferred to have it attended to now, if I would oblige him by performing the service. Going to the mother, I suggested the expediency of postponing the burial till we should reach the city. To my greater amazement she thought it would be well to proceed. We then had the usual funeral exercises; the father took up the corpse of his boy, which was wound in white napkins, handed it to a brother officer through the window of the cabin, and he dropped it overboard into the canal. It floated behind us as we kept on our way, and I presume it was eaten by the dogs in twenty minutes. I strove to learn from his countrymen who were with us some motive for this extraordinary conduct. They could find no reason but to save the expense of a burial on shore.

Atfeh is the mud town at the junction of the canal with the Nile. Boats loaded with grain lined the banks of the canal. A row of shade-trees on each side quite relieved the monotony of the voyage as we came to the lock, and after a tedious detention got ashore, and made a general rush to the larger steamer that was to carry us up the river to Cairo.

On the Nile—on the Nile! and a broader, swifter, altogether a more respectable river than we had looked for. Three or four steamers were lying here, and gave quite a business-like appearance to the place. They belong to the government, and are used in the transport of passengers up and down the Nile, of whom there are many thousands every year, over this the grand highway between England and India.

The next morning we were far enough up the Nile

at daybreak to descry the Pyramids if the atmosphere had been clear. But the right shore was covered with sand, and the high wind was carrying it through the air, so that it cut us uncomfortably on the boat in the middle of the river. We *felt* that we were in Egypt, and but for the water on both sides of us, might have thought ourselves in the desert. The left bank was six or eight feet above the river, and a rude wheel we

IRRIGATING WHEEL. NILE BOAT. PYRAMIDS.

frequently saw at work, to raise water for irrigating the soil. As this wide and level country opened on either hand to our view and our imaginations, we began to appreciate the wonderful value of this great central stream, the life-blood of Egypt.

At noon we reached Boolak, the landing-place of Cairo. We stepped ashore into a large quadrangle, among a caravan of camels just arrived with the overland mail from India.

Cairo in the dark. Never rains.

A broad straight road, two miles long and shaded with large trees, led us to the city, and into the great "oblong square" in the "city of Saladin and the Arabian Nights." And as if my first impressions of it were to be in keeping with our dreams of the city of Haroun al Raschid, my first excursion into it was in a dark evening. Cairo is not lighted by gas—not yet. Cairo has no lamps in its streets. Cairo sheds no light from the latticed windows of its houses upon the passer-by. Cairo sits in blackness of darkness after the sunlight is gone. No man is allowed to go out into her streets without a lantern in his hand; and streets that are thronged in the daytime with a busy crowd of people are deserted and silent in the evening as a street of tombs. Achmet would lead me to any part of it. Taking a lantern he went before me, and I soon lost myself in the labyrinth of streets not ten feet wide, and the silent, gloomy houses coming nearer and nearer to each other as they ascend, till at the top a narrow streak of sky, with a few stars, is to be seen, and in some of the streets the houses actually meet together at the eaves. As it *never rains* in Cairo, there is no need of the sun to dry the streets; and being so narrow, they exclude the heat, which in the summer would be more oppressive but for this perpetual shade. It was the silence of utter solitude as we trod the unpaved streets; yet, when we knew that all these houses were filled with living men and women, and the tales of Oriental life, of which we have read from childhood, were all made real in the habitations on our right and left, a feeling of mysteri-

ous wonder stole over me, and I was excited in the midst of the darkness and stillness that reigned. We came to a gate across the street, and after long and loud knocking we roused a surly keeper, who came out and opened it for us to pass. We met a vailed woman preceded by a servant with a light in his hand, but they shrank closely to the side of the street, and held down their heads as if they were out on a secret expedition, and were afraid of being recognized. Women are rarely abroad here after night has fallen. At the door that opened through a stone wall, and promised to conduct us into a court, we knocked till the stupid-looking servant, with a loose garment around him and a light in his hand, opened the gate, and assured us his master was not at home. We extended our walk through many of the streets, and meeting no adventures worth a mention, returned to our lodgings.

The next morning the *cawasse* of the Consul, with a staff silver-headed as a badge of office, was to escort us through the town, and open doors that might otherwise be closed. Through the narrow and tortuous streets we ran single file, scampering along as if we were on a holiday frolic, now in peril of being knocked over by a procession of camels, whose burdens blockaded the streets, or a string of asses with timber swinging from their sides, and dangling against any thing in the way. The water-carriers it was hard to avoid, as they led their donkeys loaded with a hog-skin bottle—the skin's head and legs sewed up and made to hold water, so that it looks like the entire

THE BAZAAR.

animal stuffed and laid across a donkey. When we struck into a street that was not a thoroughfare, it was exceedingly pleasant to ride in the cool shade, looking up, as I confess I did often, to catch sight of the eyes that were peering through the latticed windows to meet the eyes of the passing Franks. One of them, more curious than the rest, pushed a shutter open and leaned out of the window, unvailed, and with only a loosely-flowing shawl over her shoulders. A barber on his knees was shaving the head of a man who was also on his knees before him; he had taken all the hair off but a single tuft on his crown, with which the angel is expected to pull him into Paradise. Ladies mounted on donkeys, led by grave old servants, met us frequently. They were clothed in rich silk dresses, flowing and puffed out so as to give them the appearance of two or three single ladies rolled into one. But no part of their faces could be seen, except their large, watery, lustrous black eyes, which always fell the instant they encountered the gaze of the profane Frank, who stares as if he would read the soul that peers through these crystal windows. Lazy Arabs, sitting on the ground by the doors of the coffee-shops, were smoking, and affected to care nothing for us if we should run over them; but the donkeys picked their way among their legs, and ambled on. The ride, in the novelty of the objects constantly meeting us, was exciting, and we dashed up the hill to the citadel with quite as much enthusiasm as if we were bent on taking it by storm.

"Cairo the superb, the Holy City, the delight of

the imagination, greatest among the great, whose splendor and opulence made the prophet smile"—Cairo lies at our feet. The domes of four hundred mosques are shining in the light of a cloudless sun, and countless minarets point to the sky. The tombs of the Mameluke Sultans are seen in the east, leading the eye along to the great wilderness of sand that there stretches away to the horizon, an everlasting ocean at rest. Turning to the south we look off upon Heliopolis, the Athens of old Egypt; and there, alone in its grandeur, as if defiant of the ravages of four thousand years, stands the obelisk on which, we are told by the antiquaries, it is not unlikely that the father of the faithful, even Abraham, gazed when he came into this country. Around the city and near, the land is green; and the groves of orange and palm on the plain, and the Nile in the midst of it, diffusing fruitfulness as it passes by, would indicate that we are in the heart of a fertile land, the balmiest and brightest the sun shines on. And across the river, just on the verge of the deserts of Lybia, rise, like carved mountains, the pyramids of Gheezeh, and the mysterious Sphinx in the midst of them; solemn, mighty memorials of the past, the most stupendous works of art that now survive the wrecks of time. A few miles to the south of them, are the pyramids of Sakhara and of Dashoor, sixteen in all, that are in sight from this proud eminence. The view was to me most impressive and subduing. I felt the weight of time upon me. These are scenes with which Joseph was familiar, when, in the midst of them, he was ruler over

Egypt; here Moses was born, and cradled in the bulrushes of the Nile at my feet. Within the fields on which I am now gazing with awe, the miracles of the great prophet were wrought, and the first-born of the families of Egypt perished in a night, while the destroying angel passed by the houses of Israel. I seem to be on the frontiers of the world, and looking upon the earliest buildings that remain of the workmanship of ages, perhaps before Abraham was. The ruins of old Cairo crown the hill a little to the south of us, and the island of Rhoda, with its villas and palaces in the Nile, is still nearer to us; and then we come thorough the acacias and palms to the city at our feet, and from the mass of roofs, like a field of red pavement, we select the various mosques and palaces whose Arabian architecture or historic recollections command our wondering gaze. To the traveller from a far-distant shore—from a shore where a young nation is starting in the career of life, and the moss has not grown upon a roof, and the ivy has scarcely clung to a tower; where the temple of a century is an antiquity, and two centuries would press almost any of its buildings into ruins, this view is indescribably impressive. It is new because it is old. And even more must the traveller be moved by this landscape, who receives with veneration the records of the Old Testament Scriptures, and knows that he is now in the land of the Pharoahs, and of Joseph, and in the house of Israel's bondage.

On this commanding height is the new mosque of Mohammed Ali. In the centre of a marble-paved court

is a beautiful fountain, and on the sides are rows of pillars of Egyptian marble. On the eastern side a gate leads to the interior of the temple, which, after taking off our shoes, we were permitted to enter. The first blaze of splendor was dazzling, even in the dim light that comes down from the magnificent dome supported by four massive square columns. The gorgeous pillars are of rose-tinted marble; the walls are lined with Oriental alabaster, and a hundred and fifty lamps and chandeliers are hanging but a little above our heads. The rich tomb of Mohammed Ali stands in one corner, and around it the faithful were kneeling, while the Moolahs read from the Koran lying on a low bench beside them. The style of this temple is not so solemn as others that I have seen; but it surpasses St. Peter's at Rome, or its great rival St. Sophia at Constantinople, in the splendor of its architecture and the beauty of its decorations. The old Turk, who followed us every step that we took within the sacred inclosure, solicited the never-to-be-forgotten *backshish*, and received it with as much pleasure as a donkey-boy. The large quadrangle in which we are now standing is made famous in history, and will be so in all the after records of Egypt, on account of the massacre of the Mamelukes by Mohammed Ali. Having learned that a powerful conspiracy had been formed among them for his overthrow, he determined to anticipate their action by striking a signal and fatal blow. He was absent a day's journey from Cairo with his army when the news of the intended insurrection was communicated to him. Without disclos-

Slaughter and escape. Pasha's palace.

ing his purposes to any one, he hastened to the capital, and affecting total ignorance of what was in preparation by his enemies, he invited the Mamelukes, to the number of six hundred, to a feast at his palace. Unsuspicious of danger, they assembled. After the feast was over, while they were in the court, suddenly a fire of musketry was opened upon them from the surrounding ramparts. Every avenue of escape was cut off, and the whole number slain, with the exception of one man, who leaped over the wall on the southwesterly side, and escaped. We stood on the wall and looked over the precipice down which he precipitated himself on horseback, and wondered that any one could make the leap and escape with life. This was the end of the notorious aristocracy of the Mamelukes, who for centuries had maintained a terrible sway in Egypt.

From this we went down to the palace of Abbas Pasha, and entered a court-yard some five hundred feet square. In this inclosure the pilgrims on their return from Mecca prostrate themselves side by side, while the shiekh, mounted on horseback, rides over the multitude—his horse stepping tenderly but steadily upon the living pavement, wounding, crushing, and not unfrequently killing the miserable victims of a superstition which teaches them that those are the most blessed who suffer the most in this barbarous rite. Our Consul told me that he witnessed the ceremony but a few weeks before my visit to this city. He saw many of them on rising from the ground, with the blood streaming from their wounds, sometimes

from their mouths and nostrils on account of the internal injuries which they had received. At the door of the palace six Nubian slaves, handsomely dressed, were standing. The superintendent of the palace conducted us through the spacious and magnificent apartments. The audience chamber was splendidly furnished with divans and sofas of Parisian manufacture, showing the eastward progress of western luxuries. We passed by the door of the Harem, where the numerous wives of the Pasha are confined. The present Pasha is not so scrupulous as his predecessor, who, being advised by his physicians to part with the most of his harem, distributed them very freely among the courtiers by whom he was surrounded. Passing through the hall, some three or four hundred feet long, out of which doors opened on every hand into splendid apartments, we came at length to a room at the extremity of the palace, to which the Pasha is accustomed to retire after dinner to enjoy his pipe and take repose. It is a lofty room about forty feet square; a divan extends across one end of it, while on the opposite side are some thirty marble vases on the the wall, through which jets of water rise, filling the vases and then flowing over upon the marble floor, into which channels are cut for the stream to meander and murmur through the apartment, and finally ebb away under the divan upon which the Pasha reclines. The superintendent intimated to our party, that when distinguished strangers were present, it was customary to cause the fountain to play; upon which the young men of our number suggested in return, that if the

Pasha was desirous of being celebrated in America for his courtesy, it would be very well for him on the present occasion to make the best display in his power. We were then invited to seat ourselves in the Oriental fashion upon the divan. Instantly from every jet the water leaped into the air, and came trickling over the vases, flowing gently and deliciously through the room, cooling the atmosphere, and shedding a delightful influence like that of soft music over our frames. Then entered as many Circassian slaves as there were guests, each slave bearing in his hand the long pipe and silver saucer. Placing the saucer upon the floor, and the bowl of the pipe in it, he took the measure with his eye of the distance from the bowl to the lip, and, with a graceful swing, brought it around so that the amber tip just rested upon the waiting lip of the guest. The dexterity of the servants is shown in taking the measurement so exactly as not to require the guest to move his head either backward or forward for the purpose of receiving the pipe. The slaves then returned, and spreading a gold-embroidered napkin across our knees, presented us with coffee, and afterward with sherbet. We were then treated with sweetmeats, the mode of eating them being peculiar. A saucer and spoon is given to the guest, who takes first a spoonful of the preserves in his mouth, and then a mouthful of water, suffering the water to trickle through the preserves, and carry down the taste of the fruit. After our entertainment was completed, the superintendent intimated to some of the party—what we very well knew before, from

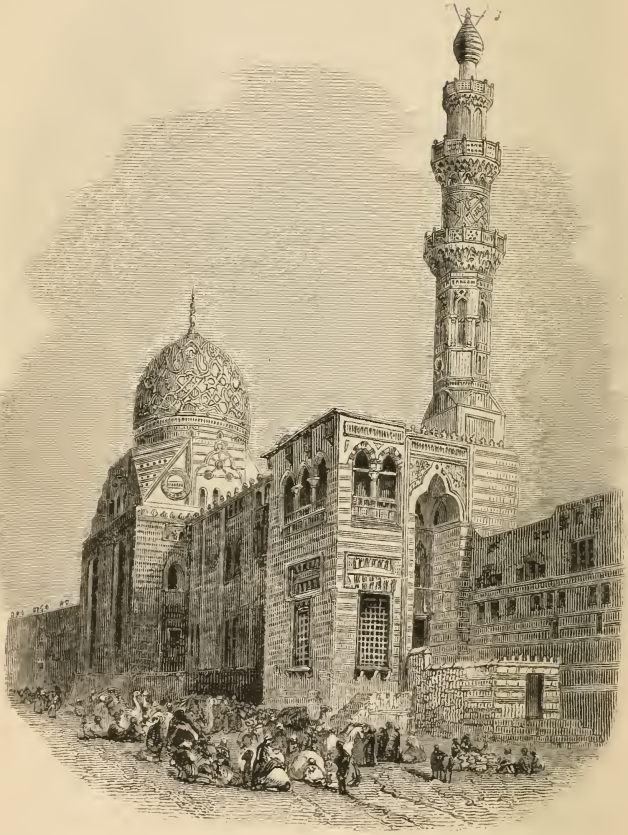
Paying for it. Putting off our shoes.

our repeated former experiences of Oriental hospitality —that it was expected of the guests to make a present, in proportion to their wealth and dignity. When this request was complied with, we found that our entertainment at the palace of the Pasha had cost us quite as much as it was worth, but it had given us a fine opportunity of seeing how things are done in the high places of Egypt.

Cairo shows the domes of four hundred mosques, and minarets without number. Several of these I visited, as there was no such difficulty in the way of obtaining admission as we encountered at Constantinople. In Cairo, the keeper of the mosque is ready to admit Franks at any time, attended by the *cawasse* of the Consul; and we presented ourselves, with such an escort, at the door of the mosque of Sultan Hassan. The magnificent porch by which we entered impressed us instantly with the grandeur of the architecture displayed in this sacred edifice. The keeper of the mosque was provided with a large number of overshoes, made of straw or husks, which he insisted that we should put on before we would be allowed to enter. So, pulling off our boots, and availing ourselves of the provision made for us, we proceeded to the interior. One of our number most profanely resolved upon dispensing with the overshoes, and pushed his way along without them, to the great indignation and astonishment of the Moslems who were standing around.

From the court, a recess on each side is surmounted by a majestic arch—the one on the east being seventy

MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN HASSAN.



TOMB OF SULTAN KAITBAY.

feet across. Within it, is the sacred place of the chief priest, who here offers prayer for the congregation, on every holy day of the Moslems. Rows of beautiful glass vases bear the name of the Sultan to whom the mosque is dedicated. A tomb is in the rear of this recess, and bears the date 764 of the Hejira, which answers to 1363 of our era. A copy of the Koran lies upon the tomb, and over it are suspended colored lamps.

Once more upon our donkeys—with Achmet as our dragoman and guide—we dashed through the streets, and up the banks of the river to Old Cairo, surmounted with the ruins of the ancient city and its mosque. This was the Babylon of Egypt; and the Roman station near the mosque of Amer, is supposed to be the fortress besieged by the Moslem invader. The walls and towers that remain show its former strength. Here is a village of Coptic Christians. In a fortress over the eastern tower is an early Christian record, on wood, of the time of Diocletian, and in hieroglyphics, showing that the early Egyptian Christians used this style of writing, which was borrowed from the pagans.

We passed the island of Rhoda, opposite Old Cairo, on which is erected the *Nilometer*, a well or chamber, in the centre of which is placed a graduated pillar for the purpose of marking the daily height of the Nile. This is proclaimed every morning in the streets of the capital, during the inundation, by four criers; to each of whom a particular portion of the city is assigned. Great importance is attached to this information, inas-

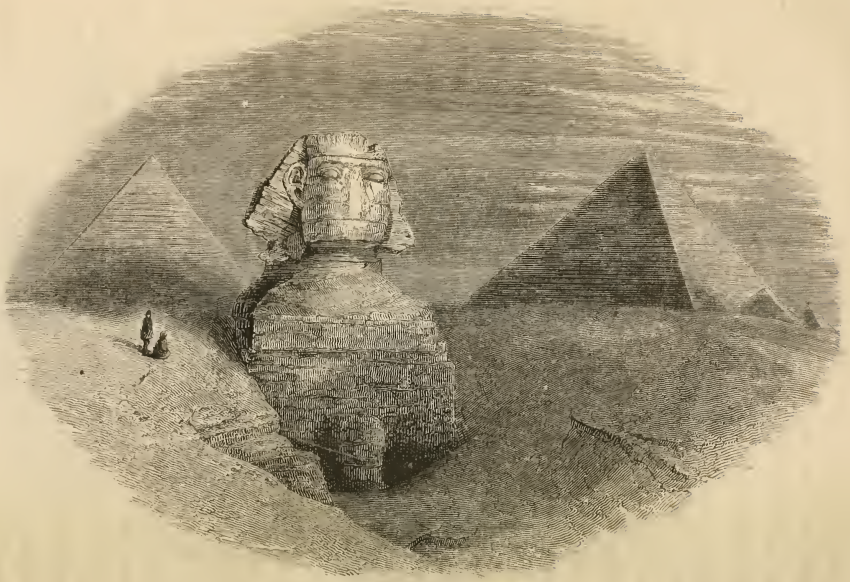
much as the price of provisions, and the toll that is paid for the transportation of produce, are measured according to the state of the river. This Nilometer is said to have borne an inscription dated 848 of our era; but it is known that one was constructed here as far back as the reign of Soolayman, who was caliph about A.D. 714.

A tradition of the Arabs has assigned to Rhoda the honor of being the spot where Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh, whose name, Josephus tells us, was Thermenthis.

About five miles from Cairo we crossed the Nile, and set off from *Gheezeh* for the Pyramids. In this miserable village large heaps of corn and barley were lying for sale. A handful of the grain, which I took, has since been planted in our country, and yielded more than a hundred fold.

Through a grove of India rubber trees, acacias, and palms, the cultivated grounds of the Pasha, and along the banks of the canals, that are cut through the plain to conduct water for irrigation, we rode to an arm of the Nile, where our journey would have been suddenly arrested but for the fortunate appearance of a number of Arabs who were ready to ford the river, and carry us across. Not without some misgivings, however, as to the safety of taking seats astride their shoulders, we submitted to the only mode of transportation that offered itself, and were borne in safety to the other side. They returned, after having set us down, and led our donkeys across, and we mounted once more. As we approached the edge of the desert,

THE FERRY AT OLD CAIRO.



THE SPHINX,

we encountered a storm of sand that was borne through the air, and cut off all view of the pyramids, until we were almost upon them. At length we see them in the midst of this mysterious cloud, sublime and solemn—the mighty memorials of a dim and distant past. They are even the more sublime as we now behold them, in the sands of this desert, which seems to be aroused like the ocean, and is rising and curling around the heads of these hoary sentinels. The sandstorm became so furious that some of the beasts refused to proceed against it, and actually turned around and headed the other way, until its violence was past. Happily, it was of short continuance, and it afforded us a fine opportunity of witnessing one of those terrible commotions which, when encountered on the desert, often prove terribly fatal to the unhappy caravans they overtake. The storm is over; the sun returns. Before us are the pyramids of Gheezeh, and in their midst the mighty Sphinx, looking out upon the plain.

I confess to strange, almost superstitious feelings as I halted before the Sphinx, and gazed upward on this silent and mighty monument. A huge form rising sixty feet from the ground, one hundred and forty feet long, and the head more than a hundred feet round, with mutilated but yet apparent human features, looking out toward the fertile land and the Nile. It suddenly impressed me as if it were indeed the divinity of ancient Egypt. The Arabs of the present day call it Aboolhôl "the Father of Terror" or immensity. An ignorant people might be easily tempted

Temple in front. Solid rock.

to regard it with reverence and fear. "In its state of pristine perfection, no single statue in Egypt could have vied with it. When," says Mr. Bartlett, "the lower part of the figure, which had been covered up by the sand, was at length uncovered for a while by laborious and Sisyphus-like toil (the sand slipping down almost as fast as it could be removed), it presented the appearance of an enormous couchant Sphinx, with gigantic paws, between which crouched, as if for protection, a miniature temple, with a platform and flights of steps for approaching it, with others leading down from the plain above. A crude brick wall protected it from the sand. It is hardly possible to conceive a more strange or imposing spectacle than it must have formerly presented to the worshipper, advancing, as he did, along this avenue of approach, confined between the sand walls of the ravine, and looking up over the temple to the colossal head of the tutelary deity, which beamed down upon him from an altitude of sixty feet, with an aspect of godlike benignity."

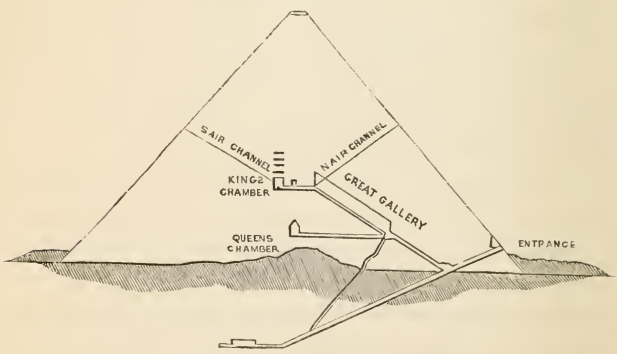
As yet no entrance has been effected, and it is probably carved from the solid rock. Neither is there reason to suppose that it had relation to the pyramids, in whose vicinity it stands. I think it very strange that Herodotus makes no mention of the Sphinx, nor Diodorus, nor, indeed, any ancient author before the Roman age, though its great antiquity is well established by the inscriptions that are found upon it. The statue seems to be crumbling, and the head has been mutilated so, that the cap which formerly covered it

and the beard are nearly all gone. I rode around it, and then walked out on the wave of sand to the pedestal, and crept along as nearly under the monster as I could get, and found that the sense of veneration wore away as I became familiar with the mass of stone that stands here so mysteriously—a greater wonder, in my view, than the pyramids themselves. What is its original design? Who made it? These are questions never to be answered by any thing safer than conjecture. Doubtless the Sphinx was an object of worship, and was carved out of a rock in the Lybian range for that purpose. Viewed in this light, or even in the dim twilight of utter ignorance as to its design, it certainly remains the most mysterious and impressive of the monuments of Egypt. If those lips could speak, what a story would they tell! If those eyes could see, on what wondrous scenes they have looked in the four thousand years that those stone orbs have been gazing upon the plains of Egypt! the rising and retiring of her wonderful river, coming like a divinity to prepare her bosom for the seed, and then retiring that the flower and fruits may gladden the soil, and reward the laborer's toil. And then we turned to the pyramids.

All the while I have been studying this stupendous mystery, a swarm of disgusting Arabs have been pestering me to engage them as my aids in exploring the pyramids. I could not drive them off, or buy them off, not even by a threat to have none of them unless they quit, or a promise to take them all if they would let me muse alone.

Size of the Great Pyramid. Grows upon you.

Have you ever stood in the centre of a twelve acre lot? Mark off in your mind's plantation twelve acres, and cover the ground with layers of huge hewn stone, so nicely fitted that the joints can scarcely be discerned. Over this platform, but two feet within the outer edge, put on another layer, and another, leaving but a single narrow passage into a few small chambers in the far interior of this immense mass, that rises by gradually diminishing layers as it ascends, till it reaches an apex twice the height of the loftiest church spire in New York, and you have some idea of the outer dimensions of the Great Pyramid. As at the first sight of every long-expected wonder, we are not instantly overwhelmed with the magnitude of the pile. It takes some time to adjust one's mind to the object; and probably not one man in a thousand would believe that this pyramid covers five, much less that it covers ten, and even twelve or thir-



THE GREAT PYRAMID.

teen acres of earth. But it is even so. And as greatness and mystery are elements of the highest sublimity, we are excited the longer we contemplate these mighty structures, and strive to get them fairly within the grasp of the mind. They grow every moment we look at them. They begin to take *us* in, and we feel ourselves gradually absorbed by the grandeur of the monument that forbids, yet invites us to enter its mysterious portals.

We must have these rascally Arabs to go with us, or we shall neither find our way in nor out, and no one wishes to make for himself a living tomb among the sepulchres of the Pharoahs. Achmet had brought a supply of candles, which were now lighted, and one Arab was engaged as an escort for each traveller. I employed two of the fellows, one to go before and the other behind me, and found the good of it before completing the tour. The entrance is about forty feet above the foundation, but the sand is drifted up to the mouth, so that we stand before the two huge blocks that form a pointed arch, and look down into the abyss which we are to explore. The passage is worn so smooth that we could not walk down the slippery blocks of stone, at an angle of twenty-seven degrees, but for the foot-holes that have been cut for our aid. Sliding and creeping down eighty feet, we came to the passage that has been opened into a chamber under ground and nearly in a line with the apex of the pyramid. This passage has been closed, and we now commenced the ascent to the great gallery. The passage up was fatiguing, and the more so

from the incessant clamor of the fellows who pulled me along up, continually extolling my generosity and wealth, which they hoped to know more of when they had come to the end of their work. The heat is very oppressive. No circulation of air is had, and some of the party abandoned further progress for fear of being suffocated. At the foot of the great gallery is the opening of a passage which leads down to the subterranean chamber. We pass it, and press onward and upward by the inclined plane one hundred and fifty-eight feet, where we came to a horizontal avenue which was once barred against the footsteps of forbidden mortals by four granite portcullises, which moved in grooves of stone. The art and violence of the invader have broken them down, and we pursue our way, and soon stand in the grand apartment of the pyramid of Cheops, the Chamber of the King, his mighty and gloomy bedchamber, where he thought to lie undisturbed forever. It is of red granite. The solid walls, of massive blocks, have no inscriptions, no hieroglyphics, and inclose nothing in their Egyptian darkness and solitude but the great sarcophagus, from which the body of the king has been removed. It is not impressive from its vastness, being only thirty-four feet long and seventeen broad; and so profound is the darkness that the few candles only serve to make the darkness visible, and give us no idea of the extent of the apartment. We held the lights up to the walls and searched every corner, but met nothing of the least interest, except the sarcophagus, seven feet four inches long and three feet broad. Small tubes or

holes in the side walls lead up through the pyramid to the outer surface, and above the king's chamber are four small cavities, not more than three or four feet high, left, it may be, for the secretion of treasures, as it was easy to render them inaccessible even to those who should penetrate the larger apartments. They are represented by the four black marks over the king's chamber in the drawing on page 434, which will give the reader a more intelligible view of the internal arrangements of a pyramid than the most elaborate description.

Glad to get out of the stifling heat of this gloomy chamber, we returned by the great gallery, and with my guides I struck off by the horizontal avenue to the Queen's Chamber. My friends had already seen enough of the interior, and declined the excursion, so that I found myself with the two Arabs in this apartment alone. They shouted with all their might as they came to the entrance, that I might hear the dead sound given back from the walls. This is a much smaller chamber than the other, and roofed with long granite slabs, which rest against each other, and form an angle about twenty feet from the floor. In the east end of it is a niche where the Arabs have broken the stones in search for treasure; and Wilkinson thinks that if the pit where the king's body was deposited does exist in any of these rooms, it should be looked for beneath this niche. Streaming, or rather steaming with perspiration, I hastened out and down the inclined passage, rather carried than led by the Arabs, who put their dirty arms around me with a disgusting

familiarity; and in hopes of better pay for their services, declared they never did see so fine a gentleman. Before we emerged into the light of day they begged that I would pay them now whatever I designed, for if their sheikh should see them receiving any thing he would take it away, leaving them only a small part of it for their own. I gave them about half a dollar, which, for a rarity in the East, was satisfactory, and they lavished their praises upon me for my princely liberality, while I thought it moderate for seeing a pyramid. Of course, when we were out, they declared they had received nothing, and in the presence of the sheikh begged for *backshish*.

When this pyramid was first opened we have no means of ascertaining. Caliph Mamoon, in the year 820, forced a passage into the Great Pyramid in the hope of finding heaps of hidden treasure. He set his engineers at work to discover an entrance; and when they failed in this, they were ordered to go through the solid wall. A hundred feet in this rock, and they found their way into the real passage, by which they worked their way into the great gallery, and then into the two chambers I have described. With eager expectations, sharpened by long and toilsome labor, they rush into these secret recesses, where they shall find the riches of old Cheops, and perhaps of his successors. Alas! some robber had anticipated them, and not even the mummy of a king was found. The people were enraged when the Caliph was about to abandon his search without finding any thing to reward them for their toil; and to satisfy them, he conveyed

a heap of money secretly into the pyramid and buried it, where it was soon after dug up, to the great delight of the clamorous multitude.

"The passages in the second pyramid are very similar to those of the first; but there is no gallery, and they lead only to one main chamber, in which is a sarcophagus sunk in the floor. When Belzoni opened it, in 1816, he found, from an inscription in the chamber, that it had been visited before by Sultan Ali Mohammed, by whose order it was probably reclosed." The third pyramid, like all the others, had also been explored when Colonel Vyse reopened it, so that the pyramids, beyond all doubt, were an old

THE PYRAMIDS.

story, inside as well as out, long before the period of which modern history speaks.

We wandered for a while among the tombs in the vicinity of the pyramids, cut out of the solid rocks, and had debated the expediency of spending the night in them, as some travellers do, who wish to see the sun rise from the summit of these monuments. But we were more than satisfied with what we had seen and felt, and, mounting our donkeys, returned to Cairo.

THE END.

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